

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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44 PAGES

EXCITING *End* of FILM QUEST!

"Search for Beauty" Finalists
Eagerly Await Judges' Say

THERE is the keenest but the friendliest interstate rivalry between them, and the waiting for the decision of the perfectly impartial judges in Hollywood gives an added piquancy to the situation.

These six girls and six young men represent the various States of the Commonwealth as the finalists in the "Search for Beauty" Contest.

Screen tests of these young and ambitious Australians will be viewed by a committee of noted Paramount screen directors, who will name from among them the lucky girl and boy who will be sent to Hollywood for a screen career.

Winners of the West Australian, South Australian, Tasmanian, and Victorian local contests assembled in Melbourne last week-end. The screen tests were "shot" under the direction of Mr. James L. Thornley, of Paramount's Capitol Theatre, Melbourne. The Queensland winners and the N.S.W. winners underwent their screen tests on Thursday and Saturday of last week. On Friday evening they were introduced from the stage at the Prince Edward Theatre, and received a wonderful reception.

The screen tests, together with several "still" photographs and all particulars of every finalist, were sent to the Paramount Hollywood studios on the s.s. "Monterey" on Wednesday of this week. The tests will arrive in the studios on August 14, and should be viewed on that day or the next by the committee of directors, among whom will be such famous personalities as Cecil B. de Mille and Ernst Lubitch.

The studio executives will cable the Paramount Sydney office the names of the girl and the man they have chosen to represent Australia, and, if this cable arrives promptly, the names of the two lucky Australians will be published exclusively in The Australian Women's Weekly on August 19.

The screen tests were very exciting. An Australian Women's Weekly representative went to watch. "All right, Charlie... you can kill some of them now," he heard a rough voice shout at the Cinesound studio when the N.S.W. and Queensland finalists met the camera and sound box for their first time.

However, "You can kill some of them" merely referred to the extinguishing of high-power floodlights.

Jean Duncan (N.S.W.), Noela Harvey (Qld.), and Brian Norman (N.S.W.) and James Wright (Qld.), were the four finalists of whom screenings were taken in Sydney. Poor little Noela Harvey had the bad

Hollywood—or home?

Twelve charming young Australians—six men and six women—are asking themselves which it is to be for them, if the Paramount-Australian Women's Weekly choice is to fall on them to go to Hollywood as the most perfect young Australians found in "The Search for Beauty."

luck to face the camera first, and was used for "getting the lights right," so that by the time the setting was ready and all the cameras and things had been manoeuvred into their right positions she had almost reached the end of her endurance, but she gave her short address bravely and well. She has a lovely figure, and is just the right height for the films.

She is rather like Judy Kelly in face, and very like Phyllis Du Barry in figure, which augurs well for her chances.

Jean Duncan took the setting under easier conditions. She had come straight from "Music in the Air," in which she has a good small part, and so she was able to do what was required without much practice. She is a lovely girl with a beautiful deep voice which ought to record splendidly.

James Wright, the young man from Queensland, was the most nervous of the lot. He had quite a time memorising the words of his address. But when all the apparatus had been set into motion and the cameras were whirring, and the three warning bells had rung, telling everybody that sound was being recorded, he just had to do it right, and he did.

At the back of the studio were a number of girls waiting to do a "shot" in some film. One could overhear them discussing the merits of the young man

on the setting... Wasn't he handsome? And hadn't he got a marvellous smile? He had, too.

The Australian Women's Weekly representative had a word with him when the ordeal was over.

"I've never done anything like this before," he confessed. "After a couple of months' practice I might know something about it. My job's flying." Well, may he fly high. He looks like a trier.

Brian Norman, the N.S.W. man, like Jean Duncan, the girl chosen for this State, has had experience on the amateur stage. He was able to carry himself with great ease and poise, and he also made a charming short speech without much trace of nervousness.

But he broke the camera. In the middle of his "close-up" the camera just gave up the ghost, and it took twenty minutes to fix.

Personal sketches of finalists on page 16, photographs on page 3.



"Once out in the snow Janice suffered a complete eclipse, for most of the other girls were able to balance on their skis. But Janice in her smart blue suit was helpless..."

HOW
WOULD YOU LIKE
A WEEK in the
SNOW?

Read the fascinating short story on page 17. This illustration by Boothroyd shows Janice, the heroine of the story.

Boothroyd

OUR TROPICS Are Not FOR WOMEN!

By DR. MARIE BENTIVOGLIO, D. Sc., Dip. Ed., D. Phil., Dip. Geog.

Can white women settle in the Northern Territory?

"Emphatically, no," was the answer given to the question by Dr. Marie Bentivoglio when interviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly. Dr. Bentivoglio has made a special study of the Australian "back-door" problem, at present of such interest owing to Governmental plans for its settlement.

TRUE, other lands, such as India and Africa, had an equally trying climate, said Dr. Bentivoglio; but in India and Africa there was an abundance of strong and cheap native labor, so that the white woman was spared all heavy

turned to Europe's temperate climate to spend their middle and old age in greater ease than if they had remained at home for those few hard-worked years of their youth. Even here, Dr. Marie remarked, one must remember that some months' respite was obtained every year, during which time the laborers visited the neighboring Atherton tableland, or the not far distant Brisbane.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," Dr. Bentivoglio continued, "and, although the Government has for years fostered, by means of a railway, the growth of the Territory, its townships are still 'three men and a dog,' while a place like Kalgoorlie, with no boasting, and without even a water supply originally, has been turned into an important city."

Kalgoorlie has gold, which the Northern Territory (so far, at any rate) does not possess, and close settlement is utterly impossible in a country only good for cattle, however excellent it may be in that respect.

Statistics can prove anything, it is said, but Dr. Marie scorns those which



THE AUSTRALIAN aboriginal woman is a heartbreak as a domestic help.

work, and would think even such little household tasks as polishing drudgery. Added to such ideal domestic conditions, an Anglo-Indian wife took her children to the hills for several months each year, and placed them, when old enough, at school in Europe.

The natives of our own tropics are scanty, and, whatever the reason, were not a success as house servants, while in North Australia health resorts were conspicuous by their absence. We could, of course, bring in Chinese labor, but that would mean defeating our own ends in abandoning our White Australia policy.

Even strong young Italian peasants who came out to the sugar-cane areas of Queensland as a general rule left their sweethearts or wives in Italy. They only emigrated because they knew they could save enough money in ten or twelve years to keep them comfortably at the standard of existence they desired in Italy.

After their period of exile they re-

Flying High

AUSTRALIAN motion picture production is getting very up to date. The other day an aeroplane was used to convey a "star" to location.

Miss Jocelyn Howarth, who plays the title role in "The Squatter's Daughter" (Cine-sound), flew from Tamworth to "Goonoo Goonoo." She had to be hurried across country to take part in the "shooting" of a special scene.

prove the Territory people to be among the healthiest of Australians.

"Only the healthy and adventurous can stand such a place; weaklings do not go there," she says. "As for the birth-rate, there is no infantile mortality, merely because practically no children are born there."

One would rather see the Australian Government turn the wealth of the Great Barrier Reef to better account, she concluded. This is at present leased to the Japanese, who every year take from Australians vast and immensely rich harvests of which we Australians alone should surely be the possessors.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

LIL DAGOVER.
SENSATIONAL NEW FOREIGN STAR, CARRIES A \$100,000 INSURANCE POLICY ON HER SHOULDERS, WHICH ARE NOTED FOR THEIR BEAUTY.

PAUL CAVANAUGH
THEN A SUCCESSFUL LAWYER, BECAME AN ACTOR FROM NECESSITY AFTER GOING BROKE AT MONTE CARLO'S GAMBLING TABLES!

SILVER KING
CELEBRATED EQUINE STAR, EARNED MORE THAN \$1,000,000 IN THREE YEARS! ON THE SCREEN

DID YOU KNOW THAT CAROLE LOMBARD BEGAN HER CAREER PLAYING SLAPSTICK ROLES IN COMEDIES?

WINNERS of £500 in Tangled LETTERS

The Tangled Letters Competition judging was completed this week, and the names and addresses of winners of the £500 prize-money are given below. Over 30,000 entries were received, and each one was individually checked.

ENTRANTS in the competition should be pleased to know that three hospitals—N.S.W. Community Hospital, Food for Babies Fund, and "Dalwood" Health Home—will each receive a cheque for 50 guineas as a result of the enterprise of the Australian Women's Weekly in conducting the "Tangled Letters" Competition.

In many cases several people from the one household sent in entries; but, in fairness to all competitors, the judges decided that only one prize could be allotted to any one household.

The £500 prize-money was added together and divided evenly between the following people, whose solutions were correct:

Ashford, C. R., Sparkes Creek, Scope; Ashworth, W., 78 Ormond Rd., Ascot Vale, Vic.; Blake, G., 418 Sydney Rd., Brunswick, Vic.; Burlingame, Mrs. M., 5 Ormsby Place, Pacific St., Bunde; Camilla, S., The Commercial Bank, Co. of Sydney, Queen St., Brisbane, Qland.; Carter, Miss E. L., 2 Turner St., Gawler, South Aust.; Cockburn, Mrs. J., Lytton St., Warra, Qland.; Connors, P. J., 4 Marion Ave., West Brunswick, Vic.; Cready, J. D., Kelvin Grove

THE Australian Women's Weekly inaugurated a new era in the newspaper world when it gave £500 as prize-money for the "Tangled Letters" Competition. As far as is known, this is the first time that this amount has been given by a newspaper for prize-money.

So that its readers may continue to enjoy the benefits from these cash prize competitions, further competitions will be conducted. Over £100 will be paid during a period of four weeks for Quandaries, Clever Ideas, and other contributions. See page 14.

Rd., Newmarket, Brisbane, Qland.; Crothers, M., Mountjoy Terrace, Manly, Qland.; Crothers, Tom, Gordon Pde., Manly, Qland.; Curven, J., 27 Evans St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

Doring, Miss P., "Palo Alto," Bendemeer, Dray, Mrs. W., 398 Forest Rd., Bexley, Gosford, Miss K., Rushbrook Place, Manly; Gelles, Miss E. M., M'Call Ave., Leura, Outer, Miss Durin, "Otranto," Esplanade South, Henley Beach, Sth. Aust.; Harris, Mrs. T., 31 Meredith St., Bankstown; Haywood, Mr. Ralph, 52 Murray St., Gawler, Sth. Aust.

Huges, A., 13 Ferguson St., North Brighton, Vic.; Irvine, M., Wyndham South, Qland.; Irwin, Harry, 16 Eden St., Arcliffe, Lawry, E., 40 William St., Essendon North, Vic.; Marshall, S. P., Post Office, Parkville, Melbourne, Vic.

Parry, S., 33 Sydney St., Ascot Vale, Vic.; Thomas, Miss E. A., 9 Lansdowne St., Arcliffe; Wainley, G., Cedar St., Wyndham South, Qland.; White, Mrs. E. M., Alberton, 39 Rickard Rd., Bankstown; Williamson, T., 1 Lawson St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

Winners of the Special Prizes for early posting were:

£2/6 each to: Connors, E. J., 6 Marion Ave., West Brunswick, Vic.; Hays, A., 13 Ferguson St., North Brighton, Vic.; Irvine, M., Wyndham South, Qland.; Irwin, E., 16 Eden St., Arcliffe; Parry, S., 33 Sydney St., Ascot Vale, Vic.

£1/6 each to: Cockburn, Mrs. J., Lytton St., Warra, Qland.; Haywood, Ralph, 52 Murray St., Gawler, Sth. Aust.

The correct solution was 1. Saller; 2. Reg; 3. Girl; 4. Coast; 5. Route (p. 118); 6. Reek or Roke (either correct); 7. Buggy; 8. Spot; 9. Snout; 10. King; 11. Rother or Pother (either correct); 12. Teller; 13. Parer; 14. Blue; 15. Tick; 16. Fealty; 17. Best; 18. Slave; 19. Ferry; 20. Riddle or Muddle (either correct); 21. Fudge; 22. Larum; 23. Puff; 24. Flare; 25. Lane.

The judges were The Editor of the Australian Women's Weekly, the Governing Director of the Goldberg Advertising Agency, Ltd., the Manager of the New South Wales Golden Christ, and the compiler of the Competition. All words and clues were taken from Chamber's Twentieth Century Dictionary.

The judges' decision is final and legally binding, and no correspondence will be entered into or interviews granted in connection with the awards.

MARRIAGE of MINORS and the LAW

It is not often that Tasmania, smallest sister of the Commonwealth family, comes into the limelight; but every now and then she wins a beauty competition, produces a Prime Minister, a batsman, or a racehorse, and everyone takes notice.

LAST week she set a precedent to the rest of Australia when one of her smartest lawyers, Mr. A. G. Ogilvie, K.C., discovered a clause in the Tasmanian Marriage Act of 1885 which permits the Chief Justice to overrule the objection of parents to the marriage of a minor.

As a result, the course of true love has been allowed to run smooth, and Miss Brenda Montgomery, 19 years of age, is to be married.

The case has caused considerable interest among lawyers and guardians of minors.

Mr. Bayliss, Guardian of Minors at the Registrar-General's office, Sydney, said: "Nothing like that could happen in N.S.W., as far as I know. The Tasmanian Act must be different from ours. The only people who can consent to the marriage of minors here are the parents. It is the father's duty, if he is alive and living in the State; the mother's, if he is not. If the father is divorced and the mother has the custody of the children, it is she who gives consent. If both parents are dead or are incapable of giving consent, the necessary permission is given by the Guardian of Minors, who is usually a police or stipendiary magistrate, or a justice of peace created for the purpose."

A well-known Sydney lawyer said that the Tasmanian Act was based on the British Act, as were the Marriage Acts of every State, and that if a Tasmanian Chief Justice could overrule the decision of parents, the same could be done anywhere else in Australia; but it would be a very costly way of getting married, and that if he himself were the young man he would rather go for a trip round the world with the money and wait till the girl had turned twenty-one.

According to Mr. Bayliss, every consideration is given, by guardians of minors to young people who want to marry. The aim of the department is to help and advise where there are no parents to do this.

CHILD MARRIAGES IN N.S.W. Latest figures from the State Statistician's office prove that it is easy enough for minors to get married in New South Wales.

Of the women married last year, no



MRS. FRANK DRAYTON, widow of Mr. Frank Drayton, of the New Guinea Airways, and her son, Peter John, who was the first white baby born in Lae, and the first baby to fly round Salomona. Mrs. Drayton left by the "Monterey" for a holiday in New Zealand.

fewer than 33 per cent. were minors.

The youngest was a girl of 13. There were 12 girls of 14 years married, 59 of 15 years, 277 of 16 years, 758 of 17 years, 1071 of 18 years, 1361 of 19 years, and 1303 of 20 years.

One boy of 15 was married, and 9 of 16 years. Youths under 21 who married total 1404. 54 were 17 years, 210 were 18 years, 442 were 19, and 688 were 20.

It is interesting to note that 57 of the young girls married widowers, and 12 married men who were divorced. Only one of the boys married a divorcee, and two married widows.

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SURELY a spirited old lady may be the prettiest sight in the world. For my part, I confess that it is they, and not the young ones, who have been my undoing. Just as I was about to fall in love I suddenly found I preferred the mother.—J. M. Barrie.

Prize of 10/- to Mrs. M. C. Hull, Audley, National Park, N.S.W.

TAKE MY word for it, the silliest woman can manage a clever man, but it needs a very clever woman to manage a fool.—Rudyard Kipling.

WHEN a woman commences being polite to her husband, all is over.—Balzac.

IF A MAN observes a woman carefully he will learn everything about her—that she wants him to know.—L. de V. Matthewman.

A WOMAN'S greatest asset is her helplessness. A man likes to think of her as a poor "little" girl, whether she weighs seven stone or seventeen.—Bueno de Mesquita.

STATE FINALISTS IN BEAUTY QUEST!



Mr. John Law (Vic.)



Miss Gwen Munro (Vic.)



Mr. James Wright (Qld.)



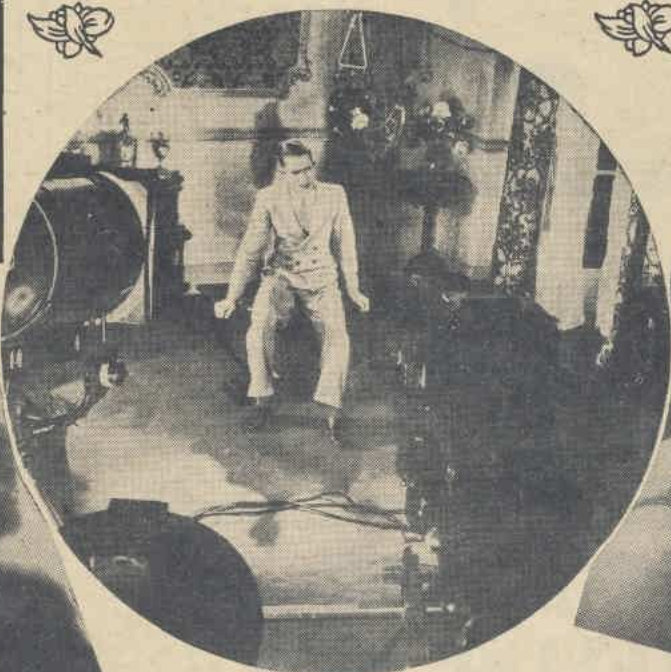
Miss Noela Harvey (Qld.)



Mr. Keith Wood (W.A.)



Miss Jean Duncan (N.S.W.)



(IN CIRCLE)

The screen test in the studio—the final bid for the prize.



Miss Betty Blackman (W.A.)



Mr. Brian Norman (N.S.W.)



Miss Edith McLaren (S.A.)



Mr. Frank Bryan (S.A.)



Mr. James Boag (Tas.)



Miss Lilian Mason (Tas.)

ALL of THEM
Are *DREAMING*
of HOLLYWOOD

HERE are all the State finalists in the Paramount-The Australian Women's Weekly "Search for Beauty" competition. They're all dreaming of Hollywood and what it holds for the winning pair.

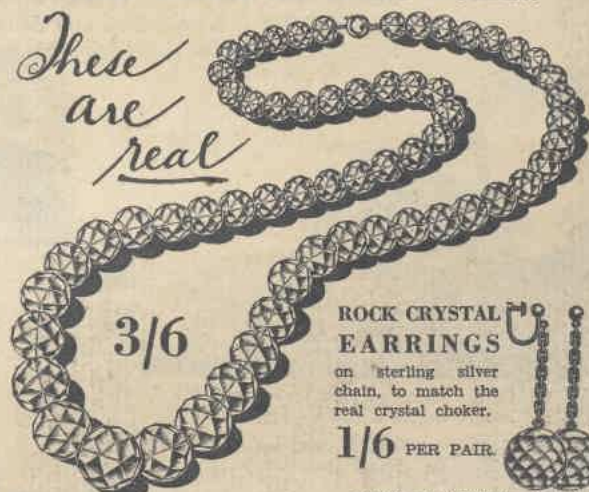
Of all competitions ever held in Australia, the "Search for Beauty" has promised the greatest rewards to competitors, and it has attracted a most charming and attractive type of entrant.

(See story on page 1)

Genuine Rock Crystals

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WOMEN—What WOULD We Do WITHOUT THEM?

If it were written, the story of our women as depression fighters and home savers in the last three years would shine as brightly as the stories of our pioneer life.

In this article, specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly, Rev. Victor C. Bell, M.A., of the Strathfield Presbyterian Church, who is prominent in social service work, discusses the part women have played during the depression period.

By REV.
V. C. BELL

It is held by many that the main contribution of wives should be that of maintaining harmony in their homes and keeping up a cheerful spirit.

This is certainly of supreme value, but the last three years, with their unemployment, their misery, sorrow, and heartaches, have placed our womenfolk on a higher plane, and demonstrated their real character, their love and devotion to home, their resourcefulness and courage, and their sacrifice.

I believe that many a broken and down-hearted man, tired of the never-ending struggle with its bitterness and disappointments, might have hurled himself over the Harbor Bridge, had it not been for the cheering spirit and restraining hand of his wife.

The help given by women in our time of trial has not been only psychological and moral, it has been practical in many amazing ways. Thousands of wives, in addition to keeping a cheerful spirit, have also provided willing hands to work.

Typical Case

One of many cases comes to my mind. A husband, who had held a good position for years, found himself among the army of unemployed. He and his wife were people of culture and refinement, and had a family of three.

There was a bitter experience. The husband walked the streets in search of work until his feet were almost swollen. All was disappointment, and starvation was on the threshold. His devoted wife, however, saved the position.

She cleaned houses, washed clothes, and did any kind of charring work. She wheeled her babe in a perambulator to her work, sometimes two miles from her home. She toiled on week after week, and never complained. The whole concern of this noble woman (one of thousands) was to keep her family off the dole.

For more than two years she courageously stuck to her task of keeping the home together, and when, eventually, her husband got a job, she looked the world in the face with pride of achievement.

She had maintained her independence, and in assisting her family had also rendered a great service to her State. Her home was rehabilitated by her self-sacrificing effort.

What this noble-souled woman did has been done by thousands of her sisters.

Force of Example

Women's splendid efforts in the economic crisis, particularly in our own country, should have a good effect upon men. We have learnt to appreciate their worth as never before. We are seeing, perhaps, for the first time, that a woman in her simple work can be as great as a man in his apparently bigger tasks.

When the great shadow passes from our nation, and we emerge into the sunlight of brighter times, men will go forth with a richer experience and truer



True and Loyal

understanding of their women and the faithful work they are doing.

Man is irritated by a crisis such as that through which we are passing. His tendency is to mope like an eagle suddenly brought from the freedom of the sky to the limits of a cage. His wife is more accustomed to the narrower confines of the home. She is conservative, and thinks more of being than of doing; more of developing personality than of conquering nature.

When, therefore, man is forced to keep more to the home than usual, he finds

in his wife not only a true and loyal mate, but one who knows from experience the art of living in quiet obscurity. She is accustomed to doing small duties, to living in the shade away from the limelight, to making her home a world. And there has been no more valuable factor in stabilising the nobility of men than this domesticated nobility of their wives.

Let us not forget that big business men have not had enviable positions during the last three years. The wives of men in big places of responsibility have done just as much, no doubt, to lighten their husbands under the strain of worry and fear, as their humbler sisters have in a smaller way, though not called upon to do menial work to keep a home together.

Frequently we hear people in good positions express wonder that women can keep their families on the basic wage. One thing is certain—families would not be kept upon this small pittance if the average man did the spending.

More Understanding

To-day, millions of women are working outside their homes, and their association with their sisters inevitably increases the average mother's knowledge of masculine affairs.

Before the Great War there were five millions of women workers in Great Britain. The result is that a very intimate knowledge of the man's world is being gained by women who are still working with him in very vast numbers. In this way the wife can now give her husband a more intelligent support in his undertakings. She knows what he has to do; understands his problems as her ancestors never could have done; and can give him true sympathy which is most helpful.

We could welcome a state of society in which women have a true and complete vocation in their homes.

Russia is trying to give them freedom, but at what a cost! At present there are said to be 13,500,000 women on Collective farms. Many Japanese women still coal the steamers. This is liberty to compete with men. But surely the normal British woman would rather the limited freedom of a home and a family than the arduous tasks of the field or the wharf?

Nothing can ever be gained for the world by turning women into men.



FOOLISH FASHION FORECASTS

EDUCATION Should Teach Us How To LIVE

By E. M. TILDESLEY

WHATEVER one may think about the committee which the Minister for Education has just appointed, it should commend itself in two particulars; first, its personnel includes a fair sprinkling of women; and, second, its task is to survey the education of this State as a whole.

Girls and boys are not creatures of different species, and their education presents pretty much the same problems.

First Essential

The committee might well begin by considering physical education. Here is a matter in which New South Wales lags behind. In Northern Europe, especially, they have realised that, to achieve the ideal of "a sound mind in a sound body," you must attend to the body first.

Every pupil should spend at least twenty minutes daily, either in a gymnasium or out-of-doors, doing physical exercises under a competent instructor. Of course, this involves difficulties. The headmistress will find it harder to arrange the school time-table; to equip a gymnasium with the desirable apparatus—wall—bars, beam—vaulting, horse—costs money; the instructor should be a fully trained specialist.

But don't let us be daunted. After all, headmistresses as a class are resourceful; if school authorities cannot afford the equipment, here is a chance for the parents and citizens' associations to help. Small country schools, where it is not possible to employ a specialist in a whole-time job, might be grouped together for this purpose. The physical education expert could travel round, spending a few days at each school in turn, and helping the one teacher who has to tackle all subjects in the syllabus to reach a higher standard in this all-important branch. Games are not enough for bodily training; they do least for those who need it most.

The mental training afforded in our schools measures up to a more satisfactory standard. Primary education is largely a matter of handwork and the three R's. In secondary education a wide range of subjects lies open. It seems reasonable enough that more boys than girls should turn their attention to algebra, Latin, and physics, while more girls than boys should take up music and art at school; and it is taken for granted that girls should have needlework and cookery all to themselves, even though the world-famous cooks and dressmakers are men.

One would like to see biology and

economics included in the curriculum—biology because the facts and laws of life concern us all, and economics because girls as well as boys should find it helpful in casting their votes and balancing their budgets.

The thing taught is unimportant in comparison with the person who teaches; the main stimulus comes from the impact of mind upon mind. If pupils are taught to read and encouraged to think, if, with a standard of values and a sense of proportion, they are put in the way of finding out what they want to know, the true educational aim is achieved.

Vocational Courses

School education should teach one how to live rather than how to earn a living.

One hopes the committee will keep this firmly in mind, since other ideas are in the air. Hitler, for instance, thinks that women have no place in the world outside the home, and that girls should be trained simply and solely for domesticity. It is a mistaken and a cruel notion.

When, looking at a class of school-girls, you consider their future; you cannot guess what is in store for any one of them. Some will marry, not necessarily the prettiest, or the cleverest, or the nicest, or the best, and almost certainly not all.

One of the crimes charged to modern industry is that it flings men on a scrap-heap. If girls are to be trained only for a domestic career, nothing is surer than that many of them will be scrapped likewise.

If the schoolmistress may not attempt to give girls some education that will not leave them entirely at the mercy of chance she will have little heart for her job. If she is allowed to help them do, know, and be all they can, then she can go to work in the faith that, the more freely they have received, the more freely they will give.

She can set them on the road to happiness—not the instinctive glee of the screen heroine, singing when she gets a tyrist's job:

To-day I feel so happy,
I don't know why I'm happy,
I only know I am.

But the happiness which the wisdom of the Greeks conceived as "an activity of the spirit along the lines of excellence in a fully-developed life."

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No 4 CARTON

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SYNOPSIS

LILLIAN, a beautiful English painter, who has come to New Zealand to paint a new country and forget the great griefs that had befallen her in the old world. Twice married, first to Olaf Carstairs, then to Peter Desmond; both husbands had been killed in the war. She thought she had done with love for ever. In New Zealand she meets

Old MRS. EWING, a simple soul, who doesn't like servants about the place, and does all the work herself; and

BILL EWING, her son, a wealthy landowner and ex-soldier, who falls madly in love with the golden-haired Englishwoman staying at his home. He grows terrified at the thought of losing her, and he finds himself imploring her to stay on as his wife. She can neither make head nor tail, nor can she milk a cow. Stubbornly she pursues her own foolishness as a wife to Bill. Then in a flash a word rings itself before her. TEACH! And dimly the beauty of the things she might teach this man spring out on her horizon, mingling in a dizzy dance with the things he might teach her. She promises to marry him and take life in New Zealand at his side.



Illustrated by
WEP

CHAPTER XII
His Wife

THEIR honeymoon was peculiar. Ma and John went away for it. They stayed at home. In the little white house, all scrubbed and spruced up from end to end, they saw no faces but each other's for two whole dreamlike weeks, nor heard they any voices but each other's, and the voices of the winds, and all was well.

These decisive hours that held the marring or the making of their future, revealed only happiness, setting up around them both the fond illusion that they were created for each other, and for each other only.

Forgotten was all that had gone before. Never once did the word "again" show its pale visage at the windows of her soul.

This was love absolute, a perfectly marvellous love, body and soul in love, yet worship always there, and worship ever increasing as Bill began to understand the quality of her moral fibre.

She was amazingly straight. Her thoughts, revealing themselves to him more and more, showed him an English mind as honest as an honest Englishman's, and trained to guard its thoughts as scrupulously as it would guard its speech.

Deep down under all her airs and graces she was utterly English, and the wonder and beauty of it was that he could see and feel and know just how wonderful and beautiful she was, this trained piece of perfection, product of old civilisations, beauty, deep thinking, and fearless living.

His wife!

As he saw her sitting in the kitchen in a white frock, peeling potatoes, with the sun streaming through the window on her golden head, he gripped at the homeliness that must abide somewhere in the midst of all the wonder of her, and he told himself that homeliness had given her to him and naught else.

But was it? Was he right? Was that the strain that had responded to his cry? Perhaps she hardly knew, herself. She only knew that, whatever particular thing had made her marry him, she now seemed to have married him for everything. And the strange thing was that it was her culture that drew them closest together, for it was her culture that gave her the happy faculty of seeing him (set, as he was, in the heart of nature, among nature's creatures), as someone rare, someone unusual, someone who could do things

EVE'S Daughter

that seemed to her strange, rare, precious, even amazing, because she had never before known men who could do those things, and with all his power of doing was that deep, deep, fundamental tenderness.

He took her straight in to the heart of his life. Up till now, her world had been peopled with only men and women. Now animals began to count also.

Punch, the bay draught horse, was taken ill one day. Bill rushed into the kitchen, demanding milk, a bottle, and something in which to mix milk with soap.

She ran out with him, hatless, her yellow hair shining like the sunlight itself, and while he forced open Punch's mouth, she lifted her long arms and tilted the bottle till the mixture ran down the animal's throat.

Poor old Punch began bravely to revive, but another attack soon seized him.

He lay on the ground again, rolling and groaning, lifting his legs as if to kick at the nasty pain in his innards.

Bill, looking wretched, hurried to the house, for other remedies.

"Poor Punch! Poor Punch!" whispered Lillian, standing beside the sufferer. The old horse rolled his sad eyes. He looked weary and woe. His expression was careworn and full of

the whisky went down into Punch's inside. After that he was better.

Then Bill put him in the stables, and covered him with a nice brown rug and Punch was cured.

"He's twenty-five years old," said Bill, smoothing out the rug. "A splendid orchard horse, aren't you, Punch? He'll go round the trees in the plough like a Christian. He helped me cultivate the plantation on our South Island place. I wopped a young mare for him, and the other fellow gave me eight pounds to the good. I don't think I lost by the deal. But if you put him out, he can be very nasty, very snaky. If he's ruffled up the wrong way. Last year he was put on to carry oaten sheaves, pretty nearly a ton on the day. He started to jib and to rear, and he tipped one fellow out, didn't you, Punch? A ton's too much for him. Give him a load he can handle and he'll pull—a jolly good puller! But if he gets more than he ought to, he lets you know it! Don't you, Punch, don't you, old boy!"

He stroked Punch gently, and Lillian saw a picture for her to paint. The big bright bay horse, half-Suffolk Punch, and the fair-haired man, and the glance that passed between them—man and horse. If she could only get that on canvas!

Then there was Alice, the greedy little bronze calf that licked and banged her milk tin so wildly at milking time, trying to force out another drop. Just like a bronze statue of a little cow. She was perfect, with dark eyes, so brown (hence Alice), neat straight legs, charming moulded body, so tiny, sometimes so eager (when there was milk about) sometimes as motionless and transfixed as the bright bronze statue that she looked to be. Every day she stuck her pretty red head into her milk tin in search of the last drop, and couldn't get it out, and Lillian found it became her daily job to rescue

entreaty. It tore at her heartstrings. She had never known before, that a horse's face could change like that. "Poor dear! Poor darling!" she found herself whispering passionately.

Then Bill returned with half a bottle of whisky.

"If that doesn't kill him, it'll cure him," he said, hoarsely. "I'd rather he died than suffered like that."

Together they got Punch's great lips open, forced the long teeth apart, and

like a bronze statue of a little cow. She was perfect, with dark eyes, so brown (hence Alice), neat straight legs, charming moulded body, so tiny, sometimes so eager (when there was milk about) sometimes as motionless and transfixed as the bright bronze statue that she looked to be. Every day she stuck her pretty red head into her milk tin in search of the last drop, and couldn't get it out, and Lillian found it became her daily job to rescue

Which first? She didn't know. That was the trouble. She really did not know.

do a day's washing! Still smiling softly, she moved out into the sunlight, and went round to the back of the house, towards the wash-house.

CHAPTER XIII

Drama In the Wash-house

THE wash-house was a pleasant place, painted green, with old-fashioned yellow gloire-de-dijon roses tumbling over its tin roof, and in at its open window.

A sweet breeze blew, and the garden shed its perfumes lavishly across the early morning, streaked with long, amethyst shadows.

It was lucky that the small wood was all neatly chopped and stacked conveniently, for, as she well knew, Lillian was no adept at lighting fires, and as she nervously crushed in an old newspaper, a n d built up the sticks and logs she hoped with all her heart that this particular fire would "go," and she felt quite proud of herself when she saw the flames come leaping obediently upwards.

In a corner of the wash-house the dirty clothes lay within their old brown basket, and she turned her attention thither. But as she began to pull the things out which went into the copper first. She was sure there was some order of precedence; but what was it? Did the sheets go first? Or was it the table-cloth? Then, when did the towels and pillow-cases and table-napkins go in? And what about the underclothes. She stood and surveyed them until a sharp smell arrested her, and a queer, stinging noise made itself heard at the same moment.

Great heavens! She had forgotten to let the water run into the copper. Dashing across the wash-house, she flung herself at the tap and turned on the water, her heart beating quite violently from the shock of forgetfulness.

(Continued on Page 6.)

Alice from the tin. What a pretty thing! What a perfect thing! Fancy a clumsy cow growing out of that charming bit of statuary, Alice, Punch, Joey, Sharp, Puss; they all counted now, and her heart was enlarged to the extent of the counting.

In various ways and at various times, Bill fed this whole community—fowls, ducks, calves, horses, cows, sheep, dogs, birds.

When Bill came out, everything came towards him.

Even sleepy black Timor would kick up her hind legs and hurry skittishly to his side. They all loved him. He fed them. He was the centre of their life. He was everything in the world to them, and he lived surrounded with this great inarticulate flood of affection poured over him without let or stay.

And gradually the flood extended to the woman in white, who was now always at his side, out under the blue skies. In March they moved over to their South Island home, and suddenly, without an instant's warning, the acid test was put upon Lillian's housekeeping.

"Ma's ill. She'll have to stay in bed to-day." Before Bill could finish, his mother's voice called from her bedroom. "Lillian! Lillian! Quick. Get the copper going! There's a big wash, and it'll be raining before long. Hurry, and get the copper going."

"Can you manage it?" asked Bill, anxiously. "I'm late as it is. I've got to take those helters over to the cattle sale at Seddon, else I'd stay and give you a hand."

"I'll manage all right, don't worry," said Lillian, smiling up at him in the hall. He kissed her and hurried away.

Of course she could manage. He expected her to manage. She would, then. She must. She who had had a picture in the salon, surely she could

By a Girl of 16

"OF DOGS!"

To the park on Saturday
Eagerly I make my way,
There to watch the quaint array
Of Dogs!
Popple's poodle will insist
On straining at her leash-bound
wrist,
And, picking up her squirming
pride,
She struggles to be dignified.
Here's a Pom—a Pekingese—
And over there, beneath the
trees,
Huge Alsatians (manly pets)
Are growling doggie epithets.
How I wish that every day
Irkome hours could pass away
In studying this fine display
Of Dogs!

—Yvonne Webb.

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SYDNEY

(Continued from Page 5)

Stupid. That, was it. That was why she minded it so. It was so profoundly stupid. To build a copper without a hole for the water to escape was surely the very quintessence of stupidity. Men were asses. What on earth were women thinking about to let men put

looked at them rather pathetically. You melted washing-soda, didn't you? But could you melt it in cold water? Or must it be hot? The fire was out. Then she discovered something she knew and understood—a large cake of carbolic sand-soap. She recognised the smell. She had used it to get the dirt off her hands after she had unpacked the books. Bill had recommended it.



" And there's the absent-minded sleep-walker who forgot to walk
in his sleep!"

Obviously she must now scour the

There was such a pleasantness about



VALERIE MORTIMER, aged 14, who recently won the gold medal for the vocal section of Grace Bros.' "Little Entertainers" competition, and was runner-up in 2KY's singing competition. Valerie is also a great charity worker, and she dances, too.

All the work was still before her, and the copper wasn't even boiling. And here was something else she didn't know.

(Continued on Page 42).



Do Your Hands Say Housework?

A sample tube will be sent upon receipt of the name of this magazine and 3d. stamps to cover postage and packing.

CHEAP

It was a strange wager, and one Mark Egerton was soon bitterly to regret—but it had an even more amazing sequel



AT the Carlton Hotel, Johannesburg, two young men were just finishing dinner. There was a glow of school-boy enjoyment about them, for it was the first time in months that they had left their respective farms.

Jack Oakley, a man of substance, was stock-breeding on the high veld, while Mark Egerton had a modest citrus estate near Barberton, where by some miracle he had hung on to solvency for three years—ever since his arrival in South Africa.

This rare and mellow evening had gone to Mark's head a little. Every detail was so sharply appreciated: the food, the quiet service, the smoothness of his own shirt-front, the women's clothes, the women's voices.

He raised a glass, and his blue eyes shone over the rim.

"To the future!" He drank, and sighed happily. "Next time I come up it may be to meet Georgie."

Jack Oakley smiled indulgently. He was but little the elder of the two, but his eyes and voice were languid with sophistication. He had been a man of the world in his cradle, had Jack, and certainly no one who did not know him well would have taken him for a keen and expert farmer. He lifted his glass in turn.

"To X, the unknown future!" He drank gravely. "Though I can't be expected to share your rosy raptures, sonny. Look a little deeper into the future, and you'll see yourself bringing the fair Georgie back here again en route for the mail boat and Old England."

"Faith couldn't stick the veld life, and neither will your little lovely. Here's to you, my lost Faith!" He drank again, and laughed shortly. "Next time, watch me pick a girl called Hope or Charity! Fill up, Mark."

Mark obeyed. His face, fair under its ruddy tan, looked troubled.

"I'm awfully sorry about you, old boy. You had a bad break. But you mustn't think that just because you've had to get a divorce everyone is—I mean, I think it's a pity, the way you talk about women. Not that you talk much, either. But the way you think."

"Sonny, you are getting delightfully drunk. And, anyway, what do you know about women? I tell you, boy, I've been there! Women are all right, as long as you can pay, pay, and go on paying."

"But they are not all like that—mercenary and so forth."

"There may be exceptions—your Georgie may be one. I hope she is."

"But they are just about as plentiful as snow-drops in Hell—that's all."

"Rot—I don't believe it. It isn't only Georgie—we'll leave her out—but heaps of girls, probably most of them, are decent."

"The price varies," said Jack, "and that's the whole difference between one woman and another. Why?" he went on, warning with the golden fire of the Van der Hum in his glass, would you say that any woman—I don't care who she is—would work for her living if by hook or crook she could get a man to pay her bills for her? Not a darned one!"

"I don't believe it," repeated Mark, flushed and obstinate.

"Would you bet on it?" Jack asked him, offering his cigarette-case across the table. Mark took one with a non-too-steady hand.

Months of economy and hard rations had left him defenceless against the rigors of a bachelor night-out. Jack Oakley was celebrating his decree nisi, and if his cynicism hid the slightest human pang, it was to be drowned deep to-night.

"Rout the fumes with black coffee, young friend, and I'll repeat the question."

"SUPPOSE we met a decent sort of girl to-night—in a respectable job and all that sort of thing—would you be willing to bet that she wouldn't chuck her job and go out to

the farm with you to-morrow if you asked her and made a noise like a rich man?"

"Of course she wouldn't; why should she?"

"Would you bet she wouldn't—say, twenty quid?"

"Yes. Forty if you like."

"Twenty'll do. You'll want the other twenty before you've finished the job. Your education needs completing, sonny—boy. Come on."

Jack Oakley's car awaited them; a lean, wicked-looking Chrysler, tried much by the veld roads and not found wanting.

"This is yours to-night! You're the man of wealth, see? Now, then, we'll totter round to the Empire. I rang up and booked a box. It's hardly worth using the car, but it'll look better when we arrive. Step on it!"

It needed all Mark's mistimed faculties to drive the Chrysler. He obeyed directions in a dream, and pulled up by the kerb where people were assembling at the theatre doors for the cheaper seats.

Jack jumped out, and close beside him two pretty faces looked round, smiling and startled, in the light of the street lamps.

"Good enough!" said Jack, softly, through the lowered window. "Park the car and come back for me here."

Mark found a place for the Chrysler and returned. He was hatless, and the warm night air made a pleasant stir about his hot brow.

He felt happy and wistful, and he thought of Georgie—lovely Georgina Fane, his promised wife—and of the last time he had dined with her—in London, more than three years ago.

If only he had not to go back to the farm alone to-morrow! He was keen on his work, and the time had passed wonderfully quickly, but sometimes the loneliness was very hard to bear.

He awoke from his reverie with a jerk. Jack had him by the arm, and was saying:—

"Here, Mark, are two young ladies whom I have persuaded to share your box to-night. The pit was full when they arrived, so their bad luck is our good, isn't it? Mr. Mark Egerton—Miss Alice White—Miss Coral Meade."

Mark bowed vaguely. Jack shepherded the two girls ahead with a little flurry of perfume and laughter. Back at Mark's side, he cocked a wicked eye, and whispered:—

"Don't forget, brother, the bet's on! Before the evening's over you've to ask one of them to go out to the farm with you to-morrow."

"You old devil!"

"Shame! You're going to revive my faith in female human nature, aren't you? These are nice girls; they're in shops. Go to it! You win—either way."

"Well, I'm not going to rat, but—"

"Splendid fellow! You deserve a good tip, so listen: Choose the dark one—Coral Meade. The other's a bit obvious." He bought chocolates and programmes, and with this excuse for a little delay they entered the box.

It was a gay and creditable performance, but, good or bad, four members at least of the audience were in a mood to enjoy every moment of it. They drew their chairs close together. The girls took off their hats and light coats and sat in their little summer dresses, unconscious and happy.

Alice White was a round-faced blonde, apt to giggle. She had the charm of youth and gusto, and Jack

Illustrated by
Syd
Miller



"The boys were all over the place. Coral coped with the situation and had them to heel in twenty-four hours."

bent his weary eyes upon her with an air of refreshment. Perhaps he had not been altogether unselfish in his advice to Mark in the foyer.

Mark looked at his neighbor. She was intent upon the stage, but now and then she turned to him a small, pale, pointed face, and he saw how a dimple came and went beside her curving smile and how, above her large grey eyes, the dark brows curved like a swallow's wings.

"Oh, what fun! Oh, how lovely! If it could last for ever!"

It was pleasant to have given her such delight.

"I'd like you and your friend to come to supper with us after the show. Will you?"

"Thank you. We'd love it. Oh! Look at that man on the bicycle! Would you think anyone could do such things?"

She had accepted at once, trustingly—without thought. The wine sang in Mark's veins. As if this happy child could be mercenary! Poor old Jack with his bitter outlook! Not his fault, but to lose twenty quid would teach him better. Teach him to respect decent girls in future.

"God Save the King" blared out. The two girls sighed, and crammed on their little hats.

"Now for a spot of supper," called Mark, commanding. "Where's the best place, d'you think, Jack?"

Jack instantly suggested the "Old String Bag."

"Yes, I suppose we can't do better than that," agreed Mark, who knew nothing whatever about the night-haunts of Johannesburg.

"We'll take a taxi," he added, remembering that he did not know the way.

The girls looked at him with awe. To charter a Johannesburg taxi argues the pocket of a millionaire.

"Don't let him be silly," said Alice, nudging Jack, who replied:—

"My dear girl, he's so rich he doesn't know his own income. Do you, Mark?"

Coral looked with her large eyes from one to another in silence.

Mark took her hand, and they all rushed down the stairs into the street.

At the "Old String Bag" champagne was forthcoming, and the party seated themselves in an unoccupied corner so near to the band that no one could be heard except Alice, who screamed out some details of her life

from which it was learned that she and Coral had not known each other very long; that they both worked in one of the big stores; that to-day had been such a black day for both of them that they had decided to "blow the expense" and treat themselves to the theatre.

"And little we thought," Alice added, in a hurried gabble as the band paused for an instant's respite, "what a wonderful evening it would be in the end—did we, Coral?"

"And I'm sure I can't tell you boys how glad we are we met you, because it's been perfectly lovely—a red-letter day—and so say all of us. My love, and heaven bless you!"

Champagne lowered in the glasses. Mark danced with Coral. She was quiet, but her young body was vibrant in his arms. He saw her lips move silently.

"What are you muttering, you funny little thing?"

"I'm only praying that this evening may last a little—just a little—longer."

"Do you love dancing so much?"

"I don't want this evening to end," was the answer.

"Nor do I. But it must. I go up-country to-morrow, to my estate."

"I expect it's a wonderful place. You are very rich, aren't you?"

The words fell like a cold hand on Mark's pleasure. She cared about that, then! And his question was still unasked. Indeed, before he could frame words to ask it, the yawning musicians

had begun to pack their instruments, and the waiters to pile up empty tables and chairs.

"Bonnets on, girls, I'm afraid," said Jack; and in the entrance he said, rather grandly:—

"I've sponged on you enough for one evening, Mark. Now, Alice and I are going to buy a taxi for ourselves. Maybe you two will have things to talk about, moreover. Take care of her, Mark. See you at the train to-morrow. So long. Night, Coral!"

"The Chrysler's at Bartlemy's. I'll leave her there for the night!" shouted Mark, just in time. Then he gave a taxi-driver Coral's address, and they both climbed in.

Mark put his arm round his com-



panion; and, with her cheek against his shoulder, they were quiet for a little time. Then she said:—

"Well—it's good-bye, isn't it?"

MARK cursed inwardly that he had ever made that bet. And yet, he must know—was she to be bought, this gentle, wide-eyed creature?

He said:—

"Not unless you say so."

She twisted to look up at him in the flickering light from the street.

"What do you mean?"

"I go back to my farm to-morrow—I told you. You could come out with me, and stay. I'm all alone."

She drew her breath softly.

"A farm. To leave Johannesburg."

"Will you?"

She seemed to ponder. Then she asked:—

"But would there be anything for me to do all day?"

Mark's arm slackened. He laughed.

"I hope I could manage—to amuse you."

They did not look at each other. Mark's eyes were suddenly hard, and the girl's were vague and full of dreams.

"I'll come," she said. "What time is the train?"

He told her. An agonising distaste had come over him. It had been so easy—so fatally easy. How to put her off?

"Please," she said, "can I have the fare—in case I miss you at the station?"

So that was it! A common little trick. Of course, he would never see her again now. What an escape! He fumbled, pushing two five-pound notes into an envelope he had about him.

"Here you are."

"Thank you."

To Mark's relief, the taxi stopped. He sprang out, and with averted face helped Coral to alight. To her soft, "Good night," "Thank you again,"

he only bowed bleakly. He saw a mean door open to admit her. A woman's querulous voice whined something that did not sound like a welcome.

"CARLTON HOTEL," called Mark, and banged the taxi door. The evening's pleasure had turned sour and cold. His head throbbed.

He hated the city fiercely, and longed now only to escape from it. Jack was right—his education had been lacking. He had learnt a valuable lesson to-night, and he supposed it had been cheap at the price. Like the girl herself—Coral, and all her kind. Cheap!

Mark put his arm round his com-

BY LUCY WHITEHEAD

(Continued on Page 8.)

CHEAP

(Continued from Page 7)

BACK in his room at the hotel, he tossed and fidgeted until dawn, when he fell deeply asleep. When he awoke, his tea, ordered for eight o'clock, was cold and untouched at his bedside.

He grabbed his watch. It said half-past eight. There was still plenty of time. He lay back to collect his thoughts. His head still ached. He thought:—

"I am out of practice! Just one late night—it's absurd! It was a mess, though. Confound Jack and his bet! I wish to heaven I'd never—but, of course, she won't come. What a sucker she must have thought me! Her eyes reminded me of England. Rainy skies. Oh, well—"

The telephone shrilled at his side. Jack's voice:—

"What's up, sonny? You've missed the train."

"Missed—?" Mark's eyes dropped to his watch. The hands still showed half-past eight.

"My watch has stopped. What a fool! Where are you, Jack?"

"At the station. I'm not going home for a couple of days, as you know, otherwise you could have had a lift in the Chrysler. You must catch the later train, that's all. I'm in a tearing hurry, and shan't see you, I'm afraid, but I'll blow in one day soon and collect that twenty."

"Jack, you are a swine. How did you know you'd won?"

"My dear old thing, I put her on the train! She would go, whether you were there or not. So that's all pleasant and jolly; she'll be there to greet you. Simple, isn't it? So long!"

Jack's lazy laugh—hateful now—and then silence. Mark dragged himself out of bed.

It was a twelve-hour journey in the train to Klingenhoof, and the next day was still only a pale, clear dawn when Mark arrived.

In front of the little station building, half hidden in a riot of bougainvillea, was drawn up a selection of his servitors—an odd-looking lot, ranging from a coal-black giant in a striped football jersey and khaki shorts to a small grinning boy in nothing very much. Seeing Mark, they rushed at him, jabbering, and seized his baggage.

Mark saluted the British station-master, and thought with rage that this official looked at him inquisitively. For the first time since his arrival he had given the neighborhood a real bit of gossip, and he loathed the idea.

He took the hill-path for home, and addressed the senior "boy" in the local dialect.

"Where's Joseph?" Joseph was the native foreman, and his right-hand in farm affairs.

"Joseph very sick," he was told. "Many boys sick. We getting new boys to help with the packing."

Mark scowled. More trouble! Why had he ever left the estate? Even so, he might have coped with the situation cheerfully, had it not been for the awful embarrassment of Coral Meade's arrival. With difficulty he got out the necessary question:—

"Has the lady arrived?"

A ripple seemed to pass over his dusky train. Eyes rolled, heads nodded. "I make dinner for missus," proudly announced the giant, whom Mark had christened "Cracker." He asked no more.

"Thank heaven, they're not English servants, anyway," he thought.

The low white house came into view with its mosquito-netted stoep and green-painted windows under the shadow of a group of tall blue gums. There was a little lawn in front, assidu-

ously watered. Gaillardias and pinias flourished in a newly-made flower bed.

Mark had a deep feeling for this corner of the world which he had made his own. He loved it, and had tried to make of it a home.

Often when, pleased with some new effort of creation, he had paused for a moment in his work, his dreams had pictured the finishing touch to the familiar scene; George, in a white dress, watching for him.

And now, at last, there was a white-clad figure at his door; but the watching eyes were the eyes of Coral Meade.

He took her hand with some kind of formal greeting; but made the need of a bath and change the excuse to go straight to his room. Glancing round as he went, he noticed flowers about the house, and a rightness and order prevailing which were not altogether usual. The boys must have been on their mettle to impress the visitor.

He had his bath, and came to breakfast in the big, cool living-room, but he felt unrefreshed, and, apart from a cup of coffee, could take nothing.

Coral came in and found him smoking morosely.

"Isn't breakfast as you like it? I had mine early. The boys said you would enjoy eggs and bacon—"

"Yes, but I'm not hungry, thanks. Miss Meade, I must speak to you. Please sit down."

Coral did so. The bulldog, Mixer, got up from his place at Mark's feet and pushed his blunt head against her knee. It seemed very silent here after the city and the rattling train.

Only the sound of running water drifted through the windows from the hill-stream which ran through the gar-

(Continued in next column.)

SHE'S FAMOUS in Her early TWENTIES!

THOUGH still in her early twenties, Miss Joyce Bruce, who won the Royal Art Society's first prize for the year's classwork on "life" subjects, shows such promise that she has been appointed by Mr. Duffell Rubbo as assistant-teacher of his art classes.

Mr. Rubbo says that she takes charge so easily that when he is indisposed he has no hesitation in entrusting all the work to her. She is a splendid organizer, and well liked.

There is no necessity for Miss Bruce to enter the commercial field, so she will probably visit Europe later to advance her art. She prefers oils as a medium, and likes figure work much better than landscapes.

Her "life" work is very significant, not a literal photographic translation. She makes of it a Fine Art, not a mere craft. The models are mainly "picked up off the streets," and, as they may only stay for the one sitting, work is often hurried.

This is the case in an unfinished, yet very expressive, head of an aboriginal at present in Mr. Rubbo's studio. The model had a bad cold, and was too ill to wait until the finishing touches could be given.

Miss Bruce has brothers, but no sister, and her mother often deplores her con-



THIS GIFTED young artist is Miss Joyce Bruce, winner of the Royal Art Society's first prize for the year's classwork on "life" subjects.

stant absence from her lovely Warrawee home, saying that she practically doesn't see anything at all of her daughter except when Joyce drives the family to the seaside or the country during the weekends. But for the young artist her art will not be denied!

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Special Prizes, £5 for Early Entries.

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Any Entry Either Winning Outright or Sharing One of the First Four Prizes Eligible for the Special Prizes.

CONDITIONS

All solutions to be filled in with either Ink or Indelible Pencil. Indistinct Alterations will disqualify. Any number of solutions may be sent, but each must be accompanied by entry fee as stated above. Remit by Postal Note. Stamps will not be accepted for amounts over 6d.

DO NOT SEND COINS BY POST.

The Judge's decision is final and legally binding, and all entries accepted on this condition.

SEND STAMPED (1d) ADDRESSED ENVELOPE FOR RESULTS.

If more than 10 competitors tie for 1st prize, the whole of the prize-money will be conjoined and divided equally between such competitors. No competitor shall be eligible to win more than one share of each prize. In the event of ties and prize-money being conjoined, no competitor shall be eligible to receive more than one share.

Prizes will be allotted to correct or nearest correct solutions conforming to these conditions.

CLUES ACROSS

1. A girl's name (dim.).
3. Immediately.
6. To pack up.
9. A relative.
10. Mankind.
12. A pronoun.
13. A river.
15. A female bird.
16. An order.
18. Faithful.
20. Delay.
21. A number of persons together.
23. A suffix meaning belonging to.

CLUES DOWN

1. A coin.
2. To interpose.
4. A container.
5. A thin layer.
7. Look.
8. A railway employee (abb.).
10. Pertaining to the centre.
11. A lizard.
14. To join together.
17. A festival.
19. An assembly of persons (abb.).
22. As far as.

The solution to this competition has been lodged with Mr. F. W. Ewart, Solicitor, Church Street, Parramatta, under seal.

This Crossword Competition closes TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, at 5 P.M. No late entries. No delay.

Prizes posted by SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.

Results posted to all competitors promptly.

All profits from this Competition devoted to Charity.

Every word and abbreviation in this Crossword can be found in Chambers' 30th Century Dictionary, excluding supplement.

The conditions provide that for all prizes possible alternate solutions of clues, if any, which, in the Judge's opinion, are equally correct and appropriate to the official solution, will in all respects be treated as equal to the official solution.

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I agree to accept the decision of the Judge as final and legally binding.

Name

Address

Name

Address

den, while from the kitchen outside the native voices made an occasional soft palaver.

"Look here," said Mark, "I'm so terribly sorry about the other evening. I'm afraid I was—I must have been—drunk."

She did not help him. She bent down and laid her slight hand on Mixer's head. Mark went on doggedly:

"I shouldn't have asked you up here. I wouldn't have, only I thought you would be sure to refuse. And I told you a lie, or implied it. I'm not a rich man, as you've doubtless guessed by now."

"On the contrary, I'm pretty hard up, like most others in the farming line. That was a good evening, and it went to my head—I'm ashamed to think how badly. But it's daylight now, you see."

Coral had raised her head and was looking straight before her. On a table against the wall, where it occupied a place of honor,

was a big photograph of a girl on horseback. The severe conventional habit showed off a classic beauty of line and feature. Across the corner was written: "My love—George."

George. The girl who belonged to the daylight.

"I live here alone," Mark went on impatiently. Her silence was making it all so terribly difficult. "So, you see, it's quite impossible that you should stay for any length of time. The best apology I can make is to see you off to Jo'burg again as soon as possible."

"Yes—I understand." She looked at him for the first time. "Mr. Egerton, Joseph and several of the boys have influenza. There seems a lot of it about. And I don't think some of the other boys that have come along to help are much good. I thought I'd tell you."

She got up. "I shan't be a nuisance. I'll be ready to leave whenever it's most convenient to you."

MARK also rose, and as he did so a wave of nausea rushed over him. Sparks darted before his eyes. Instinctively he held his head as if to keep it from bursting in pieces. It was an added pain to hear her voice, soft and anxious.

"Oh—are you ill?"

"Please—call Cracker." The giant

appeared on soundless, flat feet.

"Baas?"

"Brandy."

"Sorry, Baas. No brandy."

"No brandy—? Here's the key; open the cupboard over there and get a fresh bottle out."

He sat slumped at the table and did not see that it was a farce to fit the key in the broken lock. Cracker returned, all innocent regret.

"No brandy, Baas."

"Oh—curse! I'll lie down for a minute. Here—give me your arm."

The black fellow helped him away. Coral watched them, with her hand on Mixer's collar.

The next few days passed, for Mark, like a weird nightmare.

Influenza's rabble army invaded his body, and through the breach rushed an old enemy—malaria. Alternately bathed in sweat or wretchedly shivering, he lay, a mass of aches, careless whether he lived or died. Then he began to worry about the farm.

"Joseph!" he would shout feebly, and when the grinning Cracker sidled in, would demand: "Where's Joseph? I want him."

"Joseph!" he sick, Baas.

"Well—has the spray cart come?"

Or: "Are those local butter orders being attended to?"

Or: "What about the packing of those lemons? Is there plenty of labor, and are they being graded properly?"

Cracker's knowledge and wit were not equal to these questions.

"I call Missie," he would say brightly, and Mark, to whom this was an added proof of determined stupidity, would groan and order him out of the room.

"Missie!" indeed! What could she know or do, a child of the city? It was an added worry to think of her here, so out of place and bored.

BUT his job, his farm—I he lay, fretting and worrying himself into a perfect fume, until one evening he crawled out of bed when all was quiet at night, and stole into his little office.

All was in order there—dust-free, neat. The pay-sheets, the invoices, the letters—all were laid ready for his attention.

(Continued on Page 32.)



Concert work is attractive.

MUSIC AS A CAREER FOR GIRLS

In an interview with our special "Careers for Girls" Commissioner, Mr. Roland Foster, president of the Music Week committee, discusses possible opportunities in the musical sphere.



ROLAND FOSTER

By MR. ROLAND FOSTER, F.G.S.M.

THERE was a time when music was regarded chiefly as a social accomplishment for women, who seldom thought of taking it up as a career unless they happened to be gifted with an exceptional voice, and could go upon the operatic stage or concert platform.

To-day, however, we find women strongly represented in every branch of the art, except, perhaps, in orchestral conducting. This is rather strange, because women's acknowledged influence over the opposite sex should be a special qualification in this form of musical activity.

Sir Henry Wood was the first conductor to introduce women players into his orchestra, and the number is increasing year by year. In fact, orchestras composed entirely of women are not unknown.

The only section in which woman fails to hold her own is in the brass, probably because man has always been addicted to blowing his own trumpet.

WOMEN outnumber men by three to one in concert and opera audiences, and among musical students girls and boys are in about the same proportion, so

Music, like every other profession, is overcrowded nowadays, but the old adage, "There is always room at the top," still holds good, and it is a fact that the rewards of success are even greater than at any previous period.

it is only fair that women should have her share of the plums.

Teaching probably offers the best field for those whose qualifications cannot be termed exceptional. Public performance demands unusual gifts of personality, temperament, and physique, as well as musical capacity, and in the struggle for a career it is a case of the survival of the fittest.

Many very capable musicians lack the necessary temperament and self-confidence for public work, but are specially successful in conveying their knowledge to others. There is always room for well-equipped teachers, particularly in the country districts, which are very often musically starved through sheer lack of opportunity for adequate training.

THE cost of a musical education can be adapted to position and circumstances. Naturally, those who aim at the higher rungs of the professional ladder



VISIONS of an unusual musical career.

must be prepared to spend more money and study for a longer period than those whose aims are not so high.

The cost of a full course of study at the Conservatorium, for example, need not exceed £30 or £40 a year even in the most advanced stages. But a post-graduate course abroad will involve an outlay of at least three times that amount, in addition to living expenses, if one wants the very best tuition.

Professional students who are qualified for public work or broadcasting can generally earn enough during their final years of study to cover the cost of training. Here in Australia, it is not possible to make an adequate income by public appearances, except in musical comedy or other theatrical work.

CONCERT engagements are not sufficiently numerous even in the most favorable cases, and performers must be prepared to teach as well—unless they live at home and can afford to regard their professional earnings as pocket money. Ambitious artists who scorn the drudgery of pedagogic work must find ways and means of transferring themselves overseas, where financial independence may be attained by those who are clever enough and lucky enough to please the public ear.



I DON'T think either of them is a good game for girls. Now golf is much better. You've got more chance of getting your photo in the paper. Tennis, I think, is a waste of time. Vigoro is a good game, but a bit hard on the lungs. One girl stands up with a paddle, and another girl throws a ball to her. The girl with the paddle swipes the ball, and it goes up in the air and everybody screams.

The one who screams loudest is always captain, and the side scoring the most runs wins. I only ever scored one run when I was a girl, and that was in my stocking.

ELASTIC Frocks Are CLINGING

From Nell Murray, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly.

Another Paris fashion sensation consists of the skin tight frocks of elastic fabric which were first introduced to the Parisian couturier by Schiaparelli. Everyone is asking "How is it done?" because these ultra-clinging garments give to every movement, although their wearers look as if they had been poured into them. Even shoulder-straps and belt are made of elastic ribbon.

As in London and New York, evening gowns made of cotton organdie or tailored linen are enjoying a great vogue in Paris. Last week there was the "Organdie Ball" at Les Ambassadeurs (similar to the Lacquer Ball held earlier in the season).

One of the most striking creations was worn by the beautiful Parisian actress, Mlle. Jane Aubert, a blonde of 27 years old whose legs are insured for £100,000, and considered so shapely that she has been nominated by Mistinguett as her successor.

Mlle. Aubert wore a Worth model in white tucked organdie, the only touch of color being in the sash of red, white and blue tartan taffeta ribbon



tying in a bow in front, with one end reaching to the hem. A small accompanying bolero, also in white organdie, had narial dounced sleeves which added to the youthful look of the outfit.

LOWER LOOKS at WOMEN'S SPORTS

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist.
Illustrated by Wep.

fest wide. It wasn't big enough, I found. The one I have now I am living in. A young married couple are sharing the top half, and I live in the bottom half. Very nice young couple they are.

Hockey is my forte (Italian). I always wanted to be a champion hocker when I was young, so that just proves to you that the wish is father to the forte. Hockey is a game played by girls with thick legs. You have a thick stick with a bend in one end like a banana, and the idea is to bash the shins off the opposing side without tripping over the stick. Some teams use a ball as well, but this is only flashiness.

Hi-cockolorum is a game which I don't think is suitable for girls. A bit of lo-cockolorum is beneficial if it is not overdone, but on the whole, it is best left alone. As for rowing, I never cared for it after hearing about a poor girl who was out rowing and broke her skull.

I expect to be chosen for the hop-scotch team to tour Thursday Island this season. After the final game last season, the crowd gave me an ovation. A lovely big one it was, with my name engraved on it. I may nominate for the sack race. I am very good at the sack race. Every time the boss looks at me, I know I'm in front. All this sounds very like boasting, I know, but, after all, there's no use in hiding one's light under a bushel, is there, my dears? (No, love.)

Well, well, I must be getting along now. Wife will be home shortly, and I haven't got the meat on. If ever any of you girls need a masseur, drop in any time except washing days and race days.

I am very keen on sport. I was captain of the Gladestville Asylum Old Boys when they defeated the Reception House baseball team by four goals to one. It was a very interesting game. They were playing baseball and we were playing football. The difference between baseball and football is that in baseball you try how far you can slide on your own stomach, and in football you try to slide as far as you can on someone else's stomach.

I am far, far better at kick-the-tin and egg-in-the-hat than anybody I know. What I mean to say, when I say anybody I know, I mean to say, if there's anybody I don't know, I don't know them. As a matter of fact, I got so confident after I won the interstate kick-the-tin final that I had a sideboard built to hold my trophies. Twenty-two feet, four inches long it was, and eight

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THE IODEX CO.
131a Palmer Street
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An Editorial

JULY 29, 1933.

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT PRICES

I SUPPOSE that most women are economists without being aware of it. But they are. Even the young things who spend their shopping hours trying to make their pennies behave like pounds. Women just have to do things like that.



Anyway, there was not a woman (mother, wife, or daughter) who was not interested to hear that rail and tram fares may be coming down, and that the Monopolies Act may be amended to make it perfectly certain (at the moment it is not certain) that there is no monopoly in the flour trade.

These are things that make themselves felt in the purse and around the meal-table of every home. Every penny off fares in homes where there are two or three travellers means a lot in kitchen craft. Every penny upon food items that carry the least suggestion of monopolistic price-fixing is an irritation.

Women can safely leave the ethical criticism of monopolies to male economists. The criticism women themselves are primarily concerned to make is a price-criticism. While there is the remotest suspicion that traders are being deprived of supplies by a monopolistic "ring," in the attempt to keep prices at a higher level, there is room for Government action.

Women, through just not being interested, often get tired of the wrangles of higher Government policy, but they will cheerfully nail their fingers to the small planks over which many a good Government has tripped.

Apart from being a thoroughly valuable piece of work, Government interest in prices which affect the economic side of home life is by way of being a shrewd political move.

So that a Government which can reduce the cost of travelling, and protect the breadwinners and kitchen economists from exploitation by monopolists (if exploitation exists) has given substantial hostages to its political fortunes.

THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

REBUILDING

When all this talk of harder times is over, when the nation climbs the hill again, and leaves the hollow, I often wonder what will follow?—It will not be "the good old days" of speculation, wasteful ways, But all of us will start rebuilding With honest brick, without the gilding.

POINTS OF VIEW

The Head and the Heart?

IN an address delivered at Manning House (University) Professor H. Tasman Lovell stressed the fact that social work had now "reached a stage where it was governed by scientific principles obtained from economics, psychology, public health, social psychiatry, and public administration."

For many years the perfection of social activities has been aimed at, and while admitting that scientific organisation is to be desired, most women have an emotional distrust of the "coldness" of science. They feel that, in the striving after scientific ideals, the "human element" is liable to be overlooked. Once the emotions are excluded from any work, it becomes no more than a machine, and those sentiments which were at the heart of the work are missing. Especially charity work.

The most successful men and women in the arena of social service have been actuated by a personal sympathy, and if they have made mistakes now and again by permitting that feeling to carry them away, they have, on the whole, brought about a better understanding between classes, and achieved a real betterment for humanity at large. Science may do much more—but it lacks human warmth.

Women and Men

THE amazing case of the Geelong man whose wives agreed that he was an ideal husband, although a bigamist, is rather shattering to monogamists. In monogamistic theory no bigamist should be even tolerable.

Would women in modern society share a husband, if some inescapable social condition offered them that—or no husband? Those who answer "No" in a very determined voice, and that "no woman, primitive or advanced, would share her husband," the cynic might recommend to look around.

He could point to at least a dozen societies, such as that of the Thibetans, where polyandry (several husbands for each woman) is the accepted rule. A woman often marries a group of brothers without domestic discord arising. Here, solved, is the exact converse of the problem, still unsolved, which haunts Great Britain and other European countries in a sense far deeper than is realised. There are still millions of surplus women in England who can never marry—monogamously.

Recipe For Happiness

WIVES should know both what is right and what is wrong with marriage, and after reading Dulec Deamer's fascinating article the other week on "What's Wrong with Marriage," an "Observant Wife" writes:—

"After fourteen years of matrimonial bliss (and I am still young and youthful) my experience has taught me that an ideal husband is not 'ready-made,' but evolves with years of resourcefulness and understanding.

"These, I find, are the 'all-important' ingredients for happiness: Both must retain attractiveness, faith, and trust. If the latter are impossible, then they should not have married.

"Lack of psychology in most instances causes disaster. If there arises the feeling that life is becoming a bore, then a change or holiday should be indulged in (not together). Failing this, a little home entertainment of nice, bright company will work wonders, thus creating a break of monotony.

"Romance is not dead, only sleeping, so ye despondent wives cheer up; keep on persevering. Believe me, the goal is worth while."

Out! Superstition

MRS. M. KERR, of Lindfield, writes in very confident fashion upon the "Superstitious Sydney" article in last week's Australian Women's Weekly, which told how many people refuse to walk under ladders.

"Superstition be bothered! It's a case of self preservation. We invariably find, when a ladder is placed across a pavement, that a workman is busily engaged up above, with perhaps a tin of paint or a wicked-looking hammer. If either is dropped accidentally, it may mean a spilt hat and frock, or even a brief spell in hospital with concussion. A raised ladder to me is a signal of danger, not superstition. Common sense tells us to stay clear."

CLUBS ARE TRUMPS!

By WEP

WELL, NOW THAT ALL YOU CARD PLAYERS ARE HERE—



HOW ABOUT A NICE QUIET FRIENDLY LITTLE GAME?



NO THANKS —



I FEEL MORE LIKE BRIDGE!



Our Hospital Conscience

PERSPECTIVE plays curious tricks. From a distance we gather something of a thing's true proportions. Too close, and our impressions are confused, or we just don't notice.

Take our hospitals. At June 30 last year 55 New South Wales hospitals owed banks \$500,000 on overdrafts. They owed \$160,000 to suppliers of provisions, drugs, and medical accessories. Two metropolitan hospitals between them owed the banks more than \$250,000.

Food, skilled treatment, expensive medications, warm beds are always awaiting the sufferer in our hospitals. The door is never shut. The lights are never out.

And yet in every woman's mind, in spite of Hospital Commissions, lotteries, Boards, and Ministers, there lingers the doubt if we really do give our hospitals the help we might. A gallant little band of women do; but what form of myopia allows so many other women to be so mean, and care so little?

The Road For Women

WOMEN have still many walls to scale before they reach the citadel of full emancipation, in terms of social reality. In theory they're fully emancipated. But what are the facts?

While Mrs. A. Kay was telling the women's auxiliary of the United Australia Party that a stigma was upon New South Wales for having had only one woman in Parliament, Mr. D. D. Porter was telling Australians much the same story of Egyptian women.

"These still have no religious or even domestic ability," he said. "They are kept under continual guardianship by either parents or husbands."

But even in old Egypt there is a feminist movement, and, according to Mr. Porter, who is secretary of the Egypt General Mission, it is being carried on by girls and young women who have received some Western education. "Egyptian women are on the road to emancipation!"

There's a familiar ring in that. So are Western women. And both Western men and Egyptian men are behaving in the same way—placing barriers here, "Keep out" signs there, "Not yet" placards everywhere, and flushing proudly at their magnanimity in sweeping clear the road to emancipation. Heigh-ho! On, women!

Those Unseen Charities

GENEROUS as they are, city and country women alike might learn a little from big-hearted Bavarian women, who have a custom of placing a vacant chair at the meal table, and in the place before it putting a portion of all the food and drink at the meal.

This is afterwards distributed to the poorer persons in the district, and is called "The Lord's Portion." In other places, the well-to-do inhabitants provide a regular meal for poor children. This is also known as "The Lord's Portion."

Women have always been the givers of the world. To many an Australian door every day come hungry men, and they seldom have to ask in vain, be it in the bush or in the tarred and tree-lined streets of suburbia.

Adventure and Women in Lonely Lands

By ION IDRIESS

Real adventure falls to the lot of few women, but Mrs. Frank Pryke is one. She has known the fury of a cyclone on land and sea, has flown over jungle-clad mountains, has bossed her own kanakas, and won gold under the roughest conditions in a primitive land.

EARNING the ways and "talk" of brown and black savages, of securing and preparing tropical foods, has been an experience rich in educative and humorous value to this self-reliant, bright Australian woman. She has just returned from a recent trip, a "civilised" venture this time, just to keep her husband company. He is one of the most famous of the surviving Papuan pioneers, and believes himself quite capable of looking after himself, but, of course, wives think differently from men.

She has put out from Samarai (Papua) in the ancient launch "Sorrento" with old-timer Fred Kruger at the wheel and several laughing Papuans as crew, and a Papuan girl as "companion." In boisterous weather she has passed along the beautiful Papuan coast, with the launch breaking down at regular and irregular intervals. On lucky nights she camped at plantation or mission station until they crossed the stormy Dohu Passage and beat up for Mapia-moia.

Above them Ferguson Island, its black mountains running into the mysterious inland, the monotonous chant of a "sing-sing" coming from some hidden village.

The anchor going down with a splash and in the sudden silence a cur howling dismally ashore. Here greeted thankfully by Mrs. Rich, wife of the Patrol Officer.

When Mrs. Pryke called Mr. Rich was away, as he is often for weeks at a time.

The young wife and baby are then alone except for a native constable, to listen at night to the muffled singing from the native village, the stamping dance of savage feet, abruptly broken sometimes by the menace of quarrelling voices.

A WHITE woman needs something more than courage when she casts her life in these lonely places.

Only recently a native woman had been killed, and witchery, to avenge her death, was even now being hatched in the village. A feeling of sullen expectancy seemed brooding over the place.

There are only half a dozen white men scattered many miles apart around the shores of this large island. The natives, especially those inland, though leaving the whites alone, occasionally indulge in a little murder among themselves.

This sea-washed island, rugged and beautiful with its majestic scenery, will some day delight the eyes of tourists. What is far more, its hot mineral springs may prove wells of mercy to the sick.

The party cruised from point to point, around the island, anchoring a week or two here and there, while Frank Pryke walked inland on his mining quest. Mrs. Pryke, with the Papuan girl, made excursions of her own, visiting the miles of sulphur springs walled in by jungle mountains, with limestone cliffs all yellow-tinted from condensed sulphur fumes.

DURING a trip into the interior they saw a beautiful lake deep within the mountains, still and silent. Fish swam there, while deep pressed upon the trellised vineery at the water's edge were the tracks of wild pigs and men. In that brooding silence it looked a picture of peace. A truculent tribesman, though, warned them of a quiet water hole to drink of which meant death.

It is probably impregnated with arsenical mineral salts. One blithe morning Mrs. Pryke went singing to her favorite pool to bathe. She there met the largest crocodile on all the island, and her return to camp was a record.



My friend and I. A charming girlhood study.

Emotional Experience

Illustrated
by
**WILL
MAHONY**

TERRY was coming to her party. Nita sat back against the cushions. She did not know if she were sorry or if she were glad, sorry perhaps—she could not tell.

A year ago she had been crazy about Terry, stark crazy. She had adored him, and then they had had a row. In a fit of the sulks he had gone off. Later she had heard that he had married a little country girl—one of those swift reactionary passions of the moment. "What's she like?" Nita had asked people and they had said: "Oh! sweet, awfully sweet!"

Terry, fresh from his honeymoon, was coming here to-night with his awfully sweet bride, to Nita's Bohemian, ultra neo-Georgian flat.

Till this moment she had let Terry be dead to her. She had torn him up, uprooted him, thrust him out of her life and had refused to think of him.

She didn't want him any more, she had told herself, for she had made up her mind that she was going to marry Dicky Drew. She had intended to make the announcement to her friends at the party to-night.

Only yesterday they had fixed it up, and then because she had seen no avail in continually refusing him, "All right, Dicky. Yes, I'll marry you," she had said.

Sick of flirting, sick of fooling, sick of letting life and its glamor drift by her. She had felt the urgent need of something more concrete, something more than Bohemianism and wild parties, and the ever-changing circle of acquaintances. Something more than a magnificent flat and perfect clothes, than pearls and orchids and the miserable chicanery of life alone.

She wanted something durable and strong, something she could hold on to. Drew represented all that. No, she didn't love him. She had loved Terry, she supposed, and until she had heard that he was coming here to-night she had not realised how much.

Now she did not know how she felt about it. Terry, who was married to somebody awfully sweet . . . as if anybody awfully sweet could hold him . . . as if—

She faced herself in a Louis Quinze mirror, a little white triangle of a face, dark smudges for eyes, flame of red hair.

What a little fool she had been. How she had lied to herself, telling herself that she had uprooted the memory of Terry, and had put a mock memorial to it bearing R.I.P. Terry wasn't R.I.P. She loved him now more madly than ever, and perhaps a little more so because he was somebody else.

She loved him dreadfully, just when she wanted to hate him, because she was going to marry Dicky Drew. It was cruel of Terry to come back into her life like this. To come here this

evening, of all evenings, and to spoil everything. Yet the other side of her nature warned her that she had got to see him, got to meet him. She wanted the emotional experience of seeing him. She wanted it more than anything else in the world.

She saw the little thin hands of the clock pointing to the hour, and felt the faint fluttering of her heart. Emotional experience. Yes, that was it.

THE door opened and Terry walked in.

"You?" she said, and then, for the sake of gaining time, "where is your wife?"

"She's in your room titivating. I wanted to see you first alone." He held out both his hands to her and she turned and looked at him.

She had forgotten how merrily his eyes twinkled and how dark they were. She had forgotten the strength of his shoulders, and the whimsical twist of his mouth. Fragrant memories assailed her. Memories of his kisses. Memories of his caresses.

Wistfully she asked, "How's life, Terry?"

"Grand. Isn't a honeymoon glorious?"

"Don't know. Never had one."

"Are you going to marry Drew?"

"People say so."

"Yes, but what do you say?"

"Don't know. Might be worse."

"Quite forgotten me?"

His eyes challenged her—those mischievous, wicked, and teasing eyes of Terry. She thought, "He still loves me deep down in the heart of him, and what's more he'd give her up for me. I know he would."

The idea was a triumphant thrill for her. She remembered his kisses and wanted them again. She had got to be

A year ago she had been crazy about Terry, stark crazy. She had adored him, and then they had had a row.

ful. I don't wonder that Terry fell for you."

She put out her hand and Jean took it. "I wanted to meet you," she said. "You were engaged to Terry, weren't you? We are rather opposites."

"Rather," Nita agreed—and then said, hurriedly, "Come and have some food."

All the while her eyes were devouring Jean, eating her up, watching her. She was jealous, hideously jealous, for Jean had got something that Nita wanted, something she had lost and could not find again.

She thought, "It isn't fair, it isn't just. Jean doesn't understand Terry. She never would if she lived to be a hundred. She isn't his sort. I'm his sort, and he is mine by right."

Nita knew that she was full of color, intense, vivid and alive. She resented Jean as Terry's wife. Imagine it. And once she had held Terry in the hollow of her hand, hers for the asking.

Once she had had the full spate of Terry's kisses, of his caresses—they had all been hers, and she had been a fool to let him go.

Now, watching him, she realised that she wanted him back again. She wanted him desperately.

She tried to ignore him as she passed to and fro among her guests. Strawberries and fole gras, caviare and champagne. She tried to forget that Terry was there.

Dicky had not arrived yet. There would be time enough for Dicky later, she told herself. Meanwhile there was Terry—no, she could not thrust him aside so easily. Across the room she watched him.

If only he would kiss her again, just once. A devil got into her blood and maddened her. All that had been could not be dead. She must have one more kiss, she argued—and, anyway, that could not hurt Jean.

Afterwards she would marry Dicky. Perhaps Terry would find the old door opened by that kiss, and finish with this silly little Jean . . .

She was not really cruel at heart. Life had given her too much, and the emotional experience was spinning her along. She wanted Terry. He was hers, she argued, by right.

"Come and have a drink?" she said, across a crystal stemmed goblet.

A kaleidoscopic flat. Cushions of all hues piled in little mountains. Exotic pictures. Marigolds blazing in blue bowls.

"You'll make me drunk," said Terry laughingly, "and I am supposed to be seeing after Jean."

Drunk. She believed she wanted him to be drunk—drunk with love of her, like he used to be. He had always been inflammable and passionate, whereas Dicky was cold and reliable, almost a little austere.

Suddenly she thought, "I can never marry Dicky after meeting Terry again like this, and yet he is married

and out of my reach." She clenched her fists together. Anyhow, for the moment they could forget.

They were standing facing each other in the hall. In the sitting-room the party were grouped together enjoying music. Nerdy was playing his concertina to them sitting astride the piano. It came in a crude and raucous melody to the two who stood without. Somehow it was the sort of crude and raucous melody that they wanted at the moment.

"You're lovelier than ever," said Terry huskily.

She thought, "It is now or never," and she put up her arms and linked them about his neck. "Kiss me, my sweet." She wanted that kiss so much. How could she marry Dicky, feeling like this for Terry?

Terry could not resist her.

He took a step towards her, caught her, and kissed her just as she had known that he would kiss her. The primitive man in him compelling the

primitive woman in her. It was brutal and cruel, and yet it did not carry her over the top as it used to do. She did not pass into that blessed semi-consciousness when nothing else mattered.

Queer that! Had Dicky's timid kisses left their mark? Gentle, almost reverent kisses of a lover who was afraid to be too rough?

She was a little wild-cat thing, and instantly disappointed in the emotion, she turned on Terry. "I hated it. How dare you?" she demanded.

A moment ago she had wanted it. She had been wanting it a whole solid year, and now . . . well, she had just loathed it. She did not pretend to understand herself. She couldn't.

Terry was looking beyond her. He was looking to the doorway where Jean was standing—Jean, little and white virginal. She was saying childishly, "Oh," in a hurt and helpless way.

Terry turned on Nita. "See what you've done? Look what has happened. God, women like you make me sick. You didn't want me to kiss you, really—you only did it for fun, for emotional experience, to see if you could get me back again. Something you could laugh at after, criticism, and jeer at. Jean doesn't understand . . . look."

Nita swung round. She checked a violent outburst of temper, realising that she had to take the situation in hand. She had to do something about it quickly.

"Jean," and she caught at the girl's hand. "It didn't mean anything. Terry knows that it didn't mean anything, he . . . don't look like that."

"He loved you first," said the girl dully. "He loves you still. I sort of felt it all the time—that was why I wanted to come here to-night."

"He doesn't, I swear he doesn't. It isn't that sort of thing at all, and you

Would the old love rekindle to its former ecstatic passion? Nita, in making the experiment, was torn between longing and fear.

won't understand. Until he kissed me I thought that I loved him. I didn't. I never shall again.

"We both of us needed this to find that we didn't love each other at all. I don't want to see him any more. I'm going to marry somebody else."

"BUT you must love him or you couldn't let him do that," she whispered. "Little fool! You've lived in a nursery and I've lived on a memory. Try to understand that emotions sweep people off their feet—but they pass, they don't matter; they aren't real."

Jean said: "I think I'm not real. I think something in me is going to break . . ." and she gave a little choked cry.

It was Terry who took her to his heart. "Little sweet, Belovedest of all . . . Oh, my dear . . ." And Nita could watch them quite coldly, quite unemotionally. She did not care how Terry kissed Jean, or fondled her hair.

It did not matter any more. The emotional experience was exhausted, and now she was waiting for something else. She did not know what.

"Take her home," she suggested to Terry.

"Her coat?"

"I'll get it."

In the sitting room the other guests were loudly applauding the concertina. They were entirely self-absorbed and had not even missed their hostess. Such is Bohemian London. She picked up the cloak from the bed where it lay among the jumble of others.

IT was little, and soft and furry. From it emanated the sweet scent of violets. "Oh, well," she thought, vaguely, "it doesn't matter—what does anything matter any more?" Yet for all her bravado the perfume had made her sentimental.

She handed the coat to Terry and he wrapped it about his wife. She was looking at him with shining eyes. "Let's start afresh," she was whispering.

"Thank God, we have torn down the wall between . . ." and he had her hand in his.

The door closed on them. They had gone, and this time Nita knew that it was the end. They would not be coming back again. She stood there waiting very still for something, and she did not know what it might be.

Out of the sitting room Dicky came slowly. She had even known that he had arrived. She turned to him.

"Dicky?"

"I'm sorry, Nita. I could not help hearing."

She felt herself going dithering. "It isn't possible to explain," she said. "I can't even explain to myself, and you can't ever understand."

"Perhaps I could. Perhaps I did." He touched her hand, and it was a gentle but reassuring pressure. "I think, little woman, that you need somebody to see after you."

"I do, Dicky. I need it desperately."

He kissed her gently, and the kiss held all the ineffable peace of a real affection.

She whispered, "Let's be married at once, right away, before I have time to do anything else silly. Let's run in and tell every . . . everybody . . . and get blarney and gloriously drunk . . ."

"We'll tell the world," he said.

He kissed her then as he had never dared to kiss her before and she slipped into that divine semi-consciousness of joy.

It was the moment that she had been waiting for, though she did not know it. It was the big emotional experience of her life.



MRS. NEWLYWED: "Oh, darling, I've put too much milk in the potatoes!"
MR. DITTO: "Never mind—we'll drink them!"

By **URSULA BLOOM**

honest with herself. She wanted them badly, and just when she had made up her mind, set in the right channel, and had decided to marry Dicky.

It was too bad of Terry to have come back into her life like this. She became terribly still.

"I never forgot you, Nita."

"Didn't you? What about Jean? You married Jean."

"I know." And then the door opened and other people came trooping in, lots of them, the whole party. They had all come to enjoy themselves at Nita's expensive flat, and Jean was in the middle like a little white ghost, something unutterably virginal and lovely, something that Nita could not altogether understand.

They stood looking at each other, the two Nitas, sophisticated, 27—a hard, rather ruthless 27 which had known bitterness and trouble—Jean, an untouched and innocent 21.

"You're lovely," said Nita. She could afford to be generous. "You're beauti-

or perhaps Terry would find the old door opened by that kiss, and finish with this silly little Jean . . .

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Suddenly she thought, "I can never marry Dicky after meeting Terry again like this, and yet he is married

Women Fail to Recognise HUSBANDS

Is it possible that after years of life together any woman could fail to identify her own husband?

INTEREST has been revived in the famous Bruneri-Canella case in Italy by the release from prison of a convict, who was claimed by one woman to be Professor Canella, her lost spouse, and by another to be Mario Bruneri, a printer, who had escaped from an Italian prison.

The courts of Italy held that the man was Bruneri, and sent him back to gaol. On his release the other day (the cables report), he refused to accept the decision of the courts, and publicly acknowledged Signora Canella and her children as his own.

The incident recalls a New Zealand happening of a few years ago. Passing a business premises in Auckland a woman caught sight of a huge man, whom she immediately recognised as her

husband, who had deserted her years before, and for whom a warrant had been issued.

She called the police, and had the man arrested. He protested—he had never seen the woman before—he was not her husband. She was equally positive that the partner of her happier days had been found. "I could pick him out of a million," she told the

Brand Them

magistrate. "Why, he only has four toes on his left foot."

That settled it: off came the prisoner's boot, and the pedal extremity was found to be complete with the usual five toes.

Fortunately such cases are rare, or in addition to the marriage ceremony something in the nature of branding of husbands might become necessary.

OUR DOGS

UNQUESTIONABLY the raciest of all dogs—the greyhound, of course! (L. W. Lower pun, copyrighted.)

He has been the centre of punters' hopes and despair for centuries. Even in Shakespeare's day, coursing matches provided popular sport.

Besides being the undisputed speedster of dogdom, he is, in addition, one of its oldest and most honored members.

Bred for quality 4000 years ago, his likeness is found engraved upon Egyptian monoliths, and even Solomon extolled his virtues in the proverb.

To-day he is found in almost any sporting enthusiast's back-yard.

As a pet he is one of the nicest and most affectionate possible to have.

Brains are not his strong point



The Greyhound

(his is a one-track mind), but you will go far before finding a dog with greater heart—his stamina is a byword. He hunts by sight.

But if you want him for coursing, on no account allow petting or pampering—it's the sure road to his ruin—and yours!

Contract Bridge.—No. 7

FORCING TAKE-OUTS and RE-BIDS

By FRANK CAXLEY

In contract bridge the fact has been established that, if a partnership can account for about 5½ to 6 honor tricks out of the 8 to 8½ which materialise in an average deal, game is nearly certain, provided the best bid can be located.

THIS does not mean that whenever you can see the necessary high card strength you must leap straight into "three no trumps." On the contrary, it may take several rounds of calling before the hands can be "fitted."

Since an original declaration guarantees 2½ honor tricks, it stands to reason that partner must hold 3 to 3½ honor tricks (depending upon distribution and the solidity of the suits) if he is to feel confident of winning game.

Glance at the following example:—

S: 10 9 8 4.	N.	S: 8 8.
H: Q J 10 6 4.	W.	H: 5 2.
D: 4 2.	E.	D: J 10 9 2.
C: 10 3 2.	S.	C: A K 9 5 4.
		S: K Q J 6.
		H: 2.
		D: A Q 8 7 5.
		C: Q J 8.

Dealer: South.

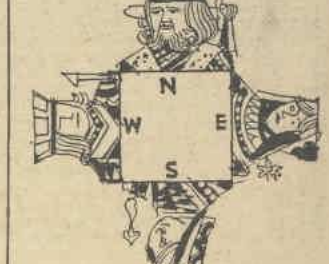
As soon as South opens with "one diamond," North becomes conscious of the fact that their hands contain a game at some bid. The question is which one? If he nominates "one heart," South may have a minimum holding and say "No bid." Any response, such as "Four hearts," "Five diamonds," or "Three no trumps," would be a mere guess, and quite unsound.

Conventional Bid

We are obliged, therefore, to make use of a conventional bid, which is known as the "forcing take-out."

Instead of calling "One heart," North must say "Two hearts." This is a jump take-out of one trick more than necessary in a new suit, and it unconditionally forces both players to keep on bidding until game is reached.

In effect, the "two-heart" response says: "Partner, I have heard your 'one-diamond' opening, and know that you have at least 2½ honor tricks. These, coupled with the 3½ in my hand, represent game strength. For the moment, however, I cannot locate the best bid, and must request your assistance."



The complete calling of the specimen deal would be as follows:—

SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.	EAST.
1 D. (1)	No bid.	2 H. (2)	No bid.
2 S. (2)	No bid.	4 S. (4)	No bid.
No bid.	No bid.		

Notes:—

(1) Correctly naming a five-card suit before showing the four card major.

(2) The forcing jump take-out: "One heart" would suffice to over-call: therefore "two hearts" is a "force." If the strong suit had been clubs instead of hearts, "three clubs" would have been necessary, as "two clubs" is only a minimum take-out of "one diamond." A large jump bid is never necessary, and is not forcing. For example, the response of "four spades" after "one diamond" indicates great length and strength in the suit mentioned, but a very weak defensive hand.

(3) Showing a new suit in a hand which contains 3½ honor tricks instead of the 2½ which have already been mentioned. Lacking reserve honor strength, a pass is not permissible, and the calling must be kept alive with the lowest possible response in no trumps.

(4) The perfect bid located and the game declared.

It is very important to remember that, when a forcing bid has been given, both partners must bid up to game.

Every response shows additional honor cards except the minimum reply in no trumps.

(Further facts about forcing bids and the response will be given in next week's article.)

LUCKIEST MAN IN AUSTRALIA

A SYDNEY MAN'S AMAZING SUCCESS

Actually Wins In

FIRST, SECOND & THIRD PRIZES, **£109,400**

FOR HIS CLIENTS
Produces Sworn Affidavits to Prove His Unusual Claims



The famous LUCKY JIM, the luckiest man in Australia, who has won big prizes for many well-known people.

NAMES AND AMOUNTS OF BIG PRIZE WINNERS

A. Rosen .. £5,000	F. Gore .. 1,250
J. Jackson .. 5,000	E. Stacpoole .. 1,250
A. Bonnette .. 5,000	T. Alfred .. 1,000
Mrs. Schofield .. 5,000	E. Graves .. 1,000
G. Potts .. 5,000	E. McCauliffe .. 1,000
E. Lazarus .. 5,000	T. Anderson .. 1,000
J. Dugmore .. 5,000	J. Hazlett .. 1,000
B. Raynor .. 5,000	W. Alcock .. 1,000
M. Ryan .. 5,000	M. Bailey .. 1,000
S. Hunt .. 5,000	E. Kerslake .. 1,000
L. Cummings .. 5,000	J. Dugmore .. 1,000
J. Barr .. 4,000	W. Hamilton .. 1,000
W. Dawson .. 1,800	J. Hamilton .. 1,000
E. Geisler .. 1,800	I. Davidson .. 1,000
J. Xypos .. 1,800	H. Bonn .. 1,000
E. Scully .. 1,800	E. Murphy .. 1,000
F. Hollings .. 1,800	W. Hamilton .. 1,000
A. Collins .. 1,800	P. Murphy .. 1,000
E. Ray .. 1,800	H. Bowie .. 1,000
S. Hammond .. 1,800	M. Peterson .. 1,000
T. Swanson .. 1,800	D. Bertram .. 1,000
C. Cousins .. 1,500	G. Leach .. 375
E. Zaph .. 1,400	W. Ball .. 375
W. Perkins .. 1,250	A. Gunning .. 375
M. Martin .. 1,250	W. Hamilton .. 375

Grand Total, £109,400

WIN A BIG PRIZE

All the above winning amounts were actually drawn through this agency, and furthermore space does not permit us to show the numerous winners of smaller prizes amounting to THOUSANDS OF POUNDS. Proofs of the amazing success of the famous LUCKY JIM in selecting BIG PRIZE winning numbers can be seen at his registered Office,

AUSTRALIA HOUSE, WYNARD SQUARE, SYDNEY.

The remarkable sequence of winning colossal sums of money is almost unbelievable—but nevertheless absolutely true. LUCKY JIM could not make this public announcement and publish the names and amounts of winners unless he was quoting real facts.

LUCKY JIM'S winning figures are not counted in tens of thousands, but in HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS. Compare our BIG PRIZE WINNING amounts, they surpass all others, and by comparison you will realise that his continuity of successes in winning MAJOR PRIZES for clients is indeed remarkable.

If you are seeking to woo Dame Fortune, let LUCKY JIM help you. This famous winner of colossal amounts invites you to avail yourself of his personal services, and will use his uncanny influence to put you among the BIG PRIZE MONEY.

Follow Success with Lucky Jim for Big Prizes

Nothing succeeds like success—and LUCKY JIM'S continual BIG PRIZE winnings must convince you that he is the luckiest man in Australia.

What he has won for others LUCKY JIM no doubt can win for you. For many years this remarkable man has been widely known to thousands of people in Sydney, and all are acquainted with his phenomenal sequence of BIG SUCCESSSES.

Our published list of winners and

amounts prove this, and bears testimony of his mystifying winning powers. RESULTS COUNT!—don't hesitate, join his syndicates and stand a bigger, better prospect of a BIG PRIZE. LUCKY JIM'S claims are genuine, and he invites intending clients to send for a complete list of the BIG AMOUNTS that he has won for many well-known people.

Just look at the amounts won in FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD prizes—What a record of achievement.

Why You Should Enlist the Aid of Lucky Jim
HIS SYNDICATES ARE BOTH SAFE AND SECURE, AND STAND ABOVE ALL OTHERS FOR

Bigger Prize Wins.
Same Day Service.
Immediate Payment,
Cash Security.

£5000 deposited

at Bank of N.S.W. as guarantee of security and instant payment.

MAIL THIS COUPON

How to send for LUCKY JIM'S Syndicates.

A Seventh Share in Lottery Tickets for 1/-. This can win you £714 or any one of 815 other prizes. Enclose a postal note for 1/- and a stamped envelope with your name and address, and by return mail LUCKY JIM will send a seventh share in a ticket in the next State Lottery drawn, or a Fifth Share for 1/6. Which can win you £1,000 or any one of 815 other prizes, or

A Seventh Share and a Fifth Share for 2/6. Of course you can order an interest in as many syndicates as you desire. Each syndicate you join gives you an interest in a separate Lottery Ticket. Address all letters A. J. HOWARD, Box 2883, G.P.O., SYDNEY. vv

NAME

ADDRESS

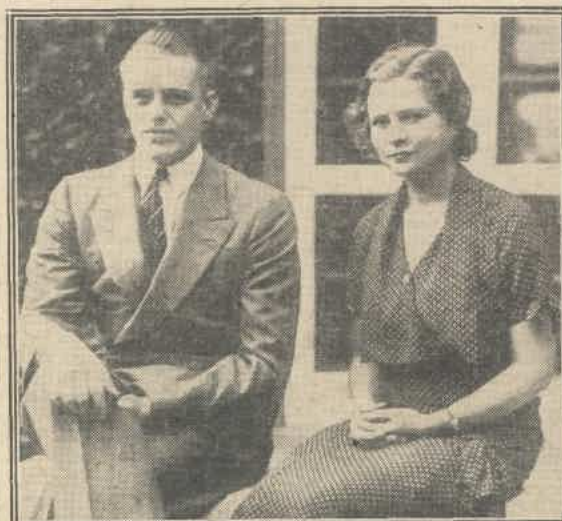
WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA



ABOVE: ON to do the shopping—and not in the country, either—but in Darlinghurst. If you don't believe it, watch some day and you'll see her. Our photographer did, and here's the proof.

LEFT: Here's a thrill for late winter. It's an exclusive and original costume in brown and white crepe sylvana (an art silk material) with a brown jacket of the same material. Don't forget the four buttons.

—Air Mail.



LEFT: The Queen of blondes. This vivacious young woman with the inviting smile is Mlle. Jacqueline Doret, by general acclaim the most beautiful blonde in Paris, city of beautiful women. Mlle. Doret is a stenographer, and only 18. She's on her way to Hollywood by the s.s. "Paris" to reap Hollywood's rewards for the beautiful.

—Air Mail.

YOUNG LOVERS who can't agree. These two solemn young people are Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, son and daughter-in-law of the President of the United States, who are reported to be arranging for a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility.

—Air Mail.



DO WE REALLY look like that? There's always tremendous fun for the kiddies in the distorting mirror. These children were among recent visitors to the new amusement park, Hayling Island, Hants, England.

—Air Mail.



ABOVE: Curly head, curly head, what are you thinking? Here's a study of wonderful Australian childhood that will tug at many heart-strings. The bib and the safety pin and the sun glinting on golden curls make him all the more delightful—if he could be.

♦ ♦ ♦

LEFT: Just like any other happy child, Japan's beloved little Princess Teru (the eldest daughter of the Emperor and Empress) went with other children of the Peers' School to Samu Kawa Beach, and there paddled and romped to her heart's content. The smiling princess is on the left.

—Air Mail.



THIS IS not a planned part of the scenario, but it happened. Grant Lyndsay's riding slacks came to grief during the filming of the new talkie, "The Squatter's Daughter," on the beautiful "Goonoo Goonoo" station. Mrs. Ken Hall, wife of the Cinesound director, plied a trusty needle, and Grant was sartorially perfect again.



FROM MANSION to gaol. This striking Los Angeles girl is Georgina Moore, daughter of a millionaire mother and a father once high in the U.S. diplomatic service. She is now a prisoner on charges of burglary and forgery.

—Air Mail.

This Week's £10 Quandary

WHAT is the VALUE of an IDEAL

This week's "What Would You Do?" is a problem in which you have to weigh the value of an ideal against the value of the practical things of life.

FOR the best solution there is a first prize of £10 and five consolation prizes of 10/-; but even if you do not win one of these prizes, you will gain in experience by thinking over this question and discussing it with your friends.

Variations of this problem occur frequently in everyday life. With changing times and ideas ideals are constantly being proved false. Now that you are prepared, we can present the Quandary:

You know a girl of 18, beautiful and talented, who is being ruined by the selfish demands of a mother whom she adores. Put yourself in the position of a relative, or, if you like, an old friend of the family.

The mother is beyond arguing with. There are mothers like that. And the daughter, also, will not hear a word against her parent. She is quite determined to spend her whole life looking after her mother, who really does not need her. You realise that the girl is letting all the best things of life slip by and you want to help her.

One day you discover a secret about the mother which is so terrible that, if the daughter knew, she would hate her. The mother has secretly stolen her child's inheritance. If you tell the girl, you know that she would leave her mother at once and would stand a chance of living a happy and full life; on the other hand, the disillusionment might embitter her for life. What would you do?

Entries for each competition will close on the Thursday of the week following—in this case, August 3. Winners will be published the week after. The use of pen-names will be permitted, but full names and addresses must be given with each entry, and, where more than one entry is sent in, coupons must be attached to each one.



The shadow between mother and daughter.

QUANDARY Unveils Many Human DOCUMENTS

Over one thousand entries were received in the first "What Would You Do?" competition, winners of which are announced below. They came from all over Australia, and include many interesting human documents.

READERS had to choose which of three husbands would be preferable—the kind, affectionate, generous, though unfaithful, man; the faithful type, but given to nagging; or a man, loving and famous in the eyes of the world, and faithful, but moody and quick tempered.

The winner of the first prize of £10 is "Kaya," of Fitzroy Street, Kirihihi. Her judgment is based on her own experience, and for this reason her full name and address cannot be published. "A few years ago," writes "Kaya," "I married a man faithful and true, but his utter selfishness, his unkindness, his lack of affection, have sent me out into the world alone. Still young, I see no chance of my ever having those things

which every woman's heart longs for—a home and babies. Infidelity can be fought, but for unkindness there is no remedy. Were I to have the opportunity of choosing again, I would ask myself one question: 'Would he be kind and affectionate?'

"If the answer were 'Yes,' then nothing else would matter. I would, therefore, choose No. 1."

The following four letters were chosen for consolation prize of 10/-:

Miss V. Lawrence, 18 Addison Street, Elwood, Melbourne: "To be lovable and famous in the eyes of the world, he must have charm and accomplishments above the ordinary; this, together with the added virtue of faithfulness, would tend to offset attacks of moodiness and quick temper. After all, is there a husband worthy of the name who hasn't a temper?"

Miss Rita M. Byers, Public Curator's Office, Brisbane, Qld.: "I should be happiest with the quick-tempered, moody man; to me his faults are less disturbing. Fidelity is absolutely essential. Life impossible without; almost I could marry for that alone. After much 'spoiling' from men I would not take kindly to nagging. Besides, as an antidote to an association with a person of annoying placidity, I should welcome a man with a temper of width and depth, and, as for 'moods,' I have a flair for such, and subtly 'handling' difficult people is to me a joy."

Mrs. Miranda Newell, 47 Bent Street, Lindfield: "I would choose No. 2... he could be brought to sweet reason by sympathy and proper feeding, and, after all, nagging is only a bad habit, like the biting of finger-nails, and is not incurable. Fidelity is the rock on which true marriage is based."

Miss Vera Goddard, "The Ranch," Raymond Avenue, Matraville: "I choose the phillanderer, for I know his kindness would shield me from hurt and deep in his heart is a love which is for



The nagging husband.

his wife alone... warm, friendly, protective, possessive... far removed from the urge which bids him seek the passion flower."

Results in the second "What Would You Do?" competition will be announced next week.

SIMPLE RULES

Here are the rules for the Quandary:—Entries close on August 3, and must be addressed to "What Would You Do?" Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1531E, G.P.O., Sydney. ENVELOPES MUST BE ENDORSED "QUANDARY COMPETITION." The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final.

Answers should not exceed 100 words, and may be as brief as desired. Other things being equal, the briefer the answers, the better.

Entries should be written on one side of the paper only, in ink, or typewritten if possible, and should bear the sender's full name and address, including State. The coupon on this page must be attached to each entry. More than one entry is permitted, but a separate coupon must be attached in each case.

COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

This form covers ONE entry in all or any of the competitions conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly.

If more than one entry is submitted in any one competition, an additional form must accompany each.

In all cases the Editor's decision is final.

Name and address must be written on every separate entry or contribution which shall be addressed to Box 1531E, G.P.O., Sydney.

A.W.W. 25/7/33.

GENL. BOOTH Biography CAUSES STIR!

Because Miss Catherine Bramwell Booth is alleged to have broken faith, and published personalities of a subtle nature in her biography of her father's life (the late General Bramwell Booth), her book, when it reaches Sydney, will not be recognised by the Salvation Army. General Higgins (head of the Army) has ordered that the book be not accepted as having received the official Salvation Army imprimatur.

COLONEL HAWORTH, manager of the Army stores and publications in Sydney, in an interview with a representative of the Australian Women's Weekly, said that although the book had been banned from an Army standpoint, it would, no doubt, be sold by other bodies in Sydney.

"As women's social secretary of Great Britain—the highest position of its kind," said Colonel Haworth, "Miss Booth was allowed time to write her book. She promised not to introduce any damaging personalities, but, I understand, broke faith with those who trusted her."

"I have not seen the publication, but am told that it contains many subtle passages. According to her, the original General Booth, the founder of the Army, has to take a second place to her father, General Bramwell Booth."

"We have no bone to pick with Miss Booth, personally; it is her book. We will simply ignore it. General Higgins must have had good reasons for banning it," said Colonel Haworth.

Personal Comment

"Bramwell Booth's administration may one day be criticised for his leniency towards some who showed personal animosity towards himself," is one of the striking sentences in Miss Booth's book.

In referring to letters which passed between the General and General Higgins (then Commissioner), Miss Booth says that the first meeting of the High Council in 1929 declared the General unfit for office. The General decided to take the matter to the courts. In spite of the strain through which he was passing, his health showed definite improvement.

"A setback ensued," she writes, "following a letter written by the Chief of Staff, Commissioner Higgins, which was felt could not be withheld. Comparable in tone to nothing he had before addressed to the General, it displeased him so seriously as to cause a fainting attack."

COMMENTS on No. 2 Quandary

Prize-winners in No. 1 Quandary are announced on this page, together with No. 3 Quandary, for which a prize of £10 is offered for the best entry, and five consolation prizes of 10/-.

WINNERS in No. 2 Quandary, which is now closed, will be announced next week. Entries have poured in every day. Meantime The Australian Women's Weekly put the question to several well-known people, and received the following answers:—

Mr. Rayner Hoff said: "I would be sure I had been given the best advice possible, by more than one surgeon, then I would decide without thinking too long over the issues. Probably as a result of my war experiences, I would choose, whatever the sex of the child, to have it undergo the operation."

Mrs. Greg McGirr (wife of the ex-Minister for Motherhood, and the mother of nine children) thinks that, whether the child was a girl or a boy, one would have to consider its heredity. If the child of brilliant parents, it would be expected to find its greatest successes and keenest joys in brainwork, apart from the fact that we might be depriving the world of a wonderful creative artist, even a genius. Also, standards of beauty differ all over the world, many races actually deforming their faces (German students in duels) and admiring the result. In short, everyone is sure to be loved by someone, so Mrs. McGirr would not operate.

Mrs. Purdy (wife of the City Health Officer) has no hesitation in choosing, since to be as perfect as possible is a subject upon which she feels very strongly, and couldn't possibly change her mind. She would operate, putting all personal feelings aside. It would be absolute cruelty to an individual who has the right to happiness to allow it to lie defaced, because you were cowardly and indulged your feeling at the expense of your child, she thinks.

Doris, daughter of the W. R. Carpenter, is a representative of the younger generation. She would let any child, girl or boy, live defaced were she in such a dilemma.

Now read the new quandary on this page, and decide what you would do. There's £10 to be won. Study the rules carefully, to avoid misunderstanding.

Zella Wins £1000

£100, £20, Many £10's & £5's

All Last Monday, in 142nd Lottery, as expected

For some time past Madame Zella has been telling her clients that she expected the 142nd drawing of the N.S.W. State Lottery to mark the commencement of a period in which conditions would be ideal for her to win a record number of prizes for her clients. Her confidence has been justified. In the 142nd Lottery, drawn last Monday, she won enormous sums of money for her clients, including the following prizes:—

2nd prize of £1000 with ticket No. 23150. £100 with ticket No. 23249. In addition to these prizes she won a £20 prize for 7 of her clients, £10 prizes for 63 of her clients, and £5 prizes for 119 of her clients. This is definitely a record.

CONFIDENCE JUSTIFIED

In the light of these wins, Madame Zella's recent statement is of unusual interest. This statement, which appeared in last Sunday's "Sun" and "Truth," is as follows, and is quoted word for word:—

"... the approach of a period in which conditions will be ideal for her (Madame Zella) to win a record number of prizes for her clients. This period, she says, should commence with the drawing of the 142nd N.S.W. State Lottery, and continue for some time. The 142nd Lottery will be drawn to-morrow (Monday), and if, as expected, Madame Zella wins a greater number of prizes for her clients than usual, her confidence in the approach of a very profitable period for them will be justified, and they can look forward to sharing in huge sums of Lottery cash."

That is what Madame Zella told her clients in last Sunday's papers. Last Monday's Lottery proved the value of her judgment. So now a run of big wins has definitely started, and all those people who have never won State Lottery Cash before should give themselves

this unusual chance to do so by joining Madame Zella's Syndicates immediately.

£1715 for 2'.

Remember, Madame Zella considers that the 142nd Lottery is only the start of a winning run in which she expects to break all her previous money-winning records. Considering that her past wins include the First Prize of £5000, and scores of £100, £50, £40, £30, £20, £10 and £5 prizes, you can imagine what enormous sums of money she must win to break her previous record. To give yourself the chance to share these prizes, just cut out this article and send it to her, as described below. When she receives your letter she will send you a one-seventh share in the first prize of the 142nd N.S.W. State Lottery—a share which may win £1715 in hard cash for you, or a one-seventh part of any of the other £12 State Lottery prizes.

In addition to that, Madame Zella will send you two tickets to the "Sunbeam" (No. 2) Art Union, in which the first prize is valued at £1000. And she will give you, also, one of her famous Character Horoscopes, which may tell you many things about yourself which you are loath to know.

By knowing the exact date of your birth (day, month and year), Madame Zella can calculate the position the stars occupied at that time, and thus tell you what influences they may exert in your life. In the character reading she sends you she will give you all kinds of interesting information and advice which may assist you in various phases of your life. She will tell you the latent talents you possess, your weaknesses, and other personal details which may be very important to you.

To obtain Madame Zella's help in getting your share of State Lottery cash, to secure a one-seventh share in a ticket in the next available drawing of the N.S.W. State Lottery, to get two tickets in the "Sunbeam No. 2" Art Union, and to receive a character Horoscope, just cut out this article and send it, with a Postal Note for 2/-, a sheet of paper showing the exact date of your birth (day, month, and year), and an envelope, stamped (please don't forget this), and bearing your name and address, to Madame Zella, Dept. H, Box 4237, G.P.O., Sydney.

All for 2'.

To obtain Madame Zella's help in getting your share of State Lottery cash, to secure a one-seventh share in a ticket in the next available drawing of the N.S.W. State Lottery, to get two tickets in the "Sunbeam No. 2" Art Union, and to receive a character Horoscope, just cut out this article and send it, with a Postal Note for 2/-, a sheet of paper showing the exact date of your birth (day, month, and year), and an envelope, stamped (please don't forget this), and bearing your name and address, to Madame Zella, Dept. H, Box 4237, G.P.O., Sydney.

Are You An Indoor Worker?

There is no doubt many people spend considerably more time indoors than is good for their health. They are breathing only partially pure air and leading a more or less sedentary life, both of which tend to disorganise the system and upset the digestive tract. For various reasons this type of existence is frequently unavoidable, but, whether chosen or compulsory, steps must be taken to maintain the system as close to normal as possible. Of course, the most important precaution is to keep the bowels in regular condition. In such cases a course of

DR. MORSE'S

INDIAN ROOT PILLS

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

will be found invaluable. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are purely vegetable and are unsurpassed as a household remedy for everyday complaints, such as Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Rheumatism, Bad Breath, Piles, Pimples, Blotches, and Kidney Troubles.

Let's Talk Of
**INTERESTING
PEOPLE . . .**



MAJOR ANGUS

MAJOR ANGUS is matron of the Women's Hostel and the Samaritan Home run by the Salvation Army to help the poor and destitute women of Sydney.

At the hostel a small charge is made for bed and for meals. At the Samaritan Home a still smaller sum is charged—but, if there are no pennies to pay with, there is no difference in the welcome you get, or in the meal or the bed provided.

The hostel is the only home many a girl has known, and when her job leaves her (as they have a habit of doing these days), then back she comes and stays until she can land another.

Major Angus laughs when asked what she does in her spare time. She has so little.



MISS GWEN JACKSON

MISS GWEN JACKSON, of Cambridge Street, Paddington, London, has never flown an aeroplane in her life, but that is not preventing her from attempting to break Mr. John Tramm's record delayed parachute drop of 17,500 feet. Miss Jackson is at present training for the feat at Heston.

"I am doing it not only to show the world that a woman can better Mr. Tramm's feat, but because there is a crying need to-day for tuition in the use of the parachute by air passengers," she said to a "Sunday Express" representative. "I want to induce the authorities to make parachute drill compulsory for passengers."



MISS MARGARET SWANN

MISS MARGARET SWANN, who is keenly interested in all things relating to the early history of Australia, is a past president of the Parramatta Historical Society. "Elizabeth Farm House" is her home, as it was the home of Australia's first hostess, Elizabeth Macarthur. It is the oldest house in Australia, is in stone and brick, and was built by convicts in 1793.

It is in these surroundings that Miss Swann is busy writing (after school hours, for she is a teacher) the lives of Australia's great women. In between times Miss Swann is devising ways and means for augmenting the funds for the Stewart House Preventorium for malnourished children.

Plenty of GOOD GIRLS GO WRONG This Way!



B-r-r-r! The telephone. "Why, my dear, I've such a lot to tell you! Did you hear—"



Is there any woman who hasn't had just such a little tragedy as this? Out somewhere in the afternoon, perhaps, at a bridge party. Someone tells you a thrilling recipe. Down on the score-card you jot it.

Off home, all thrilled, to try it. Soon it's in the oven. What a nice surprise for Tom when he comes to dinner. Ah! A few minutes to try on that new apron. Doesn't it look sweet, and housewifely?



The minutes pass. Why, what's that? Something burning! Ooh! The FISH! I could have a good CRY.

They really look appetising, don't they. After all, eggs are nourishing. But I wonder what THEY think of me giving them eggs for DINNER. I'll cry as soon as they're gone. It's Tom's fault, anyway, bringing them home like that! Men are pigs.

Of course, Tom had to bring visitors home. Haven't got a thing to give them. To think of that beautiful dinner. RUINED!

I'll have to fry some eggs. They're all being very nice and all that—but that lovely FISH. I think I WILL cry. It's a shame. Hate eggs, anyway. I bet they're laughing at me.

ONCE in a LIFETIME the RAILWAYS Acted TOO QUICKLY

For four weary years and more the N.S.W. Country Women's Association, spurred on by members from Far West and Con-dobolin groups, has made regular requests to various railway authorities that second-class sleepers be provided on long-distance trains. With monotonous regularity the railways have replied with a polite refusal.

UNTIL Colonel Bruxner became Minister for Transport last year this exchange of correspondence was in danger of becoming a tradition, like the Primate's annual letter to the Royal Agricultural Society asking that the Show be closed on Good Friday. But the new Minister, a country man himself, has changed all this. In fact, he acted so quickly on receipt of the Country Women's Association's last letter that the experiment of second-class sleepers has been made at the very worst possible time of the year.

Recently the Railway Department issued a statement in the daily papers to the effect that the innovation of second-class sleepers on the Sydney-Broken Hill express was not proving a success, and that unless better patronage was forthcoming the concession would be withdrawn.

It was stated that, in consideration of repeated requests, the department had decided to try the system on the Sydney-Broken Hill line, because this was the longest continuous journey in the State. For the last two months second-class sleepers, at 8/- a time, have been available on this express.

Commenting on the Railway Department's statement, the secretary of the Country Women's Association, Mrs. Norman Weekes, said last week that her association had not anticipated that the railways would put the suggestion into operation so promptly.

It was the worst time of the year for country travellers. Country women, she said, travel most in summer time, when they come down to Sydney to enjoy the cool beaches.

Illustrating this point, Mrs. Weekes said that the Country Women's home at Deewhy was practically empty during the winter months, whereas in summer

about 300 women spent from two to three weeks there.

The matter will be discussed by the executive of the C.W.A. now meeting in Sydney, and in all probability a deputation will wait on the Minister with a view to having the experiment of second-class sleepers tried during the summer months.



YOU CAN HAVE YOUR HAIR Permanently Waved
by "Becille" for **6/6**
Believe it or not - it's true.
HERE IS THE OFFER!

EVERY woman knows the upkeep of a permanent wave is as great as the initial cost, and this is where our WONDERFUL NEW SERVICE SYSTEM is going to benefit every woman that wishes to save 21/-. We undertake to give you our EUGENE AND NEW PROCESS WAVE at our low price of 27/6 (originally £4/4/-), irrespective of how many curls, and for a FURTHER 6 MONTHS WE SET YOUR HAIR once each month ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

Six settings at 3/6 in the ordinary way would cost you 21/-, therefore, your wave actually costs you 6/6. This is definitely the GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE, and, further, the word "Becille," with its world-wide reputation, is sufficient guarantee for high-class craftsmanship.

TO SECURE THIS OFFER, which is only offered for a limited time, just mention The Australian Women's Weekly when you phone B4757, or call to make an appointment.

"Becille"

Ladies' Speciality Hairdresser

Only Address: Car. KING & GEORGE STREETS,

KING ST. ENTRANCE, FIRST FLOOR.

Conducted by Jens V. Moller (late Hotel Australia). PHONE B4757.





£20,550

\$5,000 TWICE

**4th PRIZE of £300
in 142nd Lottery**

LUCKY FRED won hosts of prizes on Monday last for his Syndicates, including the Fourth Prize of £300, with Ticket No. 95528, which was shared by five members of his Syndicate:

F. W. Eberlin, RYE PARK, N.S.W.
Mrs. E. Stockwell, c/o W. B. Blundell, Riverview, Bomabowlee Summit, N.S.W.

Miss Connolly, 156 Alt Street, HABERFIELD.

Miss F. Gauntlett, c/o 244 William Street, BATHURST.
Mrs. Wm. Watts, BRUSHGROVE, N.S.W.

Lucky Fred still holds the record for buying the greatest number of winning tickets, and has won more prizes in the State Lottery than any other person or Syndicate.

£20,550

OLDEST, BIGGEST AND BEST
No share syndicate ever formed in Australia can touch Lucky Fred's Syndicates for big wins or continued luck. Lucky Fred has won the enormous sum of £20,550, and is the only person who has won the First Prize of £3000 TWICE.

Lucky Fred holds every record for buying winning tickets in the State Lottery, and he ALWAYS wins big prizes for his Syndicates.

**Lucky Fred's Charm
Owners Have Won over
£55,000**

Owners of Lucky Fred's Charms have won over £55,000; but the big wins which Charmholders have, when they purchased tickets themselves, are never included in Fred's total winnings.

On Tuesday, 20th June, Mr. Claussen, of Wollaston P.O., Toowoomba, Queensland, won £25,000. Mr. F. Trauma, who owned LUCKY FRED'S CHARM FOR A FEW DAYS, of 670 Crown Street, Sydney, won the Second Prize of £1000 in the 139th State Lottery; and Mr. T. Wild, of 946 Old South Head Road, Rose Bay, an old client of Lucky Fred, won the Second Prize of £1000 in the 121st State Lottery.

Fred puts down his own amazing luck to his lucky Charm, and it is proving just as lucky for other clients who own one.

Lucky Fred's Charm can change your luck, too!

WHAT YOU CAN WIN

A fifth share can win £1000 cash quickly, if Fred wins the first prize with your number. He has won the first prize of £5000 TWICE BEFORE, AND HE CAN DO IT AGAIN! Your share can also win a fifth of any of the other 813 prizes.

LUCKY FRED'S SERVICE

Fred writes and tells you at once if your share wins a prize, so if you have not a result slip handy, you always know if you have won a prize in Lucky Fred's Syndicates. Here is something else: You can receive your winnings the day after the Lottery is drawn.

**A CHARM & SHARE for 2/6
OR A FIFTH SHARE for 1/6**

• How to send in.

Simply clip out the lower portion of this advt., and if you would like a Lucky Charm as well as a fifth share, send a Postal Note for 2/6; but for a Fifth Share only send a Postal Note for 1/6, and please do not forget to enclose a stamped envelope bearing your own name and address.

Lucky Fred's Syndicates are guaranteed, and are the luckiest Syndicates you can join. Results prove this! So while you feel lucky, send to Fred!

You know the address:—

Lucky Fred,
Box 3908 T.T., G.P.O., Sydney.

Personal SKETCHES of the FINALISTS in Film Quest

QUEENSLAND

MR. JAMES WRIGHT

MR. JAMES WRIGHT, of Holland Park, Brisbane, is 20 years of age, weighs 11st. 5lb. and is 5ft. 11ins. high. He was educated at the Brisbane Grammar School, where he represented in football, swimming, athletics, rowing and cricket. At present he is a champion amateur boxer and plays first grade cricket. Mr. Wright holds an "A" and "B" class pilot's license and recently was selected from over 5000 applicants for a cadetship in the Royal Air Force (England).

A student of stage and ballroom dancing, he has appeared in several amateur theatrical shows. He plays the violin.

MISS NOELA HARVEY

Miss Noela Harvey, of 513 Milton Road, Toowoomba, a brunette, is 17 years



"Don't forget to clean the brass while I'm out, Susan."

"No, Ma'm, and where will I find your rings and bangles?"

of age, weighs 7st. 6lbs. and is 5ft. 3ins. high.

She was educated at the Murwillumbah High School (N.S.W.) and at school excelled in tennis, hockey, basketball and swimming. Miss Harvey is a student of ballet and ballroom dancing and voice production, and has appeared in many amateur productions in leading roles. Has been singing regularly over the radio. At present follows the occupation of model.

VICTORIA

MR. JOHN LAW

Mr. John Law, of 2 Parliament Place, East Melbourne, is 27 years of age, weighs 12 stone, and is 6ft. high. He was educated at the Melbourne Grammar School.

He has been trained in voice production and ballroom dancing, and is at present a member of the executive of the English Speaking Union and the Savage Club.

As a specialty salesman he has travelled extensively through America and Canada and states that while in Hollywood he was offered a screen test by M.G.M.

MISS GWEN MUNRO

Miss Gwen Munro, of Fairlie House, Anderson Street, South Yarra, Melbourne, is 19 years of age, a brunette, weighs 8 stone, and is 5ft. 5ins. high.

She was educated in Switzerland and Italy and speaks fluently French, German, Italian, Dutch and English. She has studied pianoforte classics for the past ten years. She is also a student of dramatic art, ballet, ballroom and classical dancing. Miss Munro has had two years' amateur stage experience.

She is an accomplished sports girl, being proficient in swimming, diving, riding, skiing, skating, tennis and golf.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

MISS EDITH McLAREN

Miss Edith McLaren, of 31 William Street, Goodwood Park, is 17 years of age, weighs 7st. 11lbs. and is 5ft. 4ins. She is a blonde.

MR. FRANK BRYAN

Mr. Frank D. B. Bryan, of East End Market Hotel, Adelaide, is 25 years of age, weighs 10st. 11lbs. and is 5ft. 11ins. high.

TASMANIA

MISS LILLIAN MASON

Miss Lillian M. Mason, of 81 Elphinstone Road, Launceston, is 25 years of age, weighs 8st. 8lbs. and is 5ft. 4ins. tall. She is a blonde.

MR. JAMES BOAG

Mr. James Boag, Jr., of 1 Campbell Street, Launceston, is 23 years of age, weighs 13st. 6lbs. and is 6ft. 0ins. tall.

Personal sketches of Miss Jean Duncan and Mr. Brian Norman, the N.S.W. winners, were published last week.

Women in Business

MOREE GIRL has HIGHEST Dancing HONORS

A Moree girl, Miss M. G. Sievers, now living in Sydney, has the highest dancing diplomas in Australia.

SHE is president of the N.S.W. Dance

Teachers Society, which is staging a recital on August 16, at the Conservatorium, when the latest developments in all branches of dancing will be demonstrated by 18 members of the society and their pupils.

Miss Sievers started her career as a gymnast. When she had taught for two years in Sydney, she went to England to study dancing. After graduating with Espinosa and the Ginner Mawer School, she returned to Sydney and took up teaching again.

Most teachers would have been satisfied with the degrees Miss Sievers had already won for herself; but she is an ambitious young woman, very anxious that Australia should benefit by the most up-to-date methods of dancing and gymnastic tuition, so in 1928 she packed up her things once more, threw her ballet shoes into a bag, and sailed for Sweden. Here she graduated at the Arvidson Gymnastic Institute, Stockholm, and during her free time studied Swedish Folk Dancing from the Folk Dancing Society.

World's Best Dancers

When she had learnt all she could in Sweden, she toured through Europe, visiting various schools of dancing, and in particular, the Mary Wigman School, Dresden, and the Bode School, Berlin. Having done this, she went back to England to take a few more degrees, and then with so many diploma letters after



MISS M. G. SIEVERS

her name that she can scarcely get them on one card, she started on her way back to Australia, via America.

Miss Sievers thinks Australians make wonderful dancers. They have the temperament and the physique, but, unfortunately, they have not had the facilities to study.

The recital at the Conservatorium in August is to raise funds for the purpose of bringing to Australia an examiner from the Association of Operatic Dancing and the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing, London.

Search For Beauty

(Continued from Page 1)

"Shots" were also taken of the finalists in bathing costume. The whole business seemed very terrible to The Australian Women's Weekly representative, who is a very shy man. He thought: If this is the price of stardom, give me a cottage and a couple of ducks. But Hollywood's glamor was over everyone else.

Just three weeks before they know, but they will seem like eternity for those twelve young Australian finalists.

The contest has been the most ambitious of its kind ever promoted in this country, and The Australian Women's Weekly has been happy to co-operate with Paramount in this search for two Australians who will be able to represent Australia worthily in Hollywood.

"Terribly Excited"

"I'm so terribly excited about it all that I'm unable to sleep at nights," says Miss Jean Duncan, the beautiful young actress who won the N.S.W. State final. "Three weeks to wait, during which time your fate is more or less hanging in the balance. The nervous strain is going to be tremendous, but I realise that this method of judging is the fairest way, and the two best are going to make that coveted trip. Oh, if I could only turn that calendar over!"

Mr. Brian Norman, the Sydney University graduate who won the N.S.W. men's final, thought much the same:

"When I first read of this contest I realised that there was opportunity knocking at the door. An opportunity offered only once in a lifetime, and I made up my mind that I should at least be one to grasp it."

Roboleine

FOR GROWING CHILDREN

Weakly children derive great benefit from Roboleine, as it supplies all the Vitamins necessary to the nourishment of the body. It builds up bone and muscle, creates firm flesh and good red blood, and wards off infectious diseases.

Roboleine

FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS

After illness, there is no better reconstructive Tonic Food than Roboleine. It stimulates the appetite and supplies concentrated nourishment in a form that is delicious to take and easily absorbed by the weakened assimilative organs.

Roboleine

FOR NERVOUS DEPRESSION ETC

When the system is "run down" and you feel worried and depressed, there is no better Tonic than Roboleine. Rich in essential Vitamins, a few doses restore lost vitality, and a feeling of well-being indicates a speedy return to normal health and strength.

FOR SLEEPLESSNESS: A teaspoonful of Roboleine in a glass of warm milk at bed-time will ensure a good night's rest even in cases of severe insomnia.



SAMPLE VOUCHER

MUIR & NEIL LTD., BOX 1502E, G.P.O., SYDNEY

I enclose 3d. in stamps for sample of Roboleine.

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Address _____

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**GIVES YOU
MORE LEISURE AND
FAR BETTER RESULTS**
Oxygen-charged suds
whiten, purify and
remove stains

2/6 "THE HALF-CROWN HAIRDRESSERS"

Viz:—
TRIM AND MANICURE (Trim Only 1/-) 2/6
SETTING (Shampoo 6d. Extra) .. 2/6
MARCEL (Curl 6d. Extra) .. 2/6
FACIAL MASSAGE .. 2/6
HEAD MASSAGE (Oil) .. 2/6
BRIGHTENING SHAMPOO .. 2/6
HENNA SHAMPOO .. 2/6
PERMANENT WAVES (Any Method) .. 2/6

DAWN

MRS. M. DAWSON,
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3rd Promenade, The Block, 424 George Street,
Next to Dymocks, Sydney. MA183.



**TO thoroughly
CLEAN
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DENTISTS DESIGNED this BRUSH
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only



**Quick relief from
THROBBING HEADACHE**
YOU can get quick relief from throbbing, nerve-racking Headache by taking two Nyal Esterin Tablets. Esterin acts directly on the disturbed nerve centres that cause Headaches and brings rapid relief.
Esterin is a scientific combination of the ingredients widely used by the medical profession in relieving pain. In addition it contains Esterin Compound, which has a sedative, soothing action upon the nerve centres and quickly lessens pain. It is this Compound that makes Nyal Esterin so effective in relieving Headaches. 24 tablets cost only 1/3. Get a tin from your chemist to-day!
(Take Esterin for Nerve Pains, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, etc.)

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Fill in this coupon for FREE SAMPLE.
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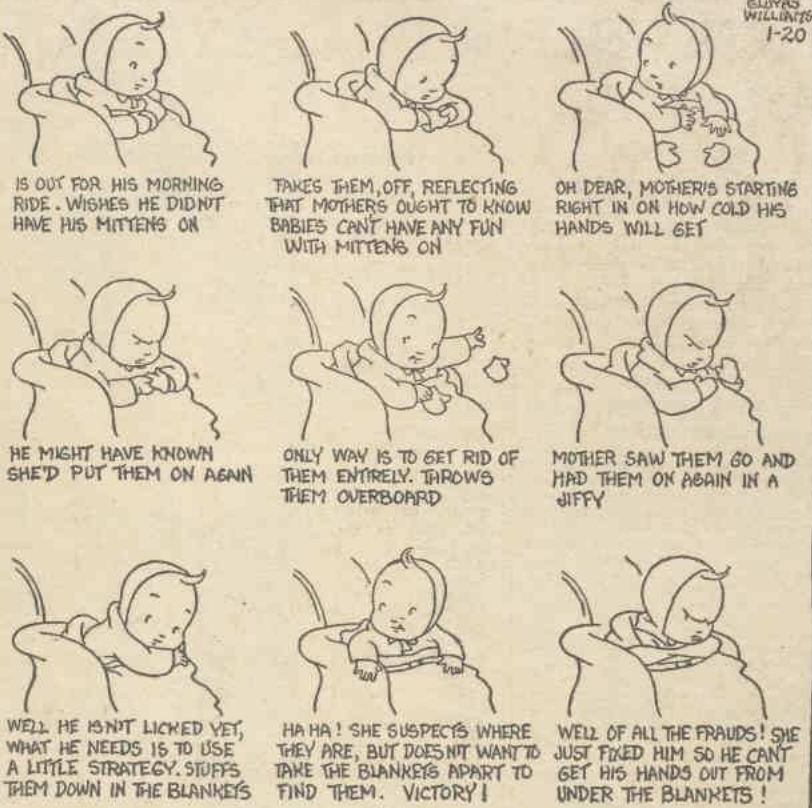
**NYAL
ESTERIN**

A Week in the SNOW

Illustration by Boothroyd on Front Page

MITTENS

By Gluyas Williams



JANICE looked out of her bedroom window and gave a little shiver. Partly from cold, partly from excitement. Snow everywhere; in thick ridges on the sill, in swirls, like boiling milk, on the ground, in a film, like fine sugar, on the fences.

Still it was lovely. All that snow outside, and inside the comfort of hot-water pipes, of furred mules and warm dressing-gown. She pulled it closer round her.

A week ago, even yesterday morning, she had awakened to the chill of her suburban bedroom with stockings pinned to the curtains to catch the morning sunshine and the bed on which she slept waiting to be made into a divan. Just a week to-day, Mr. Porter, the departmental manager, had called her into his office.

"We are sending a mannequin to display our sports models at a fashionable hotel," he told her in his lordly way, "and you have been chosen as the most suitable."

"Oh, Mr. Porter," she gurgled.

He favored her with a fish-like stare.

"I hope," he resumed severely, "you will prove worthy of our choice and uphold the prestige of our firm, whether in displaying sports models, afternoon or evening gowns. And always be ladylike."

He paused while this sank in.

"The hotel," he resumed, "enjoys an exclusive clientele, and you will be expected to be degagee without being gauche."

He spent a considerable amount of money on French gramophone records, and was at times bilingual enough to be almost unintelligible, but Janice nodded understandingly. There was never any ointment, she knew, without its fly.

But, stretching herself now, she realized that being ladylike was, after all, an easy price to pay for the seven lovely days of luxury before her. A whole week of comfort and beautiful clothes, of soft-footed service and warmth and excitement. . . Then the mellow booming of a gong warned her that the first problem had presented itself.

What did an exclusive clientele wear to breakfast?

Hopping out of bed, she opened the wardrobe and stared with puckered brows at the rows of supine garments hanging on the rack. Finally selecting a jumper suit of bright blue, she flung it over a chair and began her toilette, humming happily to herself. Thank Heaven, Nature had waved her flaxen hair which lay close against her head like yellow silk, and the same kindly soul had given her a clear pink and white skin and long, slender limbs on which to display her models.

So far, so good.

The great dining-room, with its windows overlooking the fields of snow, was full when she arrived, and she stood a moment in the doorway. Tables shining with linen and silver, huge fires at either end sending up tongues of golden flame into yawning chimneys, waiters threading their way like shuttles in and out of the chairs, the enticing smell of hot food. . . She sniffed appreciatively, and one glance at the guests assured her they were living up to their reputation for exclusiveness in correct clothes and frigid stares.

It was one thing to parade in a fashion salon, secure in the moral support of other mannequins, but it was distinctly another to face the battery of a hundred eyes as she followed a waiter down the long room. Still, months of training stood her in good stead, and she knew her suit was faultless.

ALITTLE wordless message of excitement passed round the tables at her progress, and everyone remembered that Cynthia Skene, the celebrated actress, was said to be coming, inognito, of course, to the hotel before beginning her Sydney season. And a Heaven-born flash of intuition told them all that here she was. None but an actress could be so utterly indifferent to the public gaze or wear such modish clothes so superbly. Perfect taste, silvery, fair hair, a flawless skin. . . it was all too much for one woman to possess, and the female guests resumed their bacon and eggs, hoping passionately that the

hot food would not make their noses too red.

In the meantime Janice's table companion found his pulses quickening a little.

"Great morning," he remarked conversationally.

"Isn't it?" she answered.

He glanced at her ringless hands and took heart of grace.

"Just the day for the skin," he pursued. "The snow's as fine as powder and quite dry. . . We're making an early start, I believe."

"Where to?" she asked, vaguely alarmed by his words.

"The sports begin to-day," he told her, rather surprised at her ignorance; "a sort of preliminary canter, as it were, so that we can all get our snow legs."

His voice and appearance gave one the impression that, as far as he was concerned, preliminary canters were entirely unnecessary, and Janice felt her heart sink a little lower.

"I'm afraid," she said, buttering her roll, "I don't know much about it."

He called a waiter and asked for a second helping of steak.

"That's easily remedied," he remarked easily. "No one's actually born in snow shoes and nailed boots, but after a few tumbles you're quite all right."

Janice, dissecting a chop, felt a rising sense of resentment against Mr. Porter, who had not told her she was expected to compete in snow sports, although an outfit was included in her equipment, and against this hearty, young man, who assumed that she was prepared to fling herself headlong into snowdrifts at his first word.

"I think," she said slowly, "I'll have a good laze by the fire to-day."

"No you won't," he returned, masterfully. "No one's allowed to remain in the hotel on a day like this without a doctor's certificate, and, as for lazing by the fire, it's absolutely not done. Stamps one as suburban and gauche at once."



DOCTOR: "And you really needn't worry over your little habit of talking to yourself."
PATIENT: "But I'm such a bore."

Gauche!

A wave of delicate pink swept over the girl's cheek at the ominous word, and, seeing it, the young man found increasing difficulty in concentrating on his food. He had not supposed such hair and complexion existed outside Hollywood, and, combined with those black brows and lashes, the effect on a susceptible male was devastating. Then suddenly his obtuse intelligence registered the fact that Cynthia Skene, the actress, was said to be coming to the hotel, and he choked over a mouthful of tea.

Good! To think that he, Peter Chase, was actually sitting alone with a celebrated actress, eating underdone steak. . . Then he preened himself on his acumen. That air of innocence, that natural manner which was too natural

to be genuine, might deceive some people, but not him.

"You've got to come," he declared.

She swept him a smiling glance which completed his subjugation.

"Cave man," she said, and then wondered was it lady-like to speak thus to a complete stranger.

Breakfast over, there was an exodus to the lounge, where the men straddled about in plus-fours and talked about the snow last year, and how soon one gets used to being without the morning paper, while

the women, under cover of discussing knitting stitches, watched the slender blue figure drifting nonchalantly about, keeping well in the centre of the floor. Theatrical, of course, they agreed tacitly, but still attractive, and they felt vague stirrings of regret at exposing husbands and fiancés to the wiles of a Cynthia Skene.

Then the entrance of Chase dispelled the lethargy.

"Come along, folks," he exclaimed briskly, and instantly there was a rush for the shop at the rear of the hotel.

Janice followed, and stood watching the man in charge take the skis and boots from the racks, fitting them on the women to the accompaniment of little excited squeals. They could never wear them, they declared, and looked appealingly at Chase, who appeared to be master of ceremonies.

Presently he came over to Janice.

"I've got just the right pair of skis for you," he told her, and proceeded to try them on, steadying her with gentle hands and tenderly fastening the steel clips across her slender feet. "I suppose," he added, "you've brought your own togs?"

"Oh yes," she assured him, wrinkling her nose in faint distaste at the piles of garments waiting to be hired. "I shan't be a moment getting into them."

In an incredibly short time she was back again, wearing the same blue jumper, but instead of the skirt her long, slim legs were encased in trousers the same color, and over the tops of her stout little boots the bright yellow and scarlet checks of her socks were turned. One glance at the perfectly fitting trousers told Chase all he wanted to know. Only the Austrian Tyrol and the best Swiss Alpine resorts could produce such an outfit. Adelboden, Murren, Wengen, St. Moritz—she had probably been at them all.

"Come along," he commanded, reflecting that if she elected to appear as a modest, rather bashful tourist he was prepared to treat her as such, and he felt a sort of proprietary pride in having annexed her.

(Continued on Page 37)

Things That Happen

Her Lucky Color

MY neighbor . . . an elderly maiden lady . . . has just had a reading of her lucky days and lucky colors. She told us her lucky color was green, and that she intended dying her aprons that shade. The following afternoon we were amused to see not only her aprons, but two pairs of blankets, dyed green, hanging out to dry.—"Mack," Ararat, Victoria.

Not On the Air

CALLING at the office of a Sydney broadcasting station last week, I saw this notice stuck on a window over a typist's desk: "If you want to see the time, will you please ask a member of the staff, instead of opening the window to see the Railway clock. Every time the window is opened a gust of wind freezes everybody and blows papers in all directions. Thank you!"—Simon, Kirribilli.

That's What You Get

A MARRIED woman teacher, out Dubbo way, whose husband had a steady job, decided to resign to make room for one of hundreds of young teachers for whom no vacancies can be found. A fortnight later her successor was appointed. . . a married woman.—El to J.D.C., Lakenba.

Tree Top Eggs

I WONDER if anyone has ever heard of a fowl laying up in a tree? I have. The other day, on hearing a noise outside, I was surprised to see a fowl scramble up a pine tree about fourteen feet high. At the top of it was a long-since-deserted crow's nest.—"Lupe," Baan Ba.

Cares of a Mother

BEING a nurse in a public hospital, I often see strange things, but this beats all of them. A woman rushed in to the casualty ward with an eighteen-months baby, which she said had swallowed an open brooch. After the child had been X-rayed, it was found necessary to operate at once. The mother was very anxious that the greatest care be taken extracting the brooch, as it had been in the family for years.—El to "Ardluck," Kensington.

Surprised Hubby

THE husband was singing at a concert some miles away, and would not be home till the early hours. His wife, before retiring, placed a brand new hot water bottle in his bed, as a surprise. Later she was awakened by yells of consternation. Her husband, having placed one toe on the bottle, had sprung out of bed for a gun to shoot "whatever it was that had got in his bed."—El to N.T.B., Narrabri, N.S.W.

FIVE readers win £1 prizes this week for telling humorous and entertaining Things That Happen. Consolation prizes are paid for others published.

Incidents must be true, and must not have been published before or submitted to other journals.

Strange Doings

SEEING my husband off at the gate the other morning, we noticed the new man from across the way start off to work minus his socks. Presently his wife strolled out and called up the road, in a pleasant voice: "Don't cross your legs in the ferry, dear!" What was the idea? Economy or a family row?—F.W., Manly.

A Double Loss

A GIRL friend of mine, who was engaged to an orchardist for three years, banked her savings in his name, as they intended building a modern house on the orchard, which the man was working hard to pay off. Each week during those three years, my friend sent 10/-, and sometimes 15/-, to his bank. One morning he was hurried to hospital for an operation, and he died. His fiancée lost £100, for her late future husband's people claimed everything he had, including her money.—£1 to "Nareta," Ararat, Victoria.


Handy Sort of Hubby

A MAN about 35 asked at the shop where I work to see some women's jumpers. On being shown a range, he asked permission to try one on, because his wife was about his size. He did not deem a private fitting room necessary, but just whisked off his coat and pulled the jumper on over his shirt, there and then.—"Robin," Goulburn.

An Awkward Moment

A FRIEND of mine had taken her nine-months-old baby into the bath with her, on a very hot day. In due time she got out, but while she turned to get her towel, the baby slipped under the water, completely losing its breath. Without waiting to think, the worried young mother picked up the child and rushed to her husband for help. Up a passage she ran, shouting "John," only to find that the rush of air revived the baby, and that her husband was entertaining his sister in the drawing-room. She burst in on them with nothing on, and no good reason for unconventional attire.—£1 to B.M.N., Goulburn, N.S.W.

Trade, recognizing that women will have just what they want, has called in the aid of science in the designing of our shoes, so that we are now able to procure footwear with corrective qualities, such as "arch supports," to prevent further damage and relieve discomfort caused by foot collapse, and present-day shoes combine the qualities



The illustration shows a woman's leg from the knee down, wearing a high-heeled shoe. The shoe has a distinct arch support structure. The leg is positioned as if walking or standing on a textured surface.

FASHION PARADE!

BY JESSIE TAIT

EVENING clothes come in all designs this season. There is no longer any need to cram one's figure—if it is rather larger than we would wish—into a tight swathed dress which accentuates our bad points, just because "everyone else" is doing so.

There are so many different silhouettes—not just one clear blocked out one—that there should be no difficulty in finding one to suit you, however large or fat you may feel yourself to be.

There are five silhouettes that stand out clearly in all the French collections. The one with the square, box-like top given by the wrap is very good if you are tall. The dresses for this are "slim, but not silky," because the skirts have wispy dust ruffles inside the hems to make them stand away from the ankles.

The silhouette that is slim to the hips and wide below is another one which is worn a lot, and the silhouette that is slim almost to the foot and then breaks out into a foam of ruffles.

Heaps of evening dresses have full skirts and soft, unfitted bodices.

The NEW EVENING Fragile SILHOUETTES FABRICS Are RUFFLED Wispy Wraps And Shirred

ting down is quite disastrous. The favorite print for evening is the one that is scattered with field flowers or with wild zig-zag stripes.

Spangled black and colored linen evening dresses are being shown by Lanvin. Linen in stripes, spots, checks, and plaids will be worn for the evening—they are much finer and sheerer than the linens we have seen before.

Our first thought when knowing that cotton evening frocks can be worn everywhere is: "How inexpensive it will be."

This is not really so. One has to have so much material, and unless it is made so well and has something "different" about it the result will be very disappointing. Nearly all the cottons crush, and unless your frock is very carefully laundered every time you wear it, it will look very shabby. Unless you are able to have several evening frocks, I would definitely not choose cotton for your one, or perhaps two, new summer evening dresses.

Colors

Colors vary, with fresco shades of pink, green, yellow, mauve, and blue. Black and grey, vivid light reds, and greens, and, of course, white.

Miss Jessie Tait

well known from the frocking of so many J. C. Williamson Ltd. shows, gives a review of fashion prospects for the coming season.

Another is one that has plenty of back fullness, with the skirt rather straight in front.

Then there is still the 1900 silhouette that has sleeves, a loose bodice, and a skirt that is fitted and tight down to the knees, where it begins to froth with ruffles.

Necklines

Most smart evening dresses have rather high necklines, and many of them have sleeve effects, but there are many backless frocks.

Materials

Crisp, transparent organza dresses, extravagantly shirred or pleated. Lace, net, starched chiffon, and lacquered sheer materials stand out. Lacquered satin, too, and prints. The printed frock to be worn for formal occasions has to have "something" to it. Either it is a crisp and very much shirred and frilled, or else it is minutely pleated—so that sit-



This Lanvin dress is of black crepe satin. The skirt flares out gradually, and falls in godets around the knees. The bodice has wide braces terminating in large bows at the shoulders, in supple white velvet. The cape to be worn with this dress is in black velvet, lined with white satin, and is described fully on this page.



Lucien Lelong designed this frock of white cotton lace. It is tight-fitting, right down below the knees. Note the pleated frill around the décolletage. Ruffles of striped ribbon in red, white and blue go round the bottom of the skirt, and up the back, achieving the backward skirt movement. The cape is made of strips of ribbon in red, white and blue.



Printed crepe-de-chine evening frock with gloves of the same material, from Molynoux. The four-panelled skirt splits part way up to reveal loose ankle length trousers of the same fabric. The plaid is in grey, lime green, and bright blue. The little capelet to wear with it is one of the most popular styles for the summer—all frills. This one is grey organza.

Evening Wear

Evening wraps are usually wisps of material. Swagger coats in stiff pastel colored satins, especially white, wraps of summer velvet, jackets and capes of taffeta and organza.

Possibly the most popular will be the bolero or cape made of organza or pique. There is one sketched. Chanel makes white pique like a man's waistcoat, and then puts in sleeves—very square at the shoulder.

Particularly smart, as well as useful, for a spring wrap is the one sketched on this page. Vionnet designs it. It is made in either velvet or crepe in dark blue, lined with red. You slip this over your head (it opens part way down the back), and in front it is just a band across your chest, high at the throat, and extending about 15 inches down. You will feel very military with the red making a background for your figure. You can hold the cape tightly round you if you do not like the loose effect.



Stiebel, a London designer, makes this frock in supple perenne satin, the shiny side used for the front panel and waistband, all cut in one. An enormous diamond clip finishes the bodice. The little coat is of stiff taffeta in large plaid design, dirty pink background, printed in mauve and perenne blue.

OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

THERE are silly little silver rings, half an inch wide, with a single initial cut out in them. They have bracelets to match, with the initial cut out again so that the summer sun can tan them in to your skin.

HUGE linen handkerchiefs with big checks or plaid patterns are new to wear with your summer frocks.

THE new underwear for summer is made of a material called lastex; it stretches to fit your figure, and no wrinkles show through your frocks.

CROCHET string dog collars and leads for your pet Pekingese match your belt and hat band.

PRINCESSE RUSPOLI has a smart summer raincoat, made of waterproof white-ribbed cotton, fastened with copper cartridges.

INTIMATE SKETCH Of DAINTY LINGERIE



Dainty simplicity, with well-cut lines falling softly round the curves of the figure, confers a distinctive touch to this lingerie.

Creme-de-chene, a soft China silk, or with the approach of spring and thoughts of warm weather, floral voile would make up delightfully. On material of self-color, the tiny sprays are simply worked and very attractive. On floral voile or any other patterned material, the lace edging will be the only finish required.

2305 (left). Material required, two and one-eighth yards of 36 inch. To fit 36 inch bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1 TRANSFERS, 6d per set.
1665 (right). Material required, two and a quarter yards of 36 inch. To fit 36 inch bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust; and for larger figures, in 42, 44, 46 and 48 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1 TRANSFERS, 6d per set.

"LUCILLE" Knitted BED JACKET

This attractive bed jacket is made in a 2-ply baby wool, used double for the body and single for the frills. It will wash beautifully. Instructions will fit a 36 bust. For each size more or less add or subtract 12 stitches, 6 in the back, 3 in each front.

Materials required.—5 ozs. of baby wool, 2-ply, in pale pink, two No. 6 Stratnoid needles, two No. 12 Stratnoid needles.
Stitches Used.—A: Fine ribbing (base of frills), 1 stitch plain, 1 stitch purl. B: Stocking stitch (edge of frills), 1 row plain, 1 row purl. C: Broken ribbing (body and sleeves). 1st row (on right side of work), plain. 2nd row, 1 stitch plain, 1 stitch purl. Repeat these 2 rows throughout the garment.

Plan of Work.—Begin at lower edge of

Another EXCLUSIVE Design THAT IS VERY Effective

This week's model in the series of delightful jumpers, exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, is knitted in chevron pattern. The color contrast in the yoke and roll collar is charming, and can be exploited indefinitely by a knitter with a knowledge of the blending of colors.

Chevron pattern closely resembles the well-known "Moss" stitch, but, in keeping with the diagonal stripes that are so apparent in the newest fashions, it gives the effect of being knitted in fine zig-zag ribbings.

Materials: Eight skeins of red, 1 skein kasha, 3-ply wool, pair No. 12 steel needles, pair No. 10 bone needles.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 19 inches; bust, 34 inches; sleeve seam, 19 inches.

The Back: With red wool and No. 12 needles cast on 124 sts., knit into back, and rib 1 plain, 1 purl, for 3 inches. Change to No. 10 needles and work chevron pattern as follows:—

Row 1: *K. 2, p. 2.
Row 2: P. 1, *k. 2, p. 2.
Row 3: *P. 2, k. 2.
Row 4: K. 1, *p. 2, k. 2.
Repeat these 2 rows twice more.
Row 13: *K. 2, p. 2.
Row 14: K. 1, *p. 2, k. 2.
Row 15: *P. 2, k. 2.
Row 16: P. 1, *k. 2, p. 2.

Repeat these 4 rows twice more, then go back to row 1 and repeat these 24 rows throughout.

Repeat from * in each row. These 24 rows will form two bands. Work 7 bands from start; then, being careful to keep to pattern, shape armholes by casting off



CARDINAL and beige are the colors suggested for this delightful model. Its possibilities are endless, however, both in the matter of color and of wear. It would be charming for a sports meeting, and equally attractive with a tailored costume for more formal wear.

6 sts. at beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at each end of needle 6 times. Continue on these sts. until 5 bands have been knitted from armhole. Shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 10 rows. Cast off remaining sts. for back of neck.

The Front: Work the same as for back for 3 bands.
Next row: K. 31 sts. in pattern, join on kasha, k. 62 sts. plain, join on another ball of red, k. 31 sts. in pattern. When beginning red and kasha stripes always introduce color with a plain row. Continue in pattern for 11 rows, then introduce red stripe above kasha for next 12 rows, working alternate stripes of kasha and red until 10 bands have been worked from start, at the same time shaping armholes to correspond with back.

Next row: K. 35 sts. in pattern, cast off 30 sts. for neck, k. 35 sts. in pattern, then decrease 1 st. each side of neck

edge every other row until 30 sts. remain for each shoulder.

Work until 12 bands are complete altogether. Shape shoulders as before.

The Sleeves: Both alike. With red wool and No. 12 needles cast on 60 sts., knit into back, and rib 1 plain, 1 purl, for 4 inches. Change to No. 10 needles, and work in pattern 12 rows red, 12 rows kasha twice, increasing 1 st. each end of needles every 8 rows until there are 14 bands from start. Shape sleeve by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of every row for 3 more bands. Cast off remaining sts.

Collar: With red wool and No. 10 needles cast on 14 sts., and knit alternate bands of red and kasha, changing every 12 rows for 22 bands. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press all work with a hot iron over a dry cloth. Join shoulders, underarm, and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Join collar at back and sew to neck edge, easing any fullness. Roll back.

Puts 'Sparkle' into dull skins!

The new Seventeen face cream is a great revelation. Not only is its filmy texture a revelation, but its peach-like tone, (just "off white") adds a fascinating softness that acts just like magic with many skins. Dull complexion is quite impossible when Seventeen face cream is used for it conjures up a vibrant life and "sparkle" that radiates a charm and freshness which all the lovely women conjured up by its name.



P.S.—This new cream comes in big, smart jars at only 1/6d. The famous 'Seventeen' Range, in jewelry compact, is 1/3d. while flatteringly 'Seventeen' face powder, complete with a tiny bottle of 'Seventeen' perfume, costs only 2/6d.



LANGRIDGE

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The first school equipped for and used only by women.

Mr. Langridge may be consulted personally at
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"Get Better Health every day
By exercising the Langridge way."

The School of PHYSICAL CULTURE



Work straight until front is same length as back. Cast off. Go back to the other stitches and make the 2nd sleeve and front to correspond.

Frills.—With single wool cast on 500 on the fine needles. Do 7 rows fine ribbing and 14 rows in stocking stitch, knitting the last 4 rows so that the purl side of the stocking stitch comes on the right side of the frill. Cast off loosely. Gather slightly and sew ribbed edge to the border of neck and front, with purl side of frill to right side of front. Do another frill the same and sew to garment an inch away from the first. Do 4 similar frills, each on 180 stitches for the sleeve, 2 for each sleeve. Press work well under a damp cloth, but do not press the curled-up edges of the frills.

BUCKINGHAM'S

GREAT MARCELLA QUILT

Sensation

GREATEST QUILT BARGAIN THRILL FOR YEARS

Yet another scoop! Our English Buyer has purchased from a leading Manufacturer—1500 White Satin Marcella Quilts at less than maker's cost. All of various qualities, but each a leader in its class... beautifully finished and all super raised designs, hemmed ready for use.

2000 yards Only!
Horrockses' Calico

Everyone knows famous Horrockses' Brand Calico—a standard guaranteed heavyweight Pure Calico, free from all filling, 36in. wide, Lay-by several dozen yards at this greatly reduced price.

11/6
DOZ.

6/9

Special Offer!
White Flannelette

Strongly woven for good hard service, resisting all wear, 35in. wide—a material with a hundred uses, pyjamas, kiddies' and adult wear. A genuine reduction for this week only. Warm and cosy for Winter.

8/11
DOZ.

5/11

LOT No. 1

SINGLE BED

These high-grade quality Quilts will give extra hard service, laundering like new. Do not delay—purchase yours now

55in. x 77in. 16/11

THREE QUARTER bed size. Excellent range of beautiful designs—come and inspect to-day—you will be surprised at the good quality.

71in. x 93in. 21/6

LARGE DOUBLE BED size. If you have not the ready cash, a few shillings will secure one on the Lay-by, for delivery later. Shop early for all these bargains.

87in. x 106in. 33/6

8/11

12/9

19/6

LOT No. 2

SINGLE BED

Superfine quality, handsome patterns. Size 57in. x 78in. Single Bed. Worn from selected yards. Usually 17/11. SPECIAL 12/6

THREE-QUARTER

Bed size 74in. x 96in. No bedroom complete without a good quality Marcella Quilt. Hemmed ready for use. Usually 25/6. SPECIAL 17/11

LARGE DOUBLE BED

Size 90in. x 108in. Remember, we guarantee absolute satisfaction with these Quilts, or refund of money. Usually 32/6. SPECIAL 23/6

Pure Wool
WH. BLANKETS

100 pairs only of all pure Wool Australian-made Blankets, made from high-grade, long, staple yarn; very best quality. Soft and fleecy finish. For double bed, size 72in. x 90in.

39/6

29/11

END OF SEASONS CLEAN UP

DRESS FABRICS

Thousands yards lovely fabrics—simply being thrown away

CUTTING
OUT
SERVICE

Just imagine!... Fracks, cut and fitted, from as low as 2/6. Our cutter, Mrs. Shields, is considered to be one of the best in town, and she will cut any style you require, selected from any of our exclusive Fashion Books, or from your own suggestion. The fracks are pinned ready to sew—you can't possibly make a mistake. There is no need to buy the materials at Buckingham's, we will cut your own materials. Come and have a chat with Mrs. Shields—Dress Department, Ground Floor—to-day.

Col. MOROCAIN

A heavyweight silk weave Morocain, in an amazing riot of beautiful shades, including Reds, Blues, Pinks, Black, White, Beige, Brown, etc., etc. Double width.

3/11

2/3

PRINTED

MOROCAINS & CREPE-DE-CHENES

A genuine bargain thrill... excellent quality Morocain printed in the latest designs, and heavy weight Printed Crepe de Chenes. Every wanted shade available. Double width.

8/11

3/11

Geisha TAFFETA

Just landed from Overseas—another shipment of this exceedingly popular and attractive material. For dainty party and dance Fracks that give that fascinating, rustling movement when dancing. Every conceivable colour in this range.

1/11

8/34

Brocaded Art SILK

Satin Brocades and Brocaded Art Silk offered at this amazing bargain price. Full 36in. wide, and ideal for linings, curtains, cushions, headbands, and all art furnishings. Beautiful shades.

2/6

1/2

NEW SELF CHECK

ART SILK VOILES

Depicted by Dame Fashion to be a fashionable and popular material for summer wear this year. Delightfully cool and smart in appearance, these new self-check Art Silk Voiles are offered in all shades.

3/11

1/6

Col. Shantung SILK

Do you know that Shantung Silk is steadily rising in price? This quality will be selling no less than 2/11 in Summer months. Buy yours now, or use our Lay-by for delivery later. All shades. 36in. wide.

2/11

11/34

Crinkly Velveteens

A quaint material so fashionable for Sports Suits, Fracks, Evening or Day Wear... Come and inspect our vast range of shades... Limited stocks; we advise early shopping.

3/11

1/6

CRINKLE

Art Silk FABRICS

Heavyweight Art Silk Morocains that have been passed through the latest Crinkle process. A fabric that drapes beautifully for evening or day wear. All wanted shades.

4/11

2/11

SATIN BEAUTE

So great has been the demand for this material that we have placed a large order for further supplies. A scintillating heavyweight Satin, suitable for day or evening wear, and all art furnishings. Large range of shades.

2/11

1/4

Stripe Shantungs

Full width, pure Silk Shantung, in a splendid quality. Smart, effective stripings. In Fracks, Pyjamas, etc., and gorgeous colourings. Limited stocks.

3/6

11/34



ORGANDIE, NET, TULLE Create Lovely Inexpensive Summer Evening Frocks



By ANTOINE

A definitely becoming hat of black horsehair in fishnet weave has a wreath of pearl lilies of the valley.

• **A LADY IN TULLE** is the title of the gown worn by Diana Wynard, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. Adrian makes tulle do astonishingly lovely things in diagonal tuckings, and adds the right amount of fluff and flutter by the cartridge-pleated effect at the hemline, the sleeves, the neck, and the belt. A cluster of pearls forming a bunch of grapes is worn at neck and waist.

• **PENGUIN:** A symphony in black and white modelled by Virginia Cherril. This evening ensemble consists of a black crepe dress cut on the cross, with very simple lines and low decollete both at back and front.

The lovely little coat is of sheer mousseline with ruffled sleeves and wide revers.

The rhinestone buttons have a band of jet. Charming dinner hat is of crystal body horsehair, with a starched veil brim, which is quite "le dernier cri" in Paris. A wreath of gardenia petals encircles the shallow crown.

• **DAWN**, worn by the blonde Una Merkel, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, is a frock of pale blue organdie, with bouffant skirt and puffed sleeves. Silver stars dot the material. The skirt has two rows of silver ribbon at the hem. A belt of silver adds glister to the blue.

IS there anything more becoming or fascinating for evening wear than crisp transparent organdies, soft nets, or billowing diaphanous tulle? I think not.

There are many people in Australia to-day who appreciate good clothes but are unable to buy them because of the expense, so I've picked out five frocks from the latest American photographs, all of which could be copied quite easily, and as the materials—organdie, net, and tulle—are very moderately priced, the entire cost would not come to much.

• **DESSE:** Dinner gown, organdie jacket and hat. Virginia Cherril, lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress, models an evening frock of heavy white crepe, cut very simply and on the cross,

with a jacket of crisp organdie of a plaid pattern in green and black on a white ground. A large bow ties the neck, and the same sized bow finishes the enormously puffed sleeves at the elbow.

This plaid organdie is quite the latest fashion fad in New York and other fashion centres.

Finest Quality ENGLISH HANDBAGS in the Newest Styles



Brown Ribbed Calf 42/-



Grey Lizard . . . 42/-



Brown Chameleon 57/6

PERFECTLY fashioned handbags bearing the blue ribbon tag of ORTWIELER—London, the very last word in style and quality!

Fairfax & Roberts are showing a selected range of these exclusive handbags, and draw special attention to their outstanding value.

Your critical inspection is invited.

**FAIRFAX & ROBERTS
LIMITED,**

"The Oldest Jewellery House in Sydney,"

23-25 HUNTER STREET.

Intimate Jottings

Do You Like—

MILANO GARTT'S revival of the Sunday "small and early" party? Peggy Moore's party of 40 for the Science Ball?

Audrey Nicholson's voice describing newsreels?

Mr. Chester Garling's launch picnics? Architect Helen Turner's "examination" habit?

Mrs. Stephen Crowhurst's annual move—this time to Bellevue Hill?

Latest in Offices

Touring one of our big city furnishing shops the other day, I had to "hand it" to the ingenuity of the business man who has had the building converted to his own uses.

Looking for a lift to take me to an upper floor, I discovered that the four "elevators" placed in a group, two facing two, had been transformed into very adequate and comfortable offices for the managerial staff.

The idea struck me as being a rather quaint one, and as the lifts are of good size they make large enough offices for desk, chairs, telephone, and other necessary equipment, not forgetting carpet and radiator. Let me add that the "offices" are stationary, on the ground floor. It wouldn't be a bad idea to restore their "action" and to transfer them from one floor to the other as requirements dictated.

I have seen cupboards turned into kitchenettes, pantries into bedrooms, verandahs into "flats," but it is the first time that I have come across anything so novel as a lift doing duty as a business office.

She Receives Her Pay

Mrs. Greg McGirr is unique because, in addition to being a good housewife and mother, she has a regular job, her husband paying her a salary for keeping his accounts in order.

Mrs. McGirr (formerly Rachel Miller - Hermes) was among the first group of students who graduated at Brisbane University. She was admitted to Sydney University ad eundem gradum (B.A.) in 1912.

Invitation Refused

Dr. Grant Lindeman had to do some hard thinking lately.

His cousin, Enid, wrote asking him to accompany her and her new husband, Lord Furness, on their honeymoon trip, big game hunting in Central Africa.

Dr. Lindeman was attracted by the trip; he wasn't afraid of the lions and leopards and other beasts that prowl the jungle. He did think, however, of smaller but more deadly little beasties, fever microbes, and possible accidents. He decided that his comfortable Sydney practice was more attractive than the job of medical adviser to a hunting party, so he refused with thanks.

Whisky Awaits

Have you heard of the "Hole-in-One-Club"? The Harry Dransfields' son, Collin, aged 14, performed the golfing feat at Bowral, which qualified him for membership. His election was communicated to him by letter, with the additional information that a well-known firm was forwarding him a gift of some whisky in honor of his achievement.

The whisky will be put away until Collin has attained his majority. At least that is the intention at the moment. He is much too young to be interested in such heady beverages at present.

Modern Method

Since the inclusion of social news in broadcasting programmes, engagements announced per microphone are quite common events. But megaphone announcements! Surely that's something new!

Such a thing did happen in Sydney the other night when Mr. T. B. Mulholland, captain of the Sydney Rowing Club, led Lila Lyons and Cliff Lambert to the dais and told the guests at the annual dance, in true Head of the River fashion, that these two young people had made the necessary vows which foretell marriage.



The Dart Went Home

IN our last issue, under the heading, "Is She the World's Worst?" we published a par. about a woman at Bellevue Hill, who, according to our contributor, held the world's record for long gossips over the phone.

Although no names were used, the Editor received three letters of protest the day after publication from Bellevue Hill women, each one imagining that the item was aimed at herself.

During the week seven other letters, in the same strain, arrived from Bellevue Hill women.

Storming the Citadel

Taking them by and large, women can no longer be regarded as "the softer sex," cherishing a whole-hearted ambition to be good little wives, thoroughly domesticated, modest, retiring, and all that kind of thing. They are beginning to emerge from their cocoons, so to speak, and joyfully storming the citadels of man. The latest arena for feminine exploitation was the debating competition for U.A.P. younger sets, which started with 134 teams of four—a larger number than any Australian platform competition had previously recorded. Six of the feminine competitors, all of them young, charming, and pretty, won their way to the semi-finalist grade.

Male entrants opened their eyes in admiration—tinged, of course, with the masculine reservation that woman's place is in the home, sweeping floors and rocking cradles, rather than on a

platform telling her thoughts to the world. But, well, the fact remains that they covered themselves with glory.

The triumphant six were Miss Grace Harper (sister of H. E. Harper, M.L.C.), her sister, Ray, Miss Edith Wilkinson, Miss A. C. Benson, Miss B. Roberts, and Mrs. R. G. Browne.

Bush Walkers' Party

Bush walkers who are not bush wreckers are worthy of mention. There are many such people, enough of them to form clubs, and then some more, for these clubs are federated.

Members don't only join together to enjoy the charm and delight of rural wanderings. They have definite objectives which embrace the preservation and protection of our native trees and plants.

The clubs, ten in number, united in organising the Bush Walkers' ball at Hordern Bros. The proceeds will benefit the Garawarra Park scheme.



Have you ever felt like this in public—with a small hole in the stocking?

Shakespeare in Japan

Shakespeare in Japanese! It is really true and not something that has just become fact. The Shakespearean Society listened with interest to an address by Miss Bertha Clarke on this subject recently, and she told of the Museum of Drama erected in honor of Dr. Tsubouchi, who translated "Julius Caesar" into the Japanese language 50 years ago.

This famous Japanese playwright and critic is now over 78 years of age. His first essay into the colossal task of translating Shakespeare was started when he was 25. Since then he has added "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" to the drama of his country.

The Hunters

Lots of thrilling stories are being told about Kosciusko, apart from those that apply to achievements, to flirtations, and adventures. Have you heard the one that is going the rounds concerning Commander Gifford and Dr. Lorimer Dods?

These bold lads spied a fox. Their blood was up immediately. They engaged in the chase, over snowy peaks and icy boulders. They caught the fox, they returned in triumph.

Alas, poor Reynard. Alas, poor hunters!

The fox had been poisoned several days before. The hunters later tasted the poison of ridicule and banter.

Light-Hearted Lightweight

At a dance, at any rate, members of Sydney's champion lightweight eight believe in keeping light their hearts—and possibly their heads—as well. At the Sydney Rowing Club's annual ball at Hordern Bros., when I arrived, there was a great clicking of glasses and an uproarious war-cry from the captain's table.

Nor was there anything wrong with the echoing response which came from the other end of the room at which the little secretary of the evening, Miss Maude Hone, presided. Billy Cornwell, captain of the eight, celebrated the occasion by the purchase of a new roadster, and of course its health had to be drunk. Mrs. T. P. Mulholland, president of the ball committee, who wore a gown of velvet that matched her hair, entertained among her guests Mr. Ernie Keary, who is the proud coach of the interstate eight which won in Brisbane recently.

Did You Know That—

Mr. H. Stuart-Codde went down to the sea in ships many years ago, and still thinks it the ideal life for a single man?

Mrs. James Hogg (Marjorie Kirkland) recently escaped unscratched after her motor-car somersaulted?

Members of the Repertory Theatre group sup at a 3d. coffee shop on weekdays, and a 6d. one on Saturdays?

Phillipa Dale has started a new venture—a restaurant at King's Cross?

They'll Grow Up Together



They will grow up together, the little girl and the little tree she planted on Arbor Day.



SELLING

£50 BEDROOM SUITES ... Now £25
£16 DINING SETTINGS Now £9/18/6
£7/7/- DOWN QUILTS .. Now £2/19/6

*Come to-morrow
to this
glorious galaxy
of bargains*

**Lease of Premises—
236 Pitt Street—Expires!
EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS
DURING SALE!**

OFF

DO YOU WANT TO SAVE MONEY? THEN
COME AND SEE OUR AMAZING VALUES.



Lay-By
Orders
Accepted



**HAVE YOUR BEDROOM
COMPLETELY
FURNISHED FOR £8/19/6**

Here's what we offer: **THREE-PIECE BEDROOM SUITE**, as above, also 4ft. 6in. full panelled Bedstead, complete with heavy quality extra fine woven Wire Mattress and Everwear Bedding, containing textile fillings of woolen, cotton, and silk, in Rose or Blue fancy striped tickings; also 2 Everwear Pillows and 12 x 6 heavy quality Floor Covering. The Bedroom Suite, Bedstead, Wire and Bedding, also Floor-covering.

SALE PRICE .. £8/19/6

Six complete Kitchen Settings, as above, nicely finished and solidly constructed, polished to rich fumed Oak colour, consisting of Cabinet 4ft. 6in. wide, Oak Kitchen Table, and two solidly constructed Oak Chairs to match. The Setting complete. Usually £9.

SALE PRICE .. £5/19/6



Bedroom Suites as above. Light Oak finish only.

SALE PRICE .. £4/19/6



**HURRY OR YOU WILL
MISS THIS BARGAIN**

Beautiful Gilt frame, bevelled mirrors. Usually 30/-.

SALE PRICE, each .. 14/11



**BLANKETS AT
BARGAIN PRICES**

**BLANKETS
FLEECY WOOLLEN WHITE**
Size 54 x 72. **SALE PRICE .. 15/11**
Size 72 x 90. **SALE PRICE .. 22/11**



TYPICAL SALE BARGAIN

This glorious Bedroom Suite, 5ft. Wardrobe with full cheval Dressing Table and fully fitted Loughboy standing on Cabriole legs, in full polished Maple.

£26 VALUE. SALE PRICE ONLY .. £15/15/-



**BEDDING BARGAINS
PURE KAPOK BEDDING**

How is this for Extraordinary Value? **DOUBLE SET OF BEDDING**, full 40lb. weight. Mattress has stitched and rolled borders, fully tufted, and includes 4 pillows well filled. These sets are in blue and pink fancy tickings, and we offer the complete set, including 4 pillows.

SALE PRICE .. £2/13/9

SPECIAL BEDDING, in Rose or Blue Fancy Stripe Ticking, containing Hygienic textile fillings. These mattresses have stitched borders and are closely tufted.

Size 4ft. 6in., weight 40lb. **21/6**

SALE PRICE, only .. 19/6

OTHER SIZES, 3ft. 6in. SALE PRICE .. 16/9

3ft. SALE PRICE .. 12/6

2ft. 6in. SALE PRICE .. 12/6



**SMASHING VALUES IN
BEDSTEADS**

30 SINGLE BEDSTEADS, full panelled as above, finished light Oak colour, complete with iron sides, extra fine woven wire and Everwear Hygienic Textile filled Bedding. The whole Bedstead complete.

SALE PRICE .. 37/6

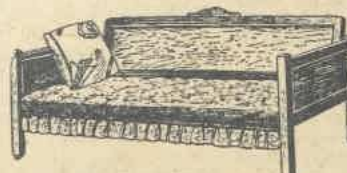
Size 3ft. **PRICE .. 47/6**

Size 3ft. 6in. **PRICE .. 57/6**

50 DOUBLE BEDSTEADS, as above, complete with heavy quality Lifetime Wire Mattress and Everwear Bedding, as above, guaranteed weight 40lb.

SALE PRICE .. £3/12/6

Everwear Pillows for all bedsteads, 2/6 each extra.



The above convertible Bed Couch, finished two-tone, fine woven wire mattress, complete with overlay cushion (textile filling). The Convertible Couch and Overlay Cushion.

SALE PRICE .. £2/3/6



TEA WAGGON, Light Walnut finish only. On rubber-tyred best-quality wheels.

SALE PRICE, each .. 9/11



**BRIDGE
CHAIR
BARGAINS**

We are selling off 30 **BRIDGE CHAIRS**, as above, with upholstered spring seats in blue and gold, and other tapestries with upholstered velvet backs. While They Last.

**23/- VALUE
SALE PRICE, ea. 14/11**



**CALL AND SEE THE REST OF
OUR BARGAINS**

CANE SETTING, glass topped table, 2ft. 6in. wide, and two chairs. Mottled finish. Orange and green strappings. £3/10/- value.

SALE PRICE £2/11/9



8 ONLY As Above

GLORY CHESTS Some have Cabriole legs and some have turned legs all in highly polished Maple finish with upholstered seats in beautiful Genoa Velvet.

OUT THEY GO, 8 ONLY.

SALE PRICE, each 31/6

**SPECIAL BEDDING
OFFER.**

FREE PILLOWS

Direct Furnishing offers special 50 lbs. Everwear Mattresses.

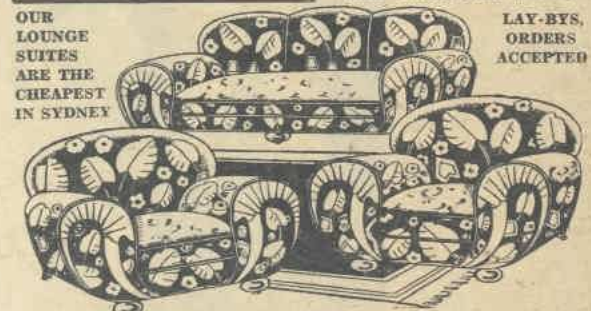
TEXTILE FILLINGS, in rose or blue fancy tickings, closely tufted, with stitched and rolled borders.

This 50lb. Mattress

SALE PRICE, only 33/9

TWO PILLOWS FREE with each Mattress this week only.

**OUR
LOUNGE
SUITES
ARE THE
CHEAPEST
IN SYDNEY**



**LAY-BYS,
ORDERS
ACCEPTED**

6 only magnificent Three-piece Suites as above, with large boister arms, deeply sprung, covered in all wool Moquette, which will give a lifetime's service, in an amazing variety of patterns, with plain outside coverings. **SALE PRICE ONLY .. £7/19/6**

LINO SPECIALS

9 ROLLS HEAVIEST QUALITY CORK LINO, 2 yards wide, black and white tile. Usually 8/6.

SALE PRICE, per yard .. 3/11

8 ROLLS PLAIN BROWN first-quality CORK LINO, Worth 9/6.

SALE PRICE, per yard .. 4/11

Wonderful selection **HALL LINOS**.

FROM, per yard .. 1/9

**Wilton Carpet
Runners**

22in. wide. **SALE PRICE, per yd. 5/11**

27in. wide. **SALE PRICE, per yd. 6/11**

WILTON CARPET

36in. wide. Wonderful value.

ONLY, yard .. 12/9

THE DIRECT FURNISHING

Only Address: 236-238 PITT ST.,

Near Park St.
Phones: MA 4334-M 3962.

Quilting Revival in Sydney

IT is interesting to learn that the art of quilting is being revived in Sydney, through the medium of the classes being held under Government direction for unemployed women.

At the request of the Department of Labor and Industry, Mrs. Toby Browne is arranging for various wool crafts to be demonstrated at these classes, and in this connection she is being assisted by Mrs. A. J. Brown in teaching quilting.

The art of quilting has come down to us from very early days. It is thought that probably it was first used for the soft, padded undergarment, over which the medieval knight wore his suit of armor.

Quilting ornamented the stiff gowns of Tudor days, and was revived in the eighteenth century for petticoats. It has always found a place in the houses of England and Wales in the form of bed-covers and hangings.

Quilting is a traditional craft in the north and west of England and among the Welsh miners' wives. The designs are handed down from mother to daughter, and are usually characteristic of the county of their origin.

The gallant women of Wales are turning their needles to good use in the effort to oust poverty from their homes, and, helped by various organisations to find a market for their work, many are earning from 15/- to £3 a week in the making of quilts, coats, and even settee covers.

At a recent exhibition organised by the Handicrafts and Home Industries Committee of the Country Women's Association quilting was demonstrated daily, and created a great deal of interest. Many requests for information have since been received, and it is evident that our wool will be used extensively in this craft.

The committee is proceeding with the formation of a bureau of information for country women regarding various crafts, and more especially those in which wool is used.



Miss M. M. Simpson
—Sidney Riley.

Miss Simpson had the distinction of being the first woman Inspector of Schools in N.S.W., if not in Australia, and the unique experience of receiving equal inspectorial pay with her men colleagues.

Miss Simpson was sent abroad by the Government on two occasions to study educational methods. She was responsible for the appointment of teachers to hospitals, which resulted in the establishment of hospital schools.

By Miss M. M. SIMPSON

PUTTING aside any question of pity or charity or humanity, in dealing with children, why is it so hard for us, as a community, to get down to plain, every day commonsense?

When I look around on the hundreds of little children in this fine city of ours, who have no space in their so-called

SUPERVISED PLAYGROUNDS Needed for CHILDREN



SECURE from all harm, the children play happily in Victoria Park playground, City Road, under the care of special supervisors.

homes to adequately move, much less to run about and play, I am appalled at the stupidity, unwisdom, apathy, and cruelty of the grown-ups.

More particularly am I appalled at the unwisdom and lack of common business sense of our civic and political pastors and masters in that they let this precious childhood, this glorious stuff of youth from which all that is great and good and beautiful in life and in the world is made, be trampled upon and stamped out in the grime of the city streets.

It is true we have some splendid day nurseries, of which Lady McCallum and her band of workers may well be proud, where children from eighteen months are taken and cared for in a most happy and efficient way, and we have also our Free Kindergartens, where toddlers at a very early age may enter, but these are not nearly enough.

We honor the fine citizens who support these happy places for the little ones, but private philanthropy, fine as it is, has its limits. We still have hundreds of children whose only playground is the street, and the care of these little ones is just as much a matter for the State as is the care of older children in Primary and High Schools.

What Is Needed

Well, what are we going to do about it?

Provide a better environment in which the little ones may be safeguarded, seems to be the sensible and business-like answer.

"But how shall we do this?" you will ask.

Quite easily. Do as all other civilised nations are doing at the present time: Provide an open-air nursery playground within easy reach of every home in the crowded parts of the city; equip it with suitable material, and put it in charge of a trained woman—preferably a psychologist and a kindergarten—and let the little ones play there under her motherly care and guidance every day.

Can we afford it? Easily, I think. If we had open-air nursery playgrounds the Education Department would not have to build so many kindergarten rooms. Less hospital accommodation for children would be needed. We would want fewer reformatories, and fewer gaols.

What Other Countries and States Are Doing

We in New South Wales are behind the rest of the world in the matter of providing for the care and training of the very young.

Most European countries, as well as America, Canada and South Africa, now provide for the education and training of toddlers from two and a half onwards.

England has her well-established nursery schools, where children from two and a half are admitted. These schools are provided throughout the land, and



SWINGING and dreaming while the traffic roars by outside the fence.



QUITE as happy, but not quite so safe, are these two mites, making mud-pies on a suburban pavement.

are supervised, they are not as effective as they might be.

Our own experience with unsupervised material in parks has been disappointing. Undesirables make a point of frequenting these spots to such a degree that mothers and teachers have to warn children against going near them unless accompanied by a grown-up.

In Sydney we have only one supervised nursery playground—that of Victoria Park, City Road, given, equipped and kept in excellent order by the City Council, and conducted and supervised by a teacher appointed and paid by the Education Department.

It was on this playground that South Australia modelled hers.

The Victoria Park Playground was established in 1914 by Mr. Carmichael, then Minister for Education, and myself. It has more than justified its existence throughout the years. It has at the present moment an enrolment of over seventy toddlers, ranging in age from two and a half to five years. In addition to this, small children from the adjoining schools use it after school hours and in holidays.

There is a fine mothers' club, of which almost all the mothers are members, and mothers and teachers meet every week to discuss matters pertaining to the welfare of the children.

The point that needs stressing in all this nursery playground work is the absolute necessity of supervision by a trained, educated supervisor.

We had a sharp lesson on the unwisdom of unsupervised playgrounds a few years ago.

The City Council resumed 14 spaces in the crowded parts of the city at a cost of over fourteen thousand pounds. These were strongly fenced and excellently equipped, but no supervisors were provided.

What might have been expected happened in due course. The rougher element took charge. The little children for whom the grounds were intended had no place. The fences were broken down and carried away, and the expensive play material was smashed up for firewood. It was a most lamentable experience, and yet a little wisdom, and a little money in the form of salaries to supervisors, could have saved it all.

The Council, after sitting in the depths of despondency for several years, is now taking heart again, and is putting these grounds in order once more. This time supervisors are to be appointed.

If only the Council and the Education Department could work in co-operation, as is done in the case of Victoria Park, and as is done in South Australia, the one providing the ground and material, and the other providing and paying the supervisors, we could soon have a city with children's gardens everywhere—gardens in which the little ones might be safeguarded and trained in right habits of life under the watchful eyes of their own mothers, and under the wise care of trained teachers selected and paid by the State.

Growth of UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT Scheme

Enthusiasm blooms like a flower in Edward Street, Chippendale.

There the Sydney University Settlement House has grown to be a centre of interest to women from a large radius—and a magnet for crowds of children who congregate for specified hours of play, or hang about the railings eager to offer escort to visitors, or to otherwise prove themselves courteous little ladies and gentlemen.

THE Settlement House, converted from a two-story building, with a smaller house attached for the use of the resident settler, is admirably equipped for its purpose.

A large hall forms a theatre for the various indoor activities of the many women's and children's clubs, whose meetings fill the greater part of the day.

Activities include all kinds of cultural interests—choir singing, which, under the direction of Mrs. R. Trindall, has become a really delightful feature—folk singing and folk dancing; the production of small plays; addresses by men and women of distinction, needlework; and pleasant parties now and again for friendly intercourse.

It is a tribute to the spirit in which the clubs are conducted that one of them (a mothers' club) has been in existence for 26 years without a break. Organised by the University Women's Association, it originally met in a Newtown hall, till taken over by the Settlement, and many of the foundation members are still attached to the personnel.

Three girls' clubs—senior, intermediate, and junior—link up the children with the grown-ups. These clubs include two Guide Companies and one Brownie pack, and at least 100 children from the ages of two to ten years gather for a play-hour in the afternoons.

No gifts are made by the Settlement, with the exception of flowers, outings, and so forth, and these are provided by the girls from many of the leading schools of the city and suburbs.

The work of the Sydney University Settlement was inaugurated in 1926 by

the University Women's Social Service Society, and a half-time settler was in charge. It was not until 1932 that a resident settler was appointed, the choice for this onerous post falling on Miss Rosamund B. Docker, who had just returned to Sydney after a seven years' absence in England.

In 1930 the men of the University submitted a request to participate in the work of the Settlement on an equal footing with the women, and while they have identified themselves closely with the movement, there are still many more women's activities than men's in operation.

The First Settlement

It is interesting to note that the first University Settlement was founded in 1884, by the Cambridge University, at Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, East London; and in 1885, Oxford University founded Oxford House at Bethnal Green, the women of Oxford following the movement with Southwark Settlement, in which venture the women of the London University joined.

The University Settlement idea soon spread to America, Chicago, New York, and Boston, each of these cities now having its own settlement, and each dealing with its own social problems.

At a Settlement Conference held in London in 1921, no fewer than 21 countries were represented. New settlements are still

being founded in England, and though in some quarters it has been argued that social conditions have changed since the inception of the University Settlement, the fact remains that each generation produces its own problems. Settlement workers, adapting themselves to a newer order of things, carry on and will continue to carry on a social programme which in the past has proved itself to be of enormous benefit to all countries in which they have established themselves, and which will meet its future difficulties with the same inspiration.



MRS. R. B. TRINDALL
—Dayne.

CLEVER Women Do Wonders With BAGS

A MIRACLE in dress at the cost of the nimble nincompo was on show at a handicrafts exhibition at Strathaven Hall, Terrigal, when the local C.W.A. celebrated its birthday. It was a child's coat and cap, made from two sugar bags, trimmed with odds and ends of wool.

The only monetary outlay was ninepence for a packet of dye, and it was one of the smartest ensembles ever. Of course, it got first prize in the thrift section, Miss L. Sparkes, of Terrigal, being the winner.

Another thrifty exhibitor had made a little boy's suit, apparently of linen. That it really was made of a flour-bag seemed almost incredible.

Mrs. Price, of Kincumber, was awarded a prize for a waste-paper receptacle made from a kerosene tin cleverly disguised with fabric and woollen flowers. Mrs. Sterland demonstrated yarn spinning from the fleece on an ancient spinning jenny, and Mrs. Webb showed how to make woollen rugs on a sewing machine.

Those visitors interested in the ink way found the exhibition a treat.

There was an Armistice edition of the London "Daily Mail," printed in gold letters, two midget copies of the "S.M. Herald" of 1901 and 1910, respectively, recording the deaths of the late Queen Victoria and King Edward, and a 1700 copy of that father of newspapers, the London "Tatler."

LITERARY COMPETITION

FOR the recognition and encouragement of literature in Australia, the Fellowship of Australian Writers is offering a first prize of ten guineas and a second prize of two guineas for an original short story on an Australian theme. The stories submitted must not be more than four thousand words, and every MS must be distinguished by a pen-name and be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name and address of the author.

The competition is open to all Australian writers, and the judges are: Dr. George Mackaness, M.A., Litt.D.; Mrs. Mary Gilmore, M.C., C. L. Cunningham, and Mr. Aldan de Brune.

Entries must be addressed to the honorary secretary, Miss Marjorie Quinn, 78 Addison Road, Manly, not later than September 30, 1933.

Hospital Recognises WORTH OF WOMEN



St. Luke's Hospital is a very fine institution, and has become famed for its comfort and good nursing.

How much of this is due to women? With all the rumors of the Government's decision to appoint women to hospital boards throughout the State it is an opportune time to draw attention to the fact that St. Luke's directorate has always included women.

MRS. HUBERT FAIRFAX, its first hon. secretary, is a member of the board, so is Lady Harvey, Lady Wade, Mrs. Percy Crossling, Miss Blanche Blomfield, and Mrs. W. B. Studdy.

The outstanding work of another woman, that of Mrs. Roystone Davey, who was hon. secretary for five years, must also be remembered.

The self-sacrificing social work of women is demonstrated in the 55 suburban centres that work to raise money for hospital funds, and to provide special equipment.

In five years these centres have raised more than £10,000.

Quite recently St. Luke's showed further appreciation of woman's



capabilities by appointing two members of our sex to new positions. Miss Doris Coombe was appointed as chemist to the institution, and Miss Lucy Hart, hostess and receptionist.

Miss Doris Coombe was educated at Sydney High School, and has had considerable experience in pharmaceutical chemistry. Prior to her appointment at the hospital she had her own dispensary in one of the suburbs of Sydney, apart from the management of which she was able to do relief work as a dispenser at various hospitals, and also in pharmacies of the city. Her present dispensary is built high up on the top verandah of the hospital.

Miss Lucy Hart is the daughter of Mrs. E. Hart, of Wollstonecraft; she was educated at "Ravenwood," Gordon, and has travelled various parts of the world, including the Old Country.

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Miss Lucy Hart is the daughter of Mrs. E. Hart, of Wollstonecraft; she was educated at "Ravenwood," Gordon, and has travelled various parts of the world, including the Old Country.

WOMEN GRADUATES IN AGRICULTURE

MISS LORNA BYRNE, that capable and entertaining personage who organises the conference of the Agricultural Bureau at Hawkesbury College, is a Bachelor of Science in Agriculture, and, if you want to know anything on the subject, she has it at her fingertips. Miss Byrne was one of the two first women graduates in agriculture, the other being Miss Margaret Ramsay—now Mrs. M. A. Brebner. Miss E. J. Ferrer graduated in the same subject later, and Misses Dorothy Jones and Evelyn Andrews a little later again achieved the same distinction. Miss Jones and Miss Ferrer are now teachers in the Education Department, and Miss Andrews is Mrs. J. K. Murray, wife of the professor of agriculture, University of Queensland, and principal of the Queensland Agricultural College at Gatton.

THE Gloucester branch of the Red Cross Society has forwarded £25 to Red Cross Headquarters as its quota for last year. At the annual meeting recently the following office-bearers were elected for the year 1933-34:—Mrs. A. J. White (president), Mesdames J. Holmes and J. N. Laurie (vice-presidents), Mrs. P. Glover (acting-hon. secretary), and Mrs. D. C. Rye (hon. treasurer).

WORK GOES ON APACE

AT the conference of the Country Women's Association executive committee, now sitting, the honorary secretary's report showed that, since the beginning of the year, twelve new branches had been opened in various parts of the State, and that fourteen branches, realising the need of interesting the younger generation, had formed juvenile sets.

Fresh interest had been stimulated in the Angledool branch by Lady Allard's address on "The Work of Women's Organisations in Other Lands," when she compared the lives of some of the women in far-away countries with those of the women in our own land, and stressed the necessity for unity among women. Membership was increased as a result, the newly-appointed office-bearers being:—President, Mrs. Dowdie; vice-presidents, Mesdames S. Hatfield and P. Malloy; honorary treasurer, Miss R. Graham; and honorary secretary, Miss M. Robertson. The objective of this branch is to reopen the local hospital.

Oberon branch, opened in April, had formed a younger set with a membership of 28.

WOMEN'S LOYALTY LEAGUE

Formed in April of last year with the principal object of encouraging loyalty to the Empire, the Women's Loyalty League, which has its offices in 14 Martin Place, will review its activities of the year at its first annual meeting on August 1.

With 1300 members the society has advanced considerably during its first year of work.

Twelve branches have been formed in the suburbs of Sydney, and three in country districts. Women of all classes, denominations, or creeds are welcomed as members, and all efforts are made to stamp out class hatred, to educate women in the wise use of the franchise apart from party bias, and to oppose strenuously all attempts to inculcate in children disloyalty and atheistic principles.

One of the principal interests of the organisation is the formation of craft clubs. Well established is the Clebe-Ultimo Club, which meets at the Presbyterian Manse, Quarric Street, Ultimo. Under the tuition of Mrs. A. D. Smith and Mrs. A. S. McDonald, women and girls receive instruction in dressmaking, rug and basket making, and other crafts.



MRS. G. M. SCOTT

Young Society Helping Needy

There are many little girls in the Presbyterian Constitutional Diocese today who have reason to thank the workers of the Dorcas Society for acting the part of fairy god-mother and providing them with a warm and pretty frock not only suitable for week days, but for Sundays also. Mothers, too, may look at bright patchwork quilts on their beds and think with appreciation of the women of the society.

FORMED only a year ago—its first birthday was celebrated on July 15—under the auspices of the Amalgamated Presbyterian Churches, Waterloo, Woolloomooloo, Redfern, and Ultimo, now known as the Constitutional Church, and which is worked by the Rev. G. M. Scott with the assistance of students, the Dorcas Society meets in a room at the Presbyterian Assembly Hall, Jamieson Street, on Mondays and Fridays to sew for needy members of the church. With Mrs. Kenneth Edwards and Mrs. G. M. Scott as leaders, the room was secured at a small rental from the Assembly Hall committee, and its furnishings, including three sewing machines, were either given or lent by well-wishers.

Nothing Wasted

Already 2000 garments have passed through the society's hands, either to be repaired or made.

Donations come of all sorts of material and clothing; sometimes it is a roll of cloth; sometimes only scraps. What matter if it is moth eaten? The workers, with true Scottish thrift, will cut out the bad parts and make something both useful and presentable, be it ever so small. For here, truly, the measure is cut according to the cloth and, under the large scissors of Mrs. K. R. Baird, there are garments ranging in length from about twelve inches to sixty.

Workers are justly proud of their patchwork quilts, into which they put such a deal of work. Made out of pieces that would otherwise be wasted, one lined with blankets has Paisley material on one side, and on the other no fewer than 250 pieces of tailors' cuttings, neatly sewn together.

The hon. secretary is Mrs. J. C. Milliken, and the treasurer Miss L. Maxwell.



Gargle Listerine every two hours when you have a cold or sore throat

Physicians have long urged a night and morning gargle with full-strength LISTERINE, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. For LISTERINE kills germs of all types in 15 seconds. No faster killing time has ever been accurately recorded by science. The morning and night gargle is deemed sufficient, in time of normal health, to keep germs under control and maintain a cleanly condition of the mouth. But when infection is actually under way, which is the case when you have a cold, sore throat, or inflamed condition of the oral tract, authorities urge that the gargle be repeated every two hours.

MOUTH GERMS REDUCED 98%

Repeated tests show that full-strength LISTERINE Antiseptic actually reduces bacteria on the surfaces of the mucous membrane 98%. Do not be afraid to use LISTERINE Antiseptic undiluted. Only in this way can you get the full benefit of its germicidal action.

Remember that LISTERINE Antiseptic is non-poisonous, absolutely safe to use, and actually healing to tissue.

Sizes: 3, 7, 14 oz. bottles.

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LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic — the swift deodorant
NON-POISONOUS — PLEASANT TO USE

Don't Forget

THE fifth Annual Ball of the Christian Brothers Old Boys' Union, Burwood, will be held at Mark Poy's on August 1. The president of the ball committee is Mrs. N. Ensey, and Misses T. Boland and E. Kay, hon. secretaries. Lady Fuller will receive a number of debutantes.

THE Bright Ray Ball, to raise funds for unemployed typists and clerical workers, will take place at the Palais Royal, on August 1.

UNDER the title of the Armistice Ball, Sydney branches of the Armistice School Old Boys' Union and the New England School Old Girls' Union will hold a dance at the Westwood on August 2. The president of the ladies' auxiliary of the ball is Mrs. M. J. Brunner, and the hon. sec. are Mr. R. J. Magoffin and Misses Wilma Baly and Lucy Woodfield.

MISS EDNA MERCER, a member of the committee of the Bright Ray ball, will be the guest of honor.

GIRL GUIDES of the Lane Cove district are organising an exhibition and sale of work in the Masonic Hall, Chateau Road, on July 29.

HIS EXCELLENCY the Governor, Sir Philip Game, will perform the opening ceremony of the Fair at the Martin Brothers' College, at 2 p.m., on July 29. One of the attractions of the Fair is the election of a prince to one of the stalls.

THE Christian Brothers' Rouse Old Boys' Union is holding its fourth annual ball at Mark Poy's on August 1. The honorary secretary of the ball committee is Miss Eileen Woods.

RANDWICK GOLF Club will be the scene of a card evening on August 3, in aid of funds for the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children and the Children's Hospital. Miss Poppy Alexander is the hon. organiser.

THE Annual Ball of the Sydney University Science Society will be held in the Union Refectory, on August 2. Miss Victoria Suvoroff is the honorary secretary.

THERE will be an arch of steel and procession at the 40th Annual Masonic Ball, in aid of the Freemasons' Benevolent Society, which will take place at the Sydney Town Hall, on August 3. Their Excellencies, the Governor-General and Lady Innes, will be present, and there will be 80 debutantes.

UNDER the patronage of His Grace, Archbishop Kelly, the Annual Gold and White Ball, to raise funds for Catholic activities, will be held at Mark Poy's, on August 17. Mrs. C. J. Scott is president of the committee, and Miss Edna Montgomery secretary.

PRIZES for the best home-made costumes will be features of the Junior Theatre League Fancy Dress Dance, which will be held at Summerhall Hall, Liverpool, on August 3. Organisers are Miss Vili Brandon and Mr. Trafford W. Whitlock.

THE North Sydney Auxiliary of the Royal North Shore Hospital is organising a card afternoon at the Green Room, 897, George Street, on August 4, for hospital funds. The arrangements are in the hands of Mrs. E. L. Fennell, president of the Auxiliary.

THE Wollongong Municipal Ball will take place on August 31, and the proceeds given to the local benevolent society.

THE MIRROR OF SYDNEY

BY JANET ANNE SEYMOUR

WHAT a number of well-known Sydney people left by the Orsova on Saturday. Joan Sayers, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Sayers, went for a trip to Colombo; Susan Spencer, who has just returned from "Collymogle," went off on a six months' holiday. It is really a health trip for Susan, as she is recuperating from a serious illness. Enid Comerford left to join her sister, Mrs. Geoffrey Godfrey, in London, and Dolly Wade and her sister were bound for Colombo. Maureen O'Moore, that charming actress, and her brand-new husband, left to settle in London.

ISN'T "Odd's Pantry" a lovely name? It has been chosen by Miss "Odd" Milne for the pretty little tea rooms she has opened near the Edgecliff Post Office. Miss Milne is a sister of Miss May Milne, one of Sydney's most famous dancing teachers and a member of a well-known family of N.S.W. Last week there was a house-warming party at "Odd's Pantry" and among the many who attended were Mesdames Harry Manning, David Dickson, Laidley Dowling, Hubert Fairfax, Hubert Gordon, Arthur Warry, A. B. Paterson, Ellison Rich, David Maughan, Ed. Barton, Misses Madge Cox, Muriel Dangar, M. and E. Blomfield, Marcia Lamb, Margaret Allen, Marjorie Street, McPhie ("Toowoomba"), Fan Gordon, Helen Campbell, Joan Rundle, Barton and Bedford.

BEFORE their departure from "Cransford," Mrs. W. H. Hawkeswood gave a large cocktail party. She and her husband who came out on his long furlough are returning to Singapore. After the cocktails were over just a few old friends stayed to a buffet supper. Mrs. Hawkeswood, who was formerly Hope Bligh, has been here for a year staying at her parents' home. Her daughter Helen will remain at school here, and the younger daughter will return with her father and mother.

MR. AND MRS. Laurence Haywood arranged a dance in their attractive home in Kent Road, Rose Bay, recently.

Madeline McCrae, who recently returned from abroad, Peggy Street, Molly Street, Madeline Mackay Sim, Elizabeth Friend and Elsie McWilliam were among the girls who were invited. Also present were Commander and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Winchcomb and Commander and Mrs. W. Robinson, recent arrivals in Sydney.

MARY HARVEY, younger daughter of our new Acting-Chief Justice, and Lady Harvey will be one of the visitors to Brisbane for Show Week and will stay under the hospitable roof of Lou Gatacre, who will be remembered in Sydney as one of the bridesmaids at her brother's wedding to Wendy Palmer, who, by the way, has taken a house at Portsmouth.

AUBURN-HAIRED Elsie Barrett, younger sister of "Codge," has returned to her station home after spending a month in Sydney as the guest of Mrs. Tom Lamb at her Edgecliff flat.

AMONG the large throng at the Sydney High School's Golden Jubilee Ball, I saw Mr. Arthur M. Eedy who was the first boy to be enrolled at the school. Another who was included in the first term of 1883 was Mr. H. F. Galloran. The present headmaster, Mr. G. Saxby, was one of the pupils of the second term.

OLMA OSBORNE'S marriage day is near at hand, and a round of parties have been given in her honor. Janet Thatcher is busy inviting numerous friends to come to a cocktail party. Janet rejoices in the fact that there are no conventions about invitations for a cocktail party. They can be given on the telephone or just by asking people when you meet them. I found Janet up in her own apartment which leads out of her parents' flat, when I visited her. It is rather like a little flat on its own and Janet has her own wireless. The jacaranda trees at "St. Mervyns" are a delight to passers-by as well as to Mr. Thatcher who lives at the old house, which was built by Horbury Hunt. Another hostess will be Joan Rundle who has arranged a tennis party at the Royal Golf Club, Sydney.

MRS. SHOWERS, wife of Commander Harry Showers of Flinders Naval College, is paying a visit to Sydney with her small daughter, Barbara, and is staying with her mother, Mrs. W. Cunningham, at Edgecliff.

ST. MARK'S, Darling Point, on Tuesday last was the scene of the christening of the son and heir of the Blomfield Dillons. I believe Miss Elizabeth Macarthur Onslow was one of the god-mothers, but as she was away, Mrs. Dundas Allen was her proxy. Pat Rothe as god-father also took his part. Further celebrations took place afterwards at "Holmwood" in Darling Point Road.

CLIVE HALL, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hall, has issued invitations to a dance on August 5, which I hear is to take the form of a farewell to Mr. Peter Willsallen.

ALL our clubs these days are not complete unless they contain within their organization a number of "circles" formed for specific purposes, social or cultural. The Forum Club has already several such "circles" and yet another has been formed in the dramatic circle, which held a play reading this week. "Dear Brutus" was chosen for the event.

AT the Y.M.C.A. Fete I heard Mrs. J. C. Bradfield, wife of the doctor of bridge fame, exclaiming so fervently

that she wished she could win the competition for the dolls' house. I was tempted to inquire why this sudden interest in childish things. It seems that Mrs. Bradfield is keenly interested in the infants' homes and already she had visualised a place for the little house in one of the homes with several of her proteges around it.

VASES of early boronia gave a charming air of simplicity and freshness to the entrance of Hordern Bros. dance hall, when Knox Grammar School Old Boys held their annual ball. At the other end of the hall a crystallised cross of St. Andrew with a thistle in its centre, sparkled brilliantly and at a long table, bright with sweet peas, the honorary secretary, Mr. Colin Peebles, with his sister, Joyce, entertained a large party. The headmaster, Mr. M. H. MacNeil and Mrs. MacNeil entertained a number of young people at their table.



MISS OLMA OSBORNE, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Osborne, whose marriage to Mr. Bill Gordon will take place at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on Aug. 1.

SO dense was the throng outside the Baptist Church, Dulwich Hill, on Saturday, that Miss Beatrice Callaghan—or "Auntie Jill," as she is known to her many friends over the air—was almost parted from her husband, Mr. Theodor Meillon, within a few minutes after their marriage. The marriage evoked so much suburban interest, that well-wishers and the curious congregated in the street caused the suspension of traffic. The bride, who wore a lovely gown of ivory satin, is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Callaghan, of Dulwich Hill, and the bridegroom the eldest son of the late J. Meillon and Mrs. M. Meillon, of Mosman. The church was decorated in pink and white, and the bride was attended by two bridesmaids and four flower girls.

MRS. LAING, whose home is one of the oldest and most picturesque in the Cooma district, is holidaying in Sydney as the guest of Dame Edith Walker, at "Yaralla."



MISS GWEN BROWN, a popular member of Sydney's Younger Social Circle, in a pensive mood.

MRS. A. A. STRONG, better known as Marjorie Hill, of Brisbane, is at present honeymooning in Sydney, and after a motor trip to Melbourne they will return to "Arrawatta," Deniliquin, which is to be their future home.

SYLVIA WELLING, who is causing such a furore here by her charming personality and good looks, and Frank Sale, were the guests of honor at a luncheon party given by Miss Doris Hill at the Pickwick Club.

THERE was much interesting talk of music, poetry, books and travel at the party given by Mrs. Irwin Moore at her Mosman flat. General Anderson, whose literary accomplishments have never been overshadowed by soldiering, was there with his wife, Mrs. Anderson's new book will be published in Sydney shortly. Admiral and Mrs. Bernard, the latter an accomplished violinist, were also in the party. The Bernards are now occupying the Bavington old home at Rose Bay.

ON September 9, at Quirindi, Margaret Hindmarsh will become the wife of Dr. George Downes, youngest son of Mrs. Downes, of "Brownlow Hill," Camden. Diana Downes, who is at present the guest of her grandmother at Braidwood, is a niece of the bridegroom, and is to be one of the bridesmaids. She will travel north in time to be present at the many parties being arranged in honor of the bride.

"SHOW WEEK" in Brisbane this year is going to be extra specially gay, as the two cruisers "Canberra" and "Australia" will be there to show the flag. Mrs. Bradley, wife of Captain Cyril Bradley, is travelling North, as also is Miss Dinah Hordern, who will be the guest of Their Excellencies the Governor and Lady Wilson.

WITH not a chair vacant, the number of men almost equalled that of the women at the monthly luncheon of the Australian Women's Guild of Empire at the Allora Cafe. The speaker was Mrs. Pankhurst-Walsh, who, in her usual spirited and determined style, endeavored to impress her listeners with the possibility of there being an organization which could discuss political problems without party bias, which the guild aimed to be.

HAZEL, daughter of Sir Kelsey and Lady King, has decided to go to Europe for further study in voice production. She has a charming voice, which has been heard at several big concerts, the first being at the Forum Club.

CITY TATTERSALL'S Ball committee dearly loves to hand over a substantial cheque to the hospitals as a result of their annual ball; \$5000 has been raised by the club for charity, during the last six years. To secure funds for the preliminary expenses of this year's ball on July 27, a great deal of work has been done. Mrs. Owen Maidment with Mrs. Pope raised £20; Mrs. Dave McLaughlin £18 at her home. Alf Pointing and Mrs. H. Little £11; still another amount of £15 was raised by Mrs. James Clark. Mrs. L. Clark is another energetic worker.

MAKING a determined effort to re-establish the Mater Misericordiae Younger Set, a dance with Miss Stella Stevens as president and Miss Mary Muller as hon. secretary, was held at the State Assembly. Judging by its result, the set will soon be on a firm footing again, and the two lasses at its head are the right ones for the work.

AT Miss Bertha Endicott's table, at the dance for the Peter Pan Free Kindergarten held at the Cavalier, I met Miss Lily Cooper, one of the kin-



THIS IS Alice English, a Melbourne lass, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. English, of Essendon.

—Dickinson Montebello.

dergarten's earliest workers, who has spent the last four years 150 miles inland from Perth. Also at the table were Mr. and Mrs. R. Gaskell who have just returned from a holiday trip to Melbourne.

MRS. WALTER SWINSON, who has been responsible for a revival of music as a form of entertainment in private homes, arranged the programme for the "At Home" of the Royal Empire Society at the society's rooms, Bligh Street. Artists were Miss Rene Maxwell, Mr. Athos Martelli, Mr. Vladimir Elin, Mr. George White, and Mr. George Taylor as the accompanist.

SYDNEY was interested to hear of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Raine. Mrs. Raine will be remembered as the lovely Judith Osborne, and is the clever person who conducts the dress shop known as "Judith," in St. James Building.

MRS. F. G. FANNING, wife of Colonel Fanning, and one of the most enthusiastic workers for the C.W.A., was unable to come to Sydney from Moree to attend the executive meeting, as she has unfortunately contracted pneumonia.

THE thoughts of many Australian women have gone across the seas offering silent sympathy to Lady Burnham on the death of her husband, the Rt. Hon. the Viscount Burnham, which was announced from London recently. Lord Burnham was the principal proprietor of the London "Daily Telegraph," and as president of the Empire Press Union he led the overseas delegation to the Imperial Press Conference which met in Australia in 1925. Lady Burnham accompanied her husband on that occasion, and represented an organised body of women journalists in England. An extensive tour of the Commonwealth followed the official proceedings of the conference and Lady Burnham, among the hundreds of acquaintances she made on this occasion, is remembered for her graceful charm. She attended the initial meeting of the Society of Women Writers, Sydney, and is still its patroness.

★
One look in the mirror shows her why she misses lots of the fun that other girls have. Features good, figure splendid—but a dull, uninteresting skin that doesn't give her a chance.

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Is your skin
dull and unattractive?

Then you need REXONA..
..the Medicated Healing Soap



Rexona Soap keeps Miss Lorna Brodrill's skin flawlessly lovely

This is charming Miss Brodrill. She has a beautiful skin, and says she owes it to Rexona Soap. Miss Brodrill writes: "I feel that I must tell you how grateful I am for Rexona Soap. It has kept my skin soft and fine and it has given me a clear, healthy complexion."

Always keep a tin of Rexona Ointment handy—it is the most soothing and healing treatment for painful accidents and for serious skin complaints.

SOLD BY ALL
CHEMISTS
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Dull, blotchy, sallow skin, pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores—they all yield to the one simple treatment—Rexona Medicated Soap. Don't let these ugly discouraging blemishes worry you any more, when it is so pleasantly simple to rid yourself of them for good.

★
Rexona Medicated Soap removes the cause of skin-blemishes

Rexona Soap doesn't only thoroughly cleanse the surface of your skin. Because it is medicated it penetrates gently into the deepest pores and removes all the germs that cause blackheads, pimples, rashes and all skin blemishes. Use Rexona Soap regularly and you'll never have the tiniest flaw in your skin.

Rexona Soap contains the most healing and soothing medications known to modern science. It soothes the sensitive tissues, smoothes rough skin and prevents any irritation, such as windburn and chapping.

Stimulates the pores

When your skin is dull it is a sure sign that it is run-down and tired—you need Rexona Soap, the most reviving tonic your skin can have. Rexona Soap gently yet vigorously stirs up the lazy glands and gives them new healthy energy to function properly.

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—and other gifts just as attractive!

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Fountain Pen (14ct. gold nib)
Platinum Propelling Pencil.
Scissors.
Man's Nickel Watch.
(Luminous dial)
Stainless Dinner Knives.
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8.110.12

Let's plan "A COTTAGE by the SEA"

It is practically only a matter of weeks now to the opening of the surfing season, then, heigho! for the beaches. This article depicts a very delightful rendezvous that is quite practicable with a little forethought and a very small expenditure.

By MARGARET JAYE

AUSTRALIANS can enjoy the surf for the greater part of the year. We should profit by our beaches; if possible, plan seaside "shacks," but... be sure and plan them with comfort, saving of labor, and a definite color scheme in view. Here is a suggestion which I think you will like: Make the blue of the sky and the lovely yellow of the sands your color note through the cottage.

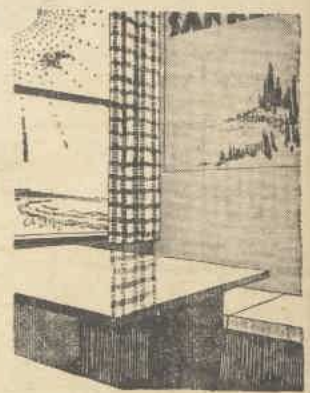
Plan a minimum of bedrooms and have two long verandahs which will be used as sleep-outs, one for the girls and the other for the men.

A number of narrow stretcher beds will mean that at the last minute you can always accommodate another friend, and yet you will have very little house-work. In addition, you will need a small dressing-room off each bedroom with plenty of cupboard space, and a roomy table to serve as a dressing table for the girls.

I should stain both floors, have gay cretonne covers of blue and yellow chintz on the girls' beds and round their dressing table. Have plain, dark blue linen covers for the men's beds, with striped curtains of dark and light blue.

As the cottage is only for holiday use, why not have a gay and amusing dining-room for a change? Get little seats like those in a cafeteria. Build them in round a counter which can be covered with a bright blue oilcloth. This is so easy to keep always clean and fresh. This little room could be frankly modern, the seats painted two shades of blue, with yellow American cloth for the seats themselves, a very deep blue lino on the floor, and curtains of gay yellow checks.

If possible, it should be handy to the kitchen, as everyone will enjoy helping



Seats can be built in like a cafeteria and the table covered with a bright blue oilcloth. A travel poster on the wall adds a cheery note.

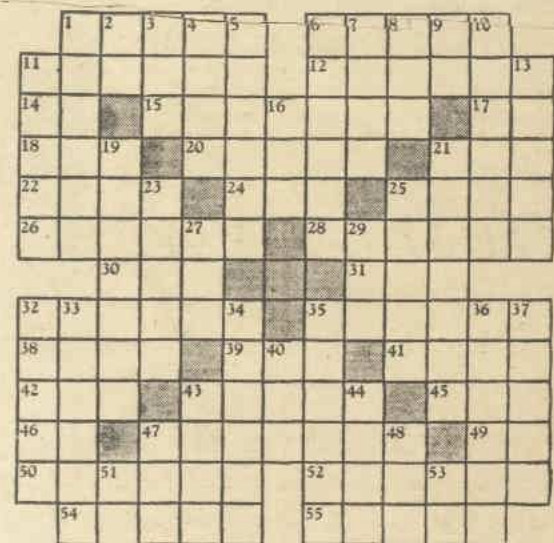
in the serving of the meal. A couple of travel posters of seascapes on the French Riviera would add a cheery note.

The little kitchen should all be in blue and white, and be just as inviting as the rest of the house. All the extra available space should be left as one large room. If possible have a floor on which you can dance, and just gay, hooked rugs in tones of bright blue and deep gold on the boards.

For the rest, striped curtains of yellows to deep browns at the windows, a lot of comfy, low, well-padded easy chairs covered in a serviceable, dark blue, coarse linen and a mass of gay, orange, light blue and yellow cushions with washable covers, two great panels of cretonnes of your prevailing tones and again a couple of French posters, and you have the ideal seaside shack.

Work is reduced to a minimum, and enjoyment is at hand in your symphony of blue and gold. The cost is within the reach of all.

OUR WEEKLY CROSSWORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1. Cares for
6. Indian title of respect
11. Slumbering
12. Favor
14. Pronoun
15. Horse shoer
17. Musical note
18. Coin of Siam
20. Deeds
21. Small home
22. Egyptian goddess
24. To inspire fear
25. To make weary
26. Made home
28. Mended
30. Heavenly body
31. Sap
32. Tests for depth
35. Tendons
38. Minerals
39. Rule
41. To let fall
42. Cover
43. Sorcerous
45. Overly
46. Exists
47. Zealous
49. To act
50. To give
52. Kind of yarn
54. Roman date
55. Chopped

VERTICAL

1. African fly
2. Spanish article
3. Clock in form of medieval ship
4. Unhearing
5. Bed covering
6. Vexed
7. Greek war god
8. Pronoun
9. Whether
10. Previously
11. With force
13. Classed
16. Unprepared
19. Clothed in gauzy fabric
21. Accordance
23. Shocks
25. Label
27. Finish
29. Mohammedan name
33. Compact
34. Bondsmen
35. Whip
38. Having trees
37. Reel
40. Since
43. To award
44. To seal with wax
47. Tribe of Israel
48. Moisture
51. Negative
53. You and I

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FURS

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Here, then, are some **UNIQUE FUR VALUES** from Biber Furs Workrooms

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JACQUETTES, in Mole, Beaver, White Lapin, beautifully soft silky fur, exquisitely lined, 27 inches long. **79/6**
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LAPIN COATS, rich, full length, in Mink or Kolinski striped. Retail value, £5/15/- **59/6**
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These are only a few typical examples among a host that no woman can number.



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Women Now In New Industry

THE fur industry is providing another avenue, and that a profitable one, for women's activities.

They are receiving the support of their own sex, too, inasmuch as hundreds of women are using the delicate, fluffy wool to knit either as trimming or for entire garments. Cardigans, jumpers, and frocks are brightened with touches of Angora, and hats are trimmed with bands of it.

The fur farmers' show, held at Murdoch's, afforded an opportunity of seeing Angora wool in all its stages, and also the dainty garments that can be made of it. The show revealed also the progress and development of the industry in this State during the past four years.

The awards proved that women are successful fur farmers. Successful exhibitors in various sections included the Misses Burrows, Miss R. M. Hardie, Mrs. E. E. Driver, and Mrs. M. M. Campbell. The principal awards went to Mrs. E. E. Driver for the best Chinchilla



Shearing the rabbit.

"Jeanette"; Miss A. Burrows for the best Angora buck, "Lord Minor"; and to Mr. and Mrs. McKern for the best Angora doe, "Sunny Sue."

The care and attention demanded by Angoras is almost as much as demanded by a child. They have to be housed, fed and cared for in the most careful manner, their fur brushed, and at intervals closely clipped. Women are better than men at this work, it is said.

There are a number of farms conducted by women round about Sydney, and the stocks of rabbits vary from 100 to 150.

Tree-Lovers' GALA

Arbor Day's Spreading Influence

Shakespeare's opinion of "the man who has no music in his soul" might be applied with equal force to the man who has no love of trees—who regards them as a blot on the landscape, and whose first thought when he acquires a piece of ground is to denude it of its virginal glory. Australia's early sin of ruthlessly destroying not only single trees, but whole forests of them, has borne tragic fruit.

LATER generations have awakened to a "tree sense" and to the enormity of wholesale tree destruction. Efforts are now made to atone for past ravages, and to make up for at least some of the damage done.

It must have been with a deep sense of satisfaction that the late Sir Joseph Carruthers, that ardent tree lover, watched the development of an annual Arbor Day in New South Wales. In 1890 he was responsible for the first celebration of this national day in the Ryde Public School grounds.

This year the headmaster of that school will be officially presented with a photograph of that first organised tree-planting. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Game will be present at the ceremony.

Since the inception of Arbor Day—the tenth celebration of which will begin this week—a great deal has been done under the auspices of the Australian Forest League to restore arboreal beauty to neighborhoods where it has been removed, and to introduce it to other localities where it is not native.

Various associations affiliated with the Australian Forest League have assisted in the work, and the schools of practically every district have added their efforts, and continue to add them, to the planting of trees where they will add to the picturesqueness of surroundings and engender pride of country.

This year the schools are continuing their work on lines already initiated. To St. George's High School falls the happy duty of continuing the line of lemon-scented gums outside the school-grounds, these trees being supplied and preparation for their planting being made by the local council. Pupils will also plant a miniature forest of Australian and other trees on an area of 100 x 45 feet fronting a street, in addition to a mixture of trees including black bean, silky



oak, red flowering gum, and Hillpillies—a feature which should be a great asset to the town in time to come. The school-grounds will be further



STATELY guardians of the road, and of the bushland.

☆☆☆

beautified by adding several Australian trees and shrubs in suitable places, and, following the planting, a lantern lecture will be conducted by the pupils, when the chief features of the trees used will be exhibited.

A forest of 4000 pines planted by the Tumut Intermediate High School some time ago has become a delightful feature of the neighborhood, and is a tribute to the good work put in by the pupils, whose pride in their "pines" is justifiable. Many other schools throughout the State have equal successes to their credit, and this year's planting by young enthusiasts will, it is hoped, pro-

LADY JERSEY, wife of the then Governor of N.S.W., wrote a cantata, and dedicated it to the late Sir Joseph Carruthers for the first Arbor Day in the State.

The cantata was sung on several occasions, but has fallen into disuse. The Australian Forest League is agitating to have it reprinted, and for it to be sung at the celebrations in all public schools.

duce a permanent record of Australia's growing appreciation of trees.

This inculcation of a love of beauty and a desire to introduce trees wherever they can be grown is a tremendous step in the right direction. The boy and girl who have been brought up to regard a tree as more than a piece of green timber will hesitate when they have reached the estate of manhood and womanhood to have an axe laid to the trunk of a tree.

Concurrent with Arbor Day, which suitably centres round the schools, since the infancy of the movement there has been evidenced a fine spirit of conservation and beautification in work carried out by municipalities and other bodies. Suburban areas which formerly presented anything but an aesthetic appearance now have their lovely spots green with trees, gay with gardens, and showing other indications that we have at last really awakened to the responsibility of ownership of a land beautiful in itself and ready to assimilate transplanted beauty.

The great movement for tree-lined highways, inaugurated a few years ago by the late Mr. R. H. Cambage, then president of the Australian Forest League, has gone on steadily. Hume Highway (the main Melbourne-to-Canberra Road, to be called Australia Avenue) is a case in point. Liverpool, Raby, and Camden schools contributed and planted trees on this highway, and 80 were planted by Holbrook.

Wattle League

To further emphasise the fact that we are alive to the value of trees as a natural means of beautification, the Australian Wattle League, which has done such valuable work in fostering a love of that golden emblem of Australia, will conduct its annual planting of wattle trees at 3 p.m. on Wattle Day, August 1, near the northern pylon of the Harbor Bridge, at the corner of Fitzroy and Alfred Streets, on the western side of the bridge approach.

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Have adopted my method of cutting and making smart clothes, not one failure has been reported. The London way, the world's fashion centre. It's the cut that makes smart clothes. You can cut and make straight-away without previous knowledge. Coats, summer or winter, straight or shaped, single, double-breasted; frocks, plain or fancy, necks, high, low, square or V; bodices, high, medium or long; skirts, plain, flared or pleated. Blouses, etc. In fact you can make almost any style from any fashion journal with the London Cutter's Set. You can cut and make for the whole family straight away. Everything is clearly marked in heavy block print for you to follow. So simple, so easy a girl of 15 years can make her own clothes.

From Darwin to Perth, throughout the whole country, the great topic of conversation with women is The London Cutter's method of cutting and making smart clothes. The great news of the success has been repeated again and again. Large towns, villages—one might say in every street—has some marvellous story to tell of this wonderful method. No failures. The London Cutter's complete set will be posted to any address on receipt of Postal or Money Order for 5/-. Send at once for this wonderful set of life-size Patterns, Cutting and Dress-making Lessons.

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Our Fashion Service

—: and :—

FREE Pattern

Slimming lines are the notice in the four models featured this week. Small capes, buttons or contrasts in the materials afford the finishing touches to frocks that are essentially tailored in effect and useful for all occasions. For the very tiny lass there is a dainty frock, for which silk jersey, or any softly spun material, would be the medium to use.

WITH a tiny pleated skirt, our free pattern this week is a delightful and practical little frock for the small girl who is just old enough to appreciate those little touches in her clothes, "like mother's." It is an extremely useful style for the small girl, in practically any fabric.

The free pattern is cut to fit a child of 6-8 years. When cutting, all seams and hems must be allowed for.



FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon and stamp for postage you will receive a Free Pattern of the girl's frock illustrated and described above.

Name

Address

Pattern Coupon, 29/7/33.

WX37.—Frock of wool - de - chine, with front panel and cape of contrasting printed velvet. Material required, four and a quarter yards 36 inch and five-eighths yard for cape. To fit size 36 inch bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. Width at hem: two and a quarter yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX38.—Girl's Frock, of silk jersey cloth. Material required, one and three-quarter yards 36 inch. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes: 2-4 and 6-8 years. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. PAPER PATTERN, 91d.

WX39.—Frock, with front fastening and skirt with pleats. This smart frock is made from tweed, with contrasting trimming. Material required, three and three-quarter yards 36 inch, three-quarters yard 36 inch contrasting. To fit size 36 inch bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. Width at hem: two and one-eighth yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX40.—Tailored Coat and Skirt, of check material. This style is suitable for both large and medium figures. Material required, three yards 54 inch, or four and one-eighth yards 36 inch. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem: one and seven-eighths yards. Material required for size 44 inch bust: three and five-eighths yards 54 inch, or four and five-eighths yards 36 inch. Width at hem: two yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 48 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX41.—Frock of elephant crepe, with raglan sleeves, and contrasting bodice and cuffs of velvet. Material required: two and seven-eighths yards 36 inch and three-quarters yard 36 inch contrasting. To fit size 36 inch bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. Width at hem: one and three-quarter yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Patterns of these models may be obtained at the prices shown. Send your order to The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O., Box 4088W, Sydney, and be sure to state the size required. Give full name and address.



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Send as often as you like. The number of your ticket will be sent you before the drawing, and cheques for all winning amounts posted immediately. AND "HEALTH" MAGAZINE will be sent free for six months to every winner, no matter what the amount of their winnings may be. Don't wait until you see next month's magazine, which will be brimful of useful and beneficial reading, including an article on the latest method of painlessly removing tonsils without entering hospital, administering of general anaesthetic, or loss of blood.

Order "HEALTH" MAGAZINE for August from your newsagents immediately. Price 6d. After deducting cost of clerical expenses, etc., all profits of the "HEALTH'S" State Lottery Syndicate will be donated to the 2UE Fund, which is in aid of The Australian Mothercraft Society.

This is your chance to win a fortune for 1/-.

Send one-shilling Postal Note (or more if you like) together with stamped-addressed envelope to The Editor, "Health" Magazine, Box JJ 1436, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Space for the above announcement has been kindly donated by the Proprietors

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which is the only guaranteed lubricating laxative for constipation as recommended by the following medical men:—

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All stores and chemists.

PRICE 2/- and 2/9 Per Jar

PATTERNS in STOCK

COSY and comfortable little pyjamas are featured from our stock this week. With small feet snugly encased, the youngest members of the family will laugh at the cold.

Pyjamas are apt to perplex the home dressmaker. Unless skilfully cut, they are not only difficult to make, but will wear out very quickly. Further, to use a well-designed pattern ensures a minimum of material in the cutting, and, therefore, economy.

Economical cutting and straightforward directions are the two outstanding features of our stock patterns. The complete range includes tunic and blouse for the schoolgirl, trousers and shirt waist for the boys, blazers and dressing-gown, baby's layette, in fact, every garment for which the mother of a family is constantly seeking really reliable patterns. Our stock pattern department will solve all the problems of the family seamstress.

WX76.—Sleeping suit with feet and back opening. Material required, one and



five-eighths yards. To fit size 2-4 years. Other sizes, 1-2, and 4-6 years. PAPER PATTERNS, 91d.

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"BEST IN YEARS,"
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Hygienically warmed day and night.

4th **PRINCE EDWARD** **Week**

Hurry! Hurry! Last 5 Days
"A BEDTIME STORY"
with HELEN TWELVETREES, EVERETT HORTON. The Brightest, Soapiest Musical Play of the Season.
1/-, 1/6 at 11 a.m.

SAIDE Develops An ARTISTIC COMPLEX

This week I have been browsing among things ancient and artistic. Words have failed me, but—"the camera never lies"—so I leave the camera to tell my story.

OF course, with the thermometer consistently registering temperatures that make thick frost a daily circumstance, it required no effort of will to think about "the doings" round the fireplace.

Gleaming brass will reflect the cosy gleam of the flames, and, at a very



small outlay, the fireplace can be the most decorative note in the living-room.

The possibilities of a fire-screen were something that hitherto I have not explored to the full. Antique brass is, undoubtedly, the most desirable material for a fire-screen, and is also the most durable—a combination of assets that is, alas, all too rare! Seascapes and landscapes, windmills and what-not, are all cleverly depicted thereon—or rather, they are depicted on different models and await your choice for 17/6.

By the time I had dalled with the fire-screens I was irretrievably lost in my subject. I found that I could overcome my repugnance to the harsh touch of coal. No need for my dainty digits to rest thereon—firebricks are really most resourceful in this respect, and so elegant to gaze upon, for 8/6.

THEN, to complete my joy—and the set—a coal-box, artistically wrought in antique brass, met my gaze, and the legend attached to it read 22/6.

Just what the actual requirements of a chair would be for it to be designated the "ladies' chair" seemed a thought too

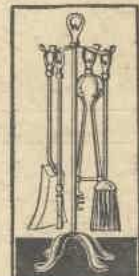
EVERY week you will find "plums" from the feast of good things offered in the shops. With eagle eye and discerning choice Saide selects them.



hence the tea-set and the display of crystal. The former is a resourceful notion. Straight from the Portland works at Longton, England, this tea-set was shipped, with a noble thought for emer-



gencies ahead. An extra cup and saucer accompanies each set—21 pieces and cup and saucer to boot, for 57/6.



subtle for me, until I saw the article illustrated above. Its Genoa velvet upholstery, spring seat, and shaped back conform conjointly (I wonder if that is a poor attempt at a pun!) to produce a comfortable piece of furniture that is definitely the perquisite of the "perfect lady" for 59/6.

By the time I had delved into all these delightful adjuncts for the home my thoughts automatically took a hospitable turn.



CHEAP (Continued from Page 8)

HE sat down and forced his whirling brain to the task of accounts. Next morning the fever was high again. Guiltily he saw troubled grey eyes bent upon him.

"I can't understand it; you were so much better yesterday!"

"I got up. I had to do some work at the office."

"Oh—Only one word, but an expressive one. Mark sank back that night into a relapse. It was terribly hot, and in his fever he panted and sweated. The presence of the unfortunate Cracker, the smell of his dark skin, was unbearable to him."

He heard, and could not control, the words which sprang from his sick brain, his exhausted body, his lonely heart.

"Oh, Georgie! Oh, Georgie! Oh, Georgie!"

And she was there—surely it was she—bending over him, soothing him, freshening the very air by her presence, until in happy waking dreams he seemed to see the clouded hills, the rainy skies of England.

"Darling," he would murmur, "don't leave me. I want you so terribly. Please don't go!" And she would lay her cool hand on his forehead and sit quietly there until he fell asleep.

And then, one morning, Mark woke up and found that he was really better. It had rained, and the air felt cooler. Lemonade stood, muslin-covered, beside him, and he drank some. Strange phenomenon—his clothes lay neatly folded and ready for him to put on.

In half-an-hour he was dressed and walking weakly about the bungalow. It was silent and empty. A young Kaffir was polishing the floor of the stoep. He looked up, and answered Mark's call with pleased alacrity.

"I'll take scoff in here to-day, Sam. I'm better. Where is—the lady?"

"Please, Baas, lady went away in the

train this morning. I carried her bag, Baas. She gone."

"Oh! Well, send Cracker to me." Cracker had the same information to give. Miss Meade had gone. No, no letter—no message. And what did the master fancy for his lunch?

Three or four days passed—long, lonely days when Mark dragged about, weak, dispirited, and querulous.

Why had she gone like that, without a word, without even waiting to be thanked? He wrote her several letters, afterwards tearing them up into small pieces.

He wrote to Georgina Fane, mentioning the influenza, but not mentioning Coral. Some things are more easily told when people are face to face, and Mark meant to tell.

On the fourth day, a step on the stoep, Mark was sitting in his office, which had a glazed outer door of its own. He jumped up from his desk with a quick, strange hope he did not stop to analyse.

The visitor, however, was Jack Oakley.

There was an envelope on Mark's desk addressed to "J. Oakley, Esq." He turned back for it, and went out.

"Mark, how are you? I hear you've been at death's door."

"If I was, they kicked me out jolly quickly. I'm in rude health, thanks very much. Here, take your dues, and let me tell you you're no friend of mine."

Jack, smiling gently, put the envelope away.

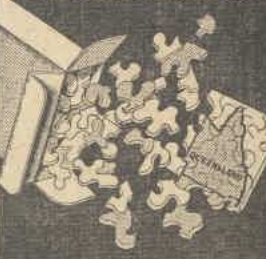
"I know. 'Who steals my purse steals trash,' eh? But he that filches from me my good name—Have I filched your good name, Marco?"

AND I have kept the best till last—a perfectly gorgeous crystal set.

You can have tumblers or goblets at will—with a jug to match. But not alone on their obvious merits am I stressing these delectable drinking vessels. They are specially priced for readers of this column. Jug and six glasses are offered at 40/-, and jug and six goblets at 45/-. If you appreciate exquisite table appointments, you won't miss these.

For further information regarding the whereabouts of the various items or for general shopping aid, write to "Saide," c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

"TELL ME TO-NIGHT"

WE are dazed if we will discuss "Tell Me To-night" again, except to say it is one of the two shows in town which must not be missed.

—Mayfair.

"THE BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL"

SEEMINGLY, neither billions of dollars nor "fiancee to the nth degree" can avert prison episodes in U.S.A. At least, that is the impression their films apparently aim to convey.

Robert Armstrong, Constance Cummings, Olga Baclanova, Frank Morgan, James Gleason, and hosts of others take part in "Billion Dollar Scandal." What exactly is the point of it all we are not too sure, but there are liberal sprinklings of pickpockets, super-super detectives, boxers, and such who deceive each other with charming equanimity time and again. In the end the conspirators, who haven't as yet taken their own lives, go to Atlanta, while "Fingers" (a masseur), together with "Ratsky" (a pickpocket) and "The Kid" (a boxer), go to prison.

—Capitol.

"FRA DIAVOLO"

ONE is pleased, if not as eagerly enthusiastic as one had hoped, with "Fra Diavolo." The music is charming, Denis King's voice very beautiful and his appearance pleasing, the photography and settings are clear and idyllically pretty, and Laurel and Hardy supply a fully adequate comic relief.

The picture, then, is naturally worth seeing. The disappointment lies in the fact that the title, "Fra Diavolo," does not give a true idea of the treatment of the material, for "Brother Devil" is crowded out to a great extent. The proportioning of the film makes Laurel and Hardy not a mere comic background, but time after time for lengthy periods they are given the entire stage to themselves, making a "patchwork quilt" effect. The fact that the comic patches are entertaining is irrelevant when one has thought to see



CARRIE MOORE, the ever-popular comedienne, is appearing in "Music in the Air," at the Royal.

Auber's comic opera of a bold, bad, mysterious count who alternates between his mountain fastnesses and robbing lovely ladies in the villages, rather than the "Count's" farcical servants. One would have preferred a more consistently romantic treatment, and more—much more—music.

—St. James.

LITTLE . . . THEATRES

ONLY at the very beginning did "Mr. Prohack," produced last week at the Savoy by the Experimental Theatre Group, seem disappointing, for once the players got into their stride it went with a swing, the audience obviously finding this rather nebulous comedy highly amusing.

The story tells how an overworked, salaried official suddenly comes into a fortune, and his and his family's resulting loss of their peace of mind. Mr. Edward Howell was cleverly monotonous as "Mr. Prohack"; Florentine Danciger, although a trifle too conscious of her hands, was particularly striking in her portrayal of the sophisticated Lady Massulam; Cedric Kempson was a darling as the old family friend; and Patricia Nell, as Dominic Barnett; Max van Hemert, William Hume, and Marie Hemingway, did good work.

One is apt to have decided qualms when a Little Theatre announces its intention to present any play in which one is particularly interested, but these proved unnecessary at St. James' Hall on Saturday last, when the Sydney Players' Club produced Bridie's "Tobias and the Angel." This play, to be repeated on the two following Saturdays, is, like "Tobit Transplanted," based on the Book of Tobit in the Apocrypha. Its plot may be slight, and also the action, but the dialogue and characterisation, are

"CABIN IN THE COTTON"

A YOUNG landreiter, with ideals of education and of bettering his lot, is mediator between landowners, on the one hand, and planters on the other, in this South American film. Richard Barthelmess, the young man, is treated kindly by the planter, Norwood (Burton Churchill), and so has affiliations with both causes. He is the centre of the interest with Betty Wright, whose ideals are similar to his own, and Madge Norwood, whose charms are aided by proximity, as his satellites. Finally all disputes are settled, with the exception of Dick's love affair, which the end of the picture leaves still undecided.

—Regent.

IN "MUSIC IN THE AIR"

CARRIE MOORE has staged a comeback—and how welcome she is—after fifteen years. In the role of a once-famous theatrical star she is appearing at the Royal in "Music in the Air." Paradoxically, her interpretation is convincing evidence that she herself is still a famous artiste.

The only difference in the theatre Miss Moore notices from the old days with J.C.W. is that the management is so impersonal. For instance, the new rule that floral offerings are only permissible on the stage on the first and last nights, and must otherwise remain in the artists' dressing-rooms, proves heavily on her mind. "Anyone would think that the management had to pay for the flowers!" she says, and adds that "men who have never been actors cannot understand an actor's temperament."

Dorothy Brunton, however, overcame this little difficulty by throwing her friend a bouquet of flowers from the stage-box! As for the competition with the legitimate stage offered by the films, Miss Moore laughs in scorn. As long as first-class theatrical fare is offered the theatre will always hold pride of place—only it must be first class.

Miss Moore is revelling in her work; but says that at the end of the run she is leaving for London and New York, and will probably not return to the stage. She claims that she is years younger than she was in her youth—hard work had made her quite a little old woman at twenty-one. This is not hard to believe when one hears her record of continuous stage-work from the age of twelve, when Miss Moore played in "Djin-Djin" (we are to be sure to remember the hyphen), singing "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard" opposite Ivy Scott. Miss Scott, by a strange coincidence, it is present playing in New York in the same part in "Music in the Air" that Miss Moore is now playing in Sydney.

—Royal.

"HELL BELOW"

THINGS have come to a pretty pass with Robert Montgomery, for in "Hell Below," as in the very similar "To-day We Live," he comes to the stickiest of finishes after some extremely frightful war experiences. Notwithstanding this and the fact that "Hell Below" is yet another war picture, describing the lives and deaths of a crew of submarine officers (with the war tragedies at times over-agonising and too long drawn out), it is an enthralling picture for two reasons. The characterisation is excellent throughout, and the nautical warfare, upon which the interest mainly centres, is presented in its most informative and least hackneyed light. The casting is also excellent, including Robert Montgomery, Walter Huston, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante, Robert Young, and Sterling Holloway.

—State.

wholly witty and full of an endearingly human philosophy.

Mr. Jack Appleton is to be congratulated both as producer and as scenic designer (the fish is perfectly priceless). Excellent work is done by Jack Saul as the boyishly dependent, yet impulsive Tobias; by Ian Valentine as the strong-mindedly detached archangel with a sense of humor; by Ernest Way as a nasty bandit; and by Edward Cavill as the lovable, but obstinately unworshipful, old Tobit. Also good are Gladys Shaw and Wendy Woolfrey.



British and AUSTRALIAN FILMS in the MAKING

Do you remember wondering, not so long ago, just what it was about a certain talkie that made it so pleasant? Suddenly you realised that the players were speaking English—pure English.

Sound on the screen opened the door to British pictures, and just as British pictures find an appreciative audience in Australia, Australian pictures are welcomed in England.

FOLLOWING this welcome extended to British pictures in Australia, Australian pictures were made with the ultimate aim of building a reciprocal trade in England.

"It is essential that our pictures should be fitting representatives overseas. A film that depicts Australian national life in the manner in which Noel Coward presented a review of English life in "Cavalcade" would be a national advertisement of enormous value, and, as such, should receive every assistance from the Government."

Mr. Stuart Doyle, in a speech to the Science Club, thus briefly sketched the objective of Australian picture production.

Mr. Gordon Ellis, general manager for British Empire Films, on his return from abroad, tells of the phenomenal bookings in England of "His Royal Highness" and "On Our Selection."

But Mr. Ellis further points out that our directors and our local stars are not known in England; that their names do not convey any particular significance. Hence the engagement of Mr. John Longdon, who came to Australia recently with the Hannen-Seyler Company under the management of J. C. Williamson Ltd., is an important step. Mr. Longdon is to play the lead in "The Silence of



The genial Cecil Kellaway will make his film debut as "Dad Hayseed." (ABOVE) John Longdon, who came to Australia with the Hannen-Seyler Co. under J.C.W. management, is to be starred in an Australian film.

Dean Maitland," an Australian picture for which preparations are already in hand.

Those who saw him as a "padre" in "Escape" will realise how eminently fitted he is for a role of this type. Actually he has had exceptional opportunities, for he was originally destined for the Church, and is the son of a churchman!

An Australian artist to be screened shortly is Cecil Kellaway, who will be featured in another Australian picture, "Hayseeds." Although Mr. Kellaway has not appeared on the London stage as yet, his fame has preceded him, and his welcome in undoubtedly assured when he makes the "big trek." This he intends to do at the conclusion of the making of "Hayseeds." He has, in the past, refused more than one tempting offer from overseas. At present he is appearing in "Music in the Air," at the Royal. Of his new venture on the screen, he says: "I was handed the script this morning for 'Hayseeds.' It all seems very confusing to me; it is so disjointed. Evidently," he continued, "the producer has a lot to do."

So two new Australian films are prac-

"THE Hayseeds" is the tentative working title of the newest Australian picture going into production immediately at Cine-sound's new studio at Rushcutters Bay. The man back of this effort is Mr. Beaumont Smith, who is personally responsible for the scenarios, while Mr. Raymond Longford has charge of

tically in the making, while "The Squatter's Daughter," with Joy Howarth in the lead, is almost ready for release.

British films that will be seen here shortly promise some of the finest entertainments that we have seen to date. "Bitter-Sweet" has been adapted for the screen; Stanley Lupino, that prince of comedians, will be seen in "You Made Me Love You"; and an Allan Dwan production, "I Spy," features Ben Lyons and Sally Eilers.

With each succeeding picture British screen technique reaches a higher standard. One of the most significant moves in the perfecting of British production, Mr. Ellis explains, has been the engagement of highly paid "cutters." At the conclusion of a film, it appears, these ruthless gentlemen cut scene after scene from the production, regardless of the cost or the effort that has been involved. They have one factor in mind, and one only—that of the entertainment value of the scenes.

The importance of make-up is another matter that is receiving full consideration. Tonsorial and facial experts are constantly on the job—even to the re-conditioning of eye-brows!

A Matter of Interest to Mothers THE "ALLENBURYS" INFANTS' FOODS

A reduction in the retail price of these well-known infants' foods is announced to take effect as from 1st August, 1933.

THE "ALLENBURYS" MILK FOOD			
No. 1	Small	3/-	per tin.
"	Large	9/6	"
No. 2	Small	3/-	"
"	Large	9/6	"
MALTED	No. 3 Small	2/-	"
"	Large	8/-	"

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By presenting this Coupon at the Car Mell or Blue Moon Stocking Shops, you can receive FREE one pair of semi-pure silk chiffon or heavyweight hose at 3/11 or one pair of our special fully fashioned hose at 7/11, or our chiffon hose at 9/11 by purchasing a pair of the same brand.

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We are proud of the fact that Miss Madge Elliott and Mr. Cyril Ritchard have both placed on record the appreciation of HEENZO as an efficacious and economical remedy for chest and throat ailments.

HEENZO Costs 2/- — Saves £'s

Here's a wonderful money-saving recipe for a family cough mixture that is equally good for children and adults, and is far better than any made-up cough mixture you could buy. Order from your chemist or store a two-shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO. Add the Heenzo to sweetened water, according to the easy directions on the bottle, and you will have a supply equal to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the usual ready-mixed cough remedies that would cost up to £1. Heenzo does NOT contain any poisons or harmful drugs. Therefore, it can be given with perfect safety to the youngest baby. You will be delighted with the speedy way HEENZO soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and banishes coughs, cold, croup, influenza, bronchitis, and whooping cough. Always have Heenzo ready in the home for the first sign of a cough or cold. Remember, an ounce of prevention is better than a ton of cure.

N.B.—If you want the best JUBES for soothing the chest and throat, use

HEENZO COUGH DIAMONDS

They cost only 1/- per tin. Try them.

FOR MOTHERS and YOUNG WIVES

By a Doctor

BRINGING UP CHILDREN

It is of great importance to see that the child is given every chance to meet life with a healthy body. It is of more importance to see that the child has a healthy mind.

POSSIBLY no line of medicine has been so developed in these last few years as that appertaining to the mind. It may be that the attention of the scientific world has been directed with greater keenness to mental outlook in relation to disease because of the great interest taken in the subject by sundry cults and religious bodies.

Specialists are emphatic on the point that our characters are determined not by ourselves, but by our parents or guardians. The neurotic woman in most cases is so because of some defect in early training. The youthful criminal follows his line of activity, not so much because he can help it as because his parents or guardians presented him with an inability to cope with normal life. Not so long ago important investigations were made into the question of the delinquent girls of certain institutions.

An examination of some thousands of cases revealed that nine of these girls out of ten came either from difficult homes or ones in which there was a certain amount of abnormality.

Examination of the boy criminal has revealed in many cases a similar state of affairs.

WHAT are the things that are harmful to the child in the home? Firstly, all psychologists combine to impress upon the world the fact that marital disagreement in front of children is one of the worst things that can happen. The child who sees its father and mother squabbling incessantly is presented with a complex which takes years to rectify; if, indeed, it is rectified at all. Sometimes marriages are unhappy not because of the sins of the couple concerned, but because of certain defects in the lives of their parents.

Each parent has a responsibility of a different nature towards the child.

From the father the child looks for guidance and discipline, combined with love. From the mother a child looks for tenderness and boundless affection.

When one or other parent is absent or deceased the child suffers from a disadvantage. It is very difficult for a single parent to combine the desired attributes of both. This brings us to the subject of divorce and separation, and psychologists are emphatic on the point that where there is only one parent in the home the child is under a handicap.

Especially does this seem to be so in the case of the absence of the father. It is not that the male parent can flatter himself that he is so essential, but that he is expected to provide the necessary discipline and admonition when the occasions arise. During and after the war there was a tremendous swing from the stern home life of the Victorian era. Home life went to the other extreme, and the cry of the day was that the child should always be allowed to express him or herself, and that punishment should no longer be inflicted. The pendulum has begun to swing back the other way of late, and only recently a well-known London doctor, speaking at the Child's Guidance Council, insisted that the post-war "swing away from guidance, advice, and discipline was wrong."

He argued that a balance should be struck between the points of view of the Victorian parent and the post-war one.

THINGS like drunkenness in the home, or outstanding vices on the part of either parent, have a tremendous influence on the child. A child who sees its father in a frequent state of intoxication cannot be blamed for having an abnormal outlook on certain questions. Another child who sees its mother pick up a pot and hurl it at the father cannot be blamed if she does exactly the same when her turn comes to marry. After all, a child can only learn by imitating others.

LOUISE MACK ADVISES



Are you
Saying
Nasty
Things
You
Don't
Mean
To Those
You
Care For?

This is the first of a series of articles by Louise Mack, dealing with every-day affairs of women.

ARE you saying them to your husband?

How strange and how sad. Before he was yours, you saw his faults. When he became yours, he had none! That's how it was at first. Under the necromancy of passion, his failings faded right out, obliterated by the golden glitter of your love.

Why did they come back? He is still the same "he." You are still the same "you." Yet his faults now spring up before your eyes like mushrooms, and when you look at him, you see nothing but faults; and so the nasty remarks drop off your lips, and danger begins to threaten you.

Suppose the time comes when your target slips right away from the arrows of your tongue, leaving you to face a desolate loneliness riddled with the memory of the nasty little things you said, too late to be atoned for, too late to be unaided?

A woman said to me yesterday, "Since my husband died I seem to be waking from a dream. People tell me I was so good to him. They say I looked after him so well. But it doesn't seem like that to me. All I remember is the way I used to say nasty things to him. One day when he came home and asked how long before dinner, I sourly answered, 'Men are always eating!'"

I tried to comfort her with the knowledge of our human limitations, but she refused to be comforted. "Is it possible," she burst out, "that I told him I hated Sundays, the implication being that he was at home all day, and I had too much to do for him! That's what's breaking my heart. When I think of him now I can see only his sweetness, his courage, his splendour, his character, and things."

The things you say are myriad, the nasty, biting little nerve-driven pellets, let fly into good men's souls. And you don't mean any of them, really, that's the tragedy saving up for you. You don't mean them; and if you can only get right outside yourself for a bit, you'll see that you don't mean them; you'll see that there he is, courageous and manly, your man, just as you once thought him, though you are doing your best to make him out a nuisance, or anything else your nerves tell you.

If there were only some way by which our values could be rightly restored to us when things go awry in our hearts! There's Death.

Yes, Death destroys camouflage. Death restores to the wife the brave man she used to know. Death gives back to the husband the sweet woman who once charmed him. Death turns our naughty children into angels. Death brings back the old love and admiration. But only

You! Are you saying nasty things you don't mean?

Above all, are you saying them to someone you care for?

It's dangerous!

Yes, and it's to yourself that the danger threatens!

In memory. So Death, the supreme master at this art of restoration, is too cruel for our little human hearts.

The Way Out

Surely there must be some less drastic restorer of our ideals, surely there must be some simple normal way of getting back to the sight of his good qualities, losing sight of what annoys and bothers us.

There is. There's a formula. An age-old formula it is, but shining and new as ever, undimmed by the passing of centuries.

It's called "The Soft Answer." Next time you want to say something biting, or your nerves want to, try the Formula. Try "I'm Sorry," out loud. Or try "Very likely it's all my fault!"

So simple, so easy, so truly marvellous! Like a sea-voyage! Until you try it, you can't imagine what it can do for you.

Quite a different formula, and very amusing, and hoerily effective, was that employed by a bygone manager of one of Sydney's leading hotels when people used to complain of their bills.

"What a terrible bill! Look what they've charged me!"

Then out came his formula.

"Well, if they charged you with it, you must have 'ad it!'"

That formula, simple as it seems, left the victims absolutely nothing to say. It used to stun them into paying, it was so simple!

"If they've charged you with it, you must have 'ad it!'"

Yes, a formula is absolutely invaluable.

NEXT WEEK: "Do you wear your best hat into the butcher's shop, your best gloves when turning over bargains?"

LOUISE MACK ADVISES READERS

"WANDERING": I should think you have found just the right woman. The happiest marriages are often those when the woman is a few years older. Your after-life promises to be happy and comfortable with such a capable domestic type, plus your mother's approval.

"LINDSAY": Tell him how hurt you feel, and perhaps he can ease your mind. If not, don't worry about him; put your mind into other things if you can. If he doesn't really care for you, you are better without him. But perhaps the girl will tire of him and he will turn to you again. Then you can forgive him if you want to.

"MUDGE": A girl goes with her fiancé to choose the ring, unless he prefers to buy it alone.

"BOOLIGAL": Letter posted, advising you.

ORANGES are HEALTHY and POPULAR, Too

TRAVELLING through an orange-growing district, one sees acre upon acre of trees laden with luscious, golden fruit, furnishing protective food elements in a most appetising form.

Oranges have special dietetic qualities which are valuable in the daily diet.

They aid digestion. The fruit acids give oranges their delicious refreshing flavor, stimulating the appetite, and they are slightly laxative. The minerals build strong bones and teeth, rich blood and nerve tissue. Oranges contain calcium, phosphorus and iron.

Fruit sugar furnishes heat and energy. The sugar in an orange is easily digested.

Water, which is so necessary in the daily diet, Mother Nature provides it in germ-proof containers—orange—which are better than artificial beverages.

Vitamins are the protective food elements necessary for growth and health. Oranges contain vitamins A, B, and C. The latter prevents scurvy, and, as it cannot be stored in the body, it should be eaten daily in some fresh, uncooked food.

The alkaline salts prevent and correct acidosis.

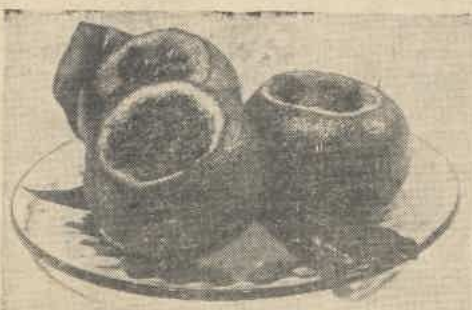
Orange Cake

Take 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 orange, 1/2 lemon, 1 tablespoon milk, 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt.

Cream the butter and sugar together, add eggs separately. Add the grated rind of the orange and lemon (taking care to grate the rind only). Then add the sifted flour, alternately with the orange juice, lastly the milk. Place on a greased sandwich tin. Bake in a moderate oven. Turn on to a sieve to cool. Put together with an orange filling between.



ORANGE SAVORIES



(Above) Baked savory oranges.
(Below) Baked oranges. Recipes for these appetising dishes are published in this article.

To make filling, take 1/2 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, grated rind of 1/2 orange and lemon, 1/2 cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 egg slightly beaten, 1 teaspoon butter. Mix above ingredients. Cook 10 minutes in a double saucepan. Cool before spreading.

Orange Marmalade and Rhubarb

Take 4 oranges, 2 1/2 lbs. rhubarb, 4 lbs. sugar. Remove peel from oranges in quarters. Cook until soft in enough boiling water to cover. Drain. Cut the white part away and then cut the thin yellow rind into strips with a scalloped edge. Divide oranges into sections, remove seeds and rough part of skin. Put into the preserving pan with the rhubarb which has been skinned and cut into one half-inch lengths. Bring to boiling point. Boil 1/2 hour, then add the sugar, and cut rind. Cook slowly for two hours or until it jells.

Orange Jam

Take 2 oranges, 2 lbs. sugar, 2 pints water. Cut the oranges into thin circles. Cover with cold water and allow to stand for 24 hours. Turn into preserving pan. Cook until soft. Add sugar and boil rapidly until liquid jells. Stand aside for 3 minutes before bottling.

Baked Oranges

Take 4 oranges, 1 lb. dates, nutmeg, 1/2 tablespoon salt, pinch ground cinnamon, 1 lb. sugar, walnuts and almonds, salted peanuts. Wash oranges and put into a saucepan with sufficient water to cover. Boil for 1 hour. Lift

out carefully and stand aside to cool. When cold enough to handle cut the top off each orange with a sharp knife. Cut out some of the centre, taking care to remove the white centre. Fill the cavity with stoned dates, chopped walnuts, ground cinnamon, grated nutmeg and salted peanuts, finely chopped. Mix all together. Refill oranges. Spike with lanced almonds.

Make a syrup with the sugar and 1 cup water. Put into a baking dish, arrange the oranges in dish, taking care not to allow them to touch each other. Cover well and simmer slowly in a slow oven, basting every 10 minutes, for 1 hour. Allow to cool before lifting out.

Oranges—Savories

Take 4 oranges, 1 lb. sugar, salt, 5 olives, 4 gherkins, 2 stalks white celery, salted peanuts, chopped mint.

Cover 4 thin-skinned oranges (not too large) with cold salted water, and boil for 1 hour. When cool, cut off the stem end of oranges. With a sharp knife remove the core of the oranges and scoop of the centre. Add some of the orange to the finely-chopped mint, peanuts, chopped olives, gherkins, and celery. Add a little lemon juice to moisten. Filling the centres (do not press too heavily), return the tops to oranges and arrange in a covered baking dish with a syrup made of sugar and water boiled together. Bake in a moderate oven 1 hour, basting every 15 minutes. Take out and chill. Cut into even slices with a sharp knife.

Arrange on rounds of cheese biscuits the size of orange ring. Top with cream cheese and decorate with finely-chopped parsley.

Pickled Oranges

4 oranges (thin skinned), 4 cups white vinegar, 1 lb. sugar, 1/2 oz. stick cinnamon, 1 oz. cloves, whole mace and whole pepper, 1 tablespoon salt.

See that the oranges are not too large. Put into a saucepan with sufficient water to cover, and boil half an hour.

Put the vinegar into a preserving pan with sugar, salt, and the spices and simmer in a bag. Simmer all together for half an hour, then add the oranges and simmer until soft (test with a fine skewer). When soft, lift out each one carefully. Put into a jar and fill with the remainder of the spiced vinegar (free that the fruit is covered). Return lid to jar. Stand in a cool, dark place for 48 hours. Serve sliced with cold meat or shredded lettuce.

Orange Baskets

Turn the stem end of the orange down. Cut a wedge from each side, leaving about one-eighth of an inch of rind between each to form a handle. Remove the pulp carefully from the oranges, and the wedges. Keep the baskets in cold water until ready to fill.

Take the juice and pulp from 3 oranges, the juice of 1 lemon, rind of 1/2 lemon and orange, 1 cup cream, whites of 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup water, 4 dessert-spoons gelatine.

Soak the gelatine in the orange and lemon juice. Put the rind of orange and lemon into a saucepan with the cold water and simmer for 10 minutes. Add sugar. When dissolved, add the gelatine and cream. Stir until gelatine is dissolved. Do not allow to boil. Turn into a basin to cool. When quite thick, but not set, whisk with a fork or egg-beater until frothy. Add the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Seal well, then fold in the partly-whipped cream. Stand aside to set. Stir roughly and fill orange baskets. Serve well chilled.

Orange Omelette

4 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 dessert-spoon sugar, 2 oranges.



ORANGE CREAM

Remove the skin from the oranges and cut into slices (across). Stand four slices in a warm spot to heat. Separate the yolks from the whites of eggs. Beat the whites to a stiff froth. Melt the sugar in the hot water. Mix the lemon and the orange juice. Add to egg yolks. Melt the butter in a large frying pan. Add the stiffly-beaten egg whites to the yolks in the basin. Fold in well, lightly (do not beat). When well mixed, pour into the frying pan. Cook carefully, taking care not to burn the butter. When firm and well browned underneath, put under grill to set the top of omelette. Put the slices of orange, well sprinkled with sugar, on one side of omelette. Fold over. Turn on to a hot plate. Arrange remainder of sliced orange around plate. Sprinkle with castor sugar. Serve immediately.



Learn how to cook—FREE

If you want to learn how to cook, if you would like to improve your cooking, or if you want to know something about cookery short cuts, come along to the Free Demonstrations of modern gas cookery held every week in the Gas Company's Head Showrooms and various suburban centres.

Make a note of the time and place of the Demonstrations in your locality.

Head Showrooms, Pitt and Barlow Streets (Near Central Station)—Tuesdays at 2.30 p.m.

Branch Showroom, Beamish St., Campsie—Mondays

" " Bay St., Rockdale—Wednesdays

" " Elsie St., Burwood—Thursdays

" " George St., Parramatta—Fridays

H. T. Seymour Ltd., Marrickville Rd., Marrickville—Wednesdays

Diment's Store, Forest Road, Hurstville—Fridays

(All Suburban Demonstrations commence at 2.15 p.m.)

Expert Advice and Instruction

These lecture-demonstrations are conducted by a cookery expert, and everything is explained in such a way that even a novice can follow things clearly. In addition to demonstrating how to prepare and cook a variety of appetising fare, the lecturers will supply you with a recipe for practically every kind of dish. Handy kitchen hints are explained and personal assistance given on individual problems.

Come along to these helpful demonstrations and bring your friends.

A particularly handy booklet, "Enduring Service," containing kitchen hints, economies and other useful information, is free for the asking. Write for your copy to-day.

At your service always

The AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Head Office and Showrooms:

Cnr. Pitt and Barlow Streets (Near Central Station)

£5 for BEST RECIPE

There are so many appetising ways of serving oranges that our culinary expert became convinced, as she literally wailed through the entries in the "best orange" recipe competition, that citrus growers should all be millionaires!

FOR these frosty nights can you imagine a more tasty dish than orange dumplings? A reader from the country wins £5 for this seasonable pudding recipe.

Next week there will be another £5 prize for the best recipe submitted, and 2/6 consolation prizes for each recipe published. It may be a sweet, a savory, or a cake. Think over the dishes that have been popular with your family and send the recipe along.

BEST ORANGE RECIPES

The First Prize of £5 goes to:—Miss P. McRae, 108 Ferry St., Forbes, N.S.W.

ORANGE DUMPLINGS

Take 2 oranges, 3 cups flour, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup melted butter, 1/2 cup milk, 1 well-beaten egg. Mix all the dry ingredients together with the butter, rind and juice of oranges, milk and egg. Pour mixture into buttered and floured steamer 40 minutes. Serve with orange sauce made as follows:—

Orange Sauce

1 orange, 1 egg, 1/2 oz. sugar, 1 pint milk, 1/2 teaspoon cardamom. Mix the cardamom and milk, add the juice of orange, the grated rind, and the sugar. Place all in a saucepan and just bring to the boil. Beat up the yolk of the egg with a little milk. Add it to the sauce when it is off the boil. Warm up again, but do not boil.

CONSOLATION PRIZES of 2/6 each are awarded for the following recipes:—



"ORANGES for health" is the slogan to-day, and barrowmen are playing a brisk trade in "bottled sunshine."

SAVORY ORANGE SURPRISES

Peel 4 oranges, picking out sections whole. Place in bowl, sprinkle with sugar, adding a few mint leaves, and leave for two hours, moving sections carefully over, but not breaking. Have pancake batter ready as follows: 3 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 cup milk, 1/4 teaspoon salt. Beat eggs well, add milk, then flour, baking powder and salt, well mixed, and the sugar. Stir in melted butter. Dip orange sections in the batter. Drop into deep dish of hot fat. Fry till brown. Drain. Serve with hot syrup in which oranges were soaked.

Mrs. Watson, 21 St. Luke Street, Randwick.

RAISIN AND ORANGE ROLL

For the crust take 1 lb. flour, 1/2 oz. salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Pinch of salt and water to make a medium dough. For the filling take two cups of seeded raisins, rind and juice of three oranges, golden syrup. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in quarter inch thick, spread with good layer of golden syrup. Cover with raisins and sprinkle with rind and juice of oranges. Put in a floured pudding cloth and boil two and a half hours.

Mrs. Kath Beits, c/o. Anson Hotel, Mayfield, Newcastle.

ORANGE HEARTS

Roll out some puff pastry to a quarter inch in thickness and cut it out in small heart-shaped pieces. Lay these on a baking sheet. Prick them with a fork and bake in a hot oven until brown and crisp. They lift out and, when cool, split the pastry open and spread with orange marmalade. Now coat the top of the hearts with a little orange icing and decorate with small thin pieces of orange peel.

Mrs. F. Bowen, 109 Rathurst Road, Orange.

BAKED LEMON PUDDING

3 eggs, 2 oz. sponge cake, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 lb. shortcrust, 1/2 lb. sugar, 2 lemons. Mix the lightly beaten egg yolks with the grated lemon rind and lemon juice, cake crumbs, milk, and sugar. Lightly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Gently pour the mixture into a pie plate or open pie dish lined with shortcrust. Bake in a moderate oven half an hour. Sufficient for 4 persons.



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because such a little is needed to flavour any dish!

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ADDRESS
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Insist on
LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE

"GIRLS do tell me things," said Jack calmly, "because I treat them as human beings and don't go through life picturing every woman as a china Venus and then getting in a rage because she doesn't stay stuck on the pedestal. See? Now shut up, and let me talk."

"I've told you she was used to life on a farm. Perhaps you've wondered, or perhaps it hasn't even occurred to you to wonder, what she did when she was up here?"

"To begin with, as you say, your boys were all over the place; Joseph and some of the best ill, and the others drinking and idling and pinching the tools and goodness knows what—the usual thing when there's a bad element and no one to boss them. Coral coped with the situation, and had them all to heel in twenty-four hours."

"That great goop Cracker was simply in dread of his life with Coral! Then, as well as seeing that the house was properly looked after, she used to get up at five and make the butter so as not to disappoint your customers."

"She worked herself in the packing-sheds when the boys were off; she answered the telephone and kept every-

CHEAP (Continued from Page 32)

thing possible going without reference to you when you were ill.

"She cooked for you, nursed you, cherished you—and now, when she thought there was nothing else useful she could do, she's gone."

"Now, do you understand why I wanted to apologise to Coral Meade? I'd forgotten that there were girls like that. She—cheap? She would be, if you could buy her for a handful of diamonds, but her sort's not for sale. They always chuck themselves away on some bat-head—for love."

He got up.

"I'm off. Only came in to get that off my chest. But here's a bottle of medicine and"—another pocket was searched—"a letter. She finked leaving that for you, but I made her give it to me to deliver. I thought you'd be glad. So long, sonny! Wish you'd have a road made up this mountain."

"I'll have it done one day, just to please you. Thanks, old boy, for coming and—everything."

He watched the Chrysler lurch and dip out of sight; then, alone, he

turned the letter about in his hands and looked at it.

The envelope was crumpled from being thrust hastily into a bag or pocket. On the back was written in Jack's handwriting:

"Address: Jo'burg P.O. Box 1118."

Oh, excellent, Jack!

Mark slit the envelope and began to read.

"Dear Mark Eueron," it began. The quaint formality of it arrested him. Somehow it struck the note of their acquaintanceship, its intimacy, and its strangeness.

"As I don't expect ever to see you again, there is really no need for this letter, but I do want to tell you one or two things. Of course, there is no reason why you should believe them, but please try!

"You see, when you met Alice and me, I was in awful trouble. I had got the sack from Pitson's stores—I wasn't any good as a shop-girl, I'm afraid. I always lived up-country until last year, and I do hate the town and

(Continued in Column 5.)



"Did my medicine do any good?"
"Wonderful, doctor. I took a couple spoonfuls an' my cough went, rubbed a couple into my knee an' my rheumatics went—an' the rest we used to clean the silver."

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the shops and the people you meet there and everything about it. I'd been paid off that very day, and Alice and I were going to the theatre to cheer ourselves up.

"I had just enough money after to pay my landlady. I had been owing rent for some time and I had to leave next day because she wouldn't give me credit any more. I didn't tell Alice this because she is so kind-hearted she would have wanted to help me, and I knew she could not afford to."

"I didn't know anyone else in Jo'burg except one or two business acquaintances of my father, and I could not go to them. So when you asked me up here it was like the answer to a prayer, it was so wonderful!"

"I thought I could be useful, as I was accustomed to the life—that was why I asked if there was anything for me to do—you remember? And I thought if I had only a few days to think quietly I could arrange something."

"Now I have written to a girls' hostel place, and they are going to take me in and see if they can find me a job, so I shall be all right, and I will pay back the money you so kindly lent me as soon as I am earning again."

"I do hope you'll be terribly happy—always. I shall never forget how kind you were, even when you thought badly of me. Only I would like to think you understood now, because I loved you from the first minute I saw you, and I always shall, and that is why I left without telling you I was going. Good-bye—Coral Meade."

"P.S.—Please take this tonic. I saw a doctor about you, and he prescribed it."

Mark read the letter twice; then he laid it down, and, with pipe clenched between his teeth, gazed long at the familiar photograph—the clear features, the slim, sportswoman's grace, of the woman he was to marry.

"Georgie!" he almost prayed, "help me! For no one else can."

At that moment the youthful Sam entered with the post. He presented his tray, and on top of the pile lay a letter in Georgina Fane's handwriting.

Mark poured himself a drink and opened this other letter, sitting on the edge of the table to read, until slowly he settled down, with a sense of whirling, slipping chaos, into a deep chair, and, gripping the thin sheets, read on: "I am so terribly sorry, but I can't face life out there—the loneliness, and being cut off from everything I care for. I thought I could until lately, but my feeling for you isn't enough, Mark. Now, I love someone else, and with him I'll lead the life I know and like best..."

Slowly and with meticulous neatness, Mark folded the letter and replaced it in its envelope and the envelope in his pocket-book. He called the boy.

"Joseph is about to-day, isn't he? I'd like to see him."

The head-boy came in, rolling upon his master an affectionate and humorous eye.

"ARE you well again, Joseph?"

"Yes, Baas."

"That's good. I want you to take charge for me. See if you can't get some decent boys instead of the yellow dogs we've been stung with. Get young Sam into uniform as houseboy, and find Cracker a job outside that will keep those big hands of his out of mischief. I'm going to Jo'burg again for a few days."

"Yes, Baas."

"See that the house is looking at its best when I return. Flowers about, I'll get Mrs. Sims to come up from the station and fix some new curtains."

"Baas bringing Miss's back?"

"Bright old Joseph—yes. And this time she'll stay. Understand? I'm going to get married."

And under his breath, as he turned into his room to pack, he added:

"Please Heaven."

Radio Plays & Revues

By SARABANDE



Hardly a week goes by but we hear some musical show over the air. It seems to me that there are some vital points which are not realised by either artists or producers, and which, when recognised and remedied, might add considerably to the enjoyment of the entertainments.

How to Remedy Some Defects

FIRSTLY, there is the unfortunate fact that the female speaking voice, for some reason, does not come over the air as well as the male. That being the case, it is necessary for women to speak comparatively slowly on most occasions.

Rushed speech is always difficult to follow on the stage. When it is made over the air it is doubly difficult. When a female voice makes it over the air it is trebly so (no pun intended).

This disadvantage also makes it imperative for the female singer to enunciate her words especially distinctly. Many singers are not kind to their audiences in the matter of diction.

Over the air, poor diction becomes unintelligible. Therefore, female singers would do well to say the words first and think about the tune afterwards. A song is just as much words as it is music, if it is a good song.

ANOTHER point worth noticing is that the microphone bears noise badly. In other words, the chorus which is effective on the stage becomes merely a nuisance over the air.

There was a tendency, now happily not so frequent, to begin every revue with a "full chorus," and to end it in a similar fashion, having liberally sprinkled the middle of the show with similar gifts. This is probably one of the things that caused revues to be near the bottom of the list at the recent radio show plebiscite.

It is too readily forgotten that the

wireless set is a most intimate instrument, one which stands in a drawing-room, not a paddock. A cheery noise which is all right in a theatre is all wrong in a home. The two stages are entirely different and must for ever remain so.

Another point is that the chorus of a musical show appeals on the stage as much for its personality as its music. The bright smiles of the pretty creatures when they open their mouths to sing cannot be put through a microphone. Their twinkling limbs cannot pleasantly scandalise us. Unfortunately, their whole appeal over the air lies in their voices. Dialogue should not be too rapid over the air.



HE: "I have an open mind."
SHE: "Well, it should be closed for repairs!"

THE other women having taken in at a glance the muffled, whose ends matched the patterning of her socks and gloves, the jaunty little cap, from under which shone the pale, golden wings of her hair, felt themselves hopelessly inadequate to compete with such elegance, and hoped that Providence would give them an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in other ways.

It did. Once out in the snow Janice suffered a complete eclipse, for most of the other girls were able to balance on their skis, and even take a few uncertain steps; some could progress a little down the gleaming slopes, but Janice, in her smart blue suit, dared not disengage herself from the trunk of a stunted tree to which she clung.

"Now," said Chase, approaching her briskly, and thrusting two alpenstocks into her unresisting hands. "You hold them like this when you're standing, and then, when you want to stop skiing, push them forward. So."

It looked easy, but once Janice attempted to use them she became so hopelessly entangled that she slithered to the bottom of the run, where she lay helplessly until he came and removed the skis altogether before she could regain her feet.

It was all very humiliating, although the other girls, skimming rather clumsily, but still independently, along the snow, took it as a further proof of her identity. Playing up to Mr. Chase, they decided, he being the most personable man in the hotel. At last, however, they all stood on one side of the run while Peter Chase showed what he could do in the way of skiing. Flying like a bird down the slope, jumping incredible heights and distances, turning and landing with superb poise.

"Marvelous, isn't he?" exclaimed one of the girls to Janice. "I never saw anything better in Switzerland."

"I always think you see better snow sports in Norway," put in another, looking expectantly at Janice. "What do you think, Miss...?"

A WEEK in the SNOW

(Continued from Page 17)

she might have shown a little more originality in her choice of a name, but before the subject could be pursued another event had been started, and they separated.

JANICE was bitterly ashamed of her awkwardness, and thought she detected a slight coolness in Chase's manner on the drive home. Men, after all, she told herself, despectively, preferred athletic girls to decorative ones, and set sadly about her toilette for dinner.

"You're a fool," she told her reflection in the mirror, "as if it matters to you what he prefers. Mr. Chase is a rich young man, touring the world for pleasure, used to mixing with millionaires' daughters and famous people. You've only got to look at him to see how distinguished he is."

Then she applied a layer of cream to her face, dusted it finely with powder, and outlined her pretty mouth with vermilion, and felt better. No other girl in the hotel had a better skin than she, or more beautiful clothes.

The exclusive clientele had embarked on its dinner when she entered the dining-room, and the whole atmosphere exuded an air of wealth and luxury. Clear, high voices, sleek heads, svelte figures, even when they were not averted they were smart with the smartness of unlimited money and assurance. They watched the girl in her apple-green frock walk down to her table. Really, for an actress as celebrated as Cynthia Skene, she was too sweet. So self-effacing and natural.

"That's because she is such a perfect actress. Always playing a part," the women said.

"Dashed attractive," the men said, and decided to ask her for the first dance.

Chase, they thought, had an unfair advantage over them in meeting with her.

The Palais de Danse, the cabaret, and the old-time dance hall had made Janice a better performer in the ball-



Richard Tauber

Music Sunday, as usual, will be observed throughout the State with special services in the churches, afternoon concerts in the city, and band programmes in the parks.

The Musical Exhibition will be opened on August 21 at the Blaxland Galleries. It should be thronged with visitors every day, for on view will be a big collection of curious and antique instruments, manuscripts, and other objects of musical interest. Lectures and recitals, also, will be heard daily at the exhibition. Another Monday event will be the musicale arranged by the Queen Victoria Club.

Apart from Eisteddfod sessions, Tuesday will be notable for a recital by the school choir of St. Anthony of Padua. The Lady Mayoress is giving a Music Week At Home on Wednesday. There will be daily organ recitals at St. James' Church and the Pitt Street Congregational.

The Lord Mayor will hold a civic reception on Friday morning to visiting choirs and competitors in the Eisteddfod. The contests will culminate on Saturday night with the final choral championships at the Town Hall.

The Music Week ball will be held at David Jones' on August 29. I believe the committee has eliminated the fancy dress pageant this year.

After two weeks in bed with influenza, the Director of the Conservatorium is up and about again, and busy preparing the big orchestral programme which had to be postponed. Apart from that, he has in hand a most intriguing list for a special concert on August 33 during Music Week. There will be three first performances—the brilliant first Symphony of Sibelius, the three Nocturnes (the third of which introduces the chorus) by Debussy, and the Boccherini 'Cello Concerto in B Flat with Gladstone Bell as soloist.

The Delius quartet created so much interest at the last "Con" chamber music recital that it is to be repeated on August 9. On the same occasion we are to hear the beautiful Cesar Franck quartet. Madame Goossens-Viceroy will contribute a vocal group.

The Musical Association, apparently grateful for a very active year under his presidency, has re-elected Mr. Lindley Evans to the senior office. The new vice-president is Mr. Frank Hutchens. Our

Many Attractions In Music Week Programme

By ROBERT C. McCALL

The dominant feature of this year's Music Week in N.S.W. is to be the City of Sydney Eisteddfod. The official opening will take place at the Town Hall on August 19, when the children's choirs will provide a festival programme.

Castor and Pollux of the keyboard therefore are extending their happy partnership to the government of Sydney's most influential musical body.

A very timely scheme of advanced students' concerts has been instituted by the Musical Association working with the Broadcasting Commission. To encourage our younger advanced musicians these recitals will be broadcast, beginning about the end of August. Teachers are each allowed to nominate a pupil every month. These are heard at auditions by a committee comprising Messrs. A. L. Kelly, Howard Carr, and Ewart Chapple.

In order to fulfil the terms of her scholarship at the Royal Academy, London, Miss Daphne Cockburn has to be in attendance there by September, 1933.

The scholarship was awarded two years ago, and Miss Cockburn, for economic reasons, was not able to proceed to London.

Miss Cockburn is a student of Lourdes Hill Convent, Queensland. She has had a brilliant career, and, at the age of 18 years, she had earned the diplomas of A.T.O.L., T.O.L., A.Mus.B., L.Mus.B., and L.A.B. At 5 years of age she gained 100 per cent. marks in a Trinity College Examination, Queensland. Miss Cockburn gave a successful recital at the Conservatorium on Tuesday evening. She will leave for London on August 15.



Daphne Cockburn

Clifford Lathlean, the artistic bass singer who deserted Sydney a few months ago to settle in his native Adelaide, has inaugurated there a series of "Four-o'clocks." These afternoon recitals of art songs and supporting instrumental groups have been a great success. There is no reason why some of our local musicians should not succeed with "Four-o'clocks," too.

Richard Tauber will have to look to his laurels. Two or three young Continental tenors seem to be encroaching on his rather exclusive preserves. There is, for instance, John Hendrick. Four years ago he was working as a clerk in the offices of a German gramophone company. A revue organised by the staff gave him his first opportunity. The recording manager was so impressed as the audience was delighted, and a way was found to enable him to complete his studies "out of office hours."

Within two years he made his first public appearance, and came rapidly to the front. He was soon singing throughout Germany the operetta roles created by Richard Tauber. Recently, in Dresden, he sang in a series of special performances at which Tauber himself acted as conductor (for Tauber studied music originally as a conductor and not as a singer).

Just before Easter, the B.B.C. required a tenor to sing in a programme of songs by Lehar. A record by Hendrick was submitted, and he was engaged. The broadcast was a great success and Hendrick was booked to sing last Easter at Ciro's. His success was electric, and in less than three weeks after he landed in England he became the idol of the West End.

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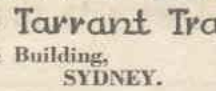
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OPEN FRIDAY NIGHTS.

(Continued on Page 40.)

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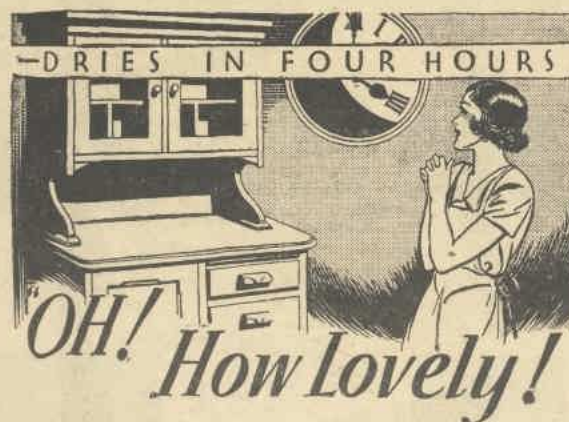
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CHILDREN, too, should have share in the GARDEN

Says the Old Gardener

"HULLO, Master Tom . . . why aren't you at school to-day? Oh, I see . . . No, Miss, don't send him away . . . If there's one thing I like to see in a garden almost as much as the flower folk, it's children. They seem to fit in somehow . . . don't you think? I know a bloke round the corner who always sends his children out of the garden . . . 'Keep off the grass, Jimmy,' and 'Don't touch them flowers, Dorothy' . . . he's at them all the time. Let your children do what they like in the garden . . . Let them romp and play. No matter how humble your garden is, it is their Garden of Eden. If you give them a little plot to work themselves and teach them how to grow things, they won't do much harm to the garden."

"Of course, there's some as make their children work in the garden . . . and hard graft they give them, too. I got no time for them folks either. What I say is: Show them how to do things, tell them why it has to be done, and make them want to do it themselves, but don't force them. Don't scold them; let the garden be the one place where they are free."

"There's a lady across the street; you know her, Miss. She's got four bonnie kids, and happy children they are. Each one has a garden plot, and every month she inspects them and gives a prize to the child who has got the best results. You ought to try that with Tommy and his sister. How would you like a little bit of garden of your own, Master Tom? Yeah? . . . I thought you would. Well, I know a boy and girl, just your age, Tom, who always save a few pennies each week from their pocket money to buy seeds for their gardens. You can have a lot of fun growing things . . . it's better than toys. What's that? . . . you want to start straight away? . . . Well, we'll have to ask your mother about that, eh?"

The Old Gardener Says: In the vegetable garden sow:

	Depth to sow	Set apart in rows	That between rows	Ready for use
BEEF	1 in.	12 in.	1 1/2 ft.	5
BROAD BEANS	1 in.	12 in.	1 1/2 ft.	4
CABBAGE	1 1/2 in.	12 in.	1 1/2 ft.	4
CARROTS	1 1/2 in.	12 in.	1 1/2 ft.	4
LETTUCE	1 1/2 in.	12 in.	1 1/2 ft.	2
PARSLEY	1 1/2 in.	12 in.	1 1/2 ft.	4
PARSNIPS	1 1/2 in.	12 in.	1 1/2 ft.	5
SPINACH	1 1/2 in.	12 in.	1 1/2 ft.	1 1/2
TOMATO	1 1/2 in.	12 in.	1 1/2 ft.	3
TURNIP	1 1/2 in.	12 in.	1 1/2 ft.	3 1/2

be plenty more buds on that plant, but make sure next time.

"OH, yes, Miss; you was asking me about growing ornamental grass for decorative use in vases of cut flowers. Plant some of these in that patch there; then you can cut from it without spoiling the garden. Pampas grass, rigid fescue, zebra, love grass, cloud grass, great showy red grass, hare's tail, and tall pannick grass. I'll plant out some of them vegetable seedlings now, Miss . . . Good morning."

CLEVER IDEAS HINTS FROM READERS CLEVER IDEAS

TO REMOVE stains from a white porcelain bath or sink, wash well with soap and hot water, and dry thoroughly. Then get a clean cloth saturated with kerosene, and rub the bath all over. After this is completed, polish with a soft, dry cloth. This will remove all stains and leave the bath looking like new.—10/- to Miss M. Hooke, Shellharbour Road, Pt. Kembla.

WASTE SCRAPS of material and cottons can be kept off the floor when machining, by making a paper "sugar-plum," pinning it together, then catching its top on one of the drawers at the side of the sewing machine. This can be thrown away when full, and after work is finished no litter is left on the floor.—Miss D. Hayes, "Hillmont," Thornleigh.

WHEN MENDING silk stockings a very useful hint is to get an old stocking, as near the shade as the one to be mended, and cut the silk across the leg. The silk will unravel quite easily, and two threads make an excellent darn in silk, fine and durable.—Miss K. King, 37 Pittaroy Street, Kirribilli.

WHEN WASHING flannels, put enough melted soap in water warm enough to be cleansing, but not too hot, or it will cause further shrinkage. Do not rub soap on to woollen goods, which should be carefully squeezed in the soapy water. Rinse in two lots of warm water, and wring through a wringer if possible, but without twisting the garments. Hang out to dry quickly. If they must be dried before a fire, do not put them so close to the heat that the steam rises, as this also tends to shrinking. Do not use any soda or powder.—Miss J. for

woolens, but a little ammonia added to the water is useful in helping to remove dirt or grease.—Miss A. Glennie, Donoghue's Cottage, Park Street, Woy Woy.

THE ORDINARY toasting fork is too short to use when making toast on an open fire, so, after cutting off the handle get an old umbrella and cut just below the catch. Insert the toasting fork in the umbrella handle and then give the handle a coat of varnish. Toast can then be burnt without getting one's hands burnt.—Miss P. Joscelyne, 111 Bradley Street, Goulburn.

WHEN PAINTING, instead of wiping the brush on the side of the paint pot each time, fix a piece of wire across the centre of the pot, firmly to each side, and wipe brush on this. There will then be no drops running down the sides of the pot.—Mrs. E. Benstead, 153 Hardgrave Road, West End, South Brisbane.

WHEN KNITTING an article that has to be seamed up, start each row with 2 plain and, when pressed, a very tidy seam will be the result.—Mrs. A. Russell, 18 Wyralla Avenue, Epping.

TO REMOVE paint stains from navy blue serge, rub the part with a cut onion until stain disappears.—Mrs. R. Nicholson, Alexandra Street, Kurri Kurri.

FULLER'S EARTH is a capital thing to remove any oily mark on clothes. It can be done in quite a simple way. First place the article flat on the table, then sprinkle fuller's earth on the oily mark, fold smoothly, leaving it for a few days. Wash the article afterwards if necessary.—Mrs. Y. Simond, Apple Tree Creek, via Childers, Queensland.

GREY HAIRS

Have you ever tried making your own grey hair restorer? If so, are you satisfied with the results you obtained? If you are, then there is no need to say any more about it. BUT, if you are not satisfied, why not try a restorer made by a specialist? Ready-made by a specialist. For over 30 years Rumsy-Williams' Grey Hair Restorer has proved itself to be good. Why not try a bottle of it yourself? It will be sent anywhere Post Free in plain wrapper for 1/- direct from

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KEMBLA BUILDING, MARGARET STREET,
SYDNEY.

CHILBLAINS



Relief at
once . . . with
Rexona Ointment!

Why suffer burning, itching agony day and night when you get cool, soothing relief in a few moments by rubbing in Rexona Ointment—it takes away disgusting swelling and inflammation quickly, too. If chilblains are painfully broken Rexona Ointment heals them and prevents dangerous infection.

Keep Rexona Ointment handy . . . for Chapped skin, cracked lips, cold sores, cuts, sores and all skin troubles.

Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED



Use a good dye—NADCO DYE—and you take all the uncertainty out of this fascinating and money-saving domestic activity. NADCO DYE dyes quickly, evenly and without staining your hands or spoiling your kitchen utensils. If you have not yet used NADCO DYE, you can have no idea of the wonderful results it will give you—the economy, the improvements and the pride of achievement when a job's well done. Freshen up the kiddies' frocks, brighten the home with colourful curtains and draperies, express your own attractive ideas and colour schemes in a score of different ways—and save money. It's all so simple if you use NADCO according to the instructions.

All Chemists and Stores
1/3 a packet.



EASILY
EXPLAINED

MRS. S.: Mother! Is that another new hat you're wearing?
MRS. J.: And just you wait till you see the track I bought to go with it!
MRS. S.: Wherever do you get the money for all these new clothes?
MRS. J.: Well—the truth is, your father and I have begun to watch every penny we spend, and you can't imagine how much we've saved lately.
MRS. S.: I wish Roy and I could economize.
MRS. J.: Then just you ask Roy to get a copy of "The Private Man's A.R.C." and study your income and expenditure month by month.
MRS. S.: Where can you get this book?
MRS. J.: At all Newsagents and Stationers, or send two shillings to Box 3995, G.P.O., Sydney. Then you'll save pounds every month.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

How You BEGAN and How You WORK

THE human body, like the washing-up, is always with us, and we are, therefore, inclined to take it for granted. We don't bother much how it began, or how it works. We would like to know, but finding out means reading technical books, and that is too much trouble. We are like children, we want to learn things simply and easily . . . and if we can't, well "Ignorance is bliss" we say, and open the latest novel.

That is why the two little books just out, "How You Began," by Amabel Williams-Ellis, and "How You Work," by Dr. Isabel Wilson, will appeal to the average person, of any age, who wants to gain simple knowledge on these subjects. The books are really written for children, but they are interesting enough for adults, and, of course, there are many grown-up people who are as ignorant as children on biological and physiological matters.

Scientist's Comment

Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, the famous English scientist, writes a preface to "How You Began," which he describes as "more fascinating than the most thrilling fairy tale."

"If every child were to read this book," he writes, "their average expectation of life would probably be increased by about a year." He comments on the scientific correctness of the book, and goes on: "It is a very good account of embryology (pre-natal life of baby) to say that we spent the first six months of our lives in playing at being extinct animals."

What an amazing story it is! The miracle of birth which so few people know anything about.

Mrs. Ellis writes her book in simple story form; it is charmingly illustrated. There is an interesting diagram, in the back pages, called, "From Jelly to Man," which compares the development of man over 90 million years of evolution with the growth of a baby during the nine months before birth. The processes are almost exactly the same; that is the wonderful story which "How You Began" tells. It reads like a fairy story, but it is truth.

The Human Machine

"How You Work" is really a more important book, because it deals with practical things. This book also has a preface by a famous scientist, the late Prof. Sir J. Arthur Thomson. He writes: "As we look around us, we see many ailments whose causes go far back, and are difficult to understand; but we see many others that began during lifetime, and might have been avoided if the daily work of the body had been better understood. They become serious handicaps, and part of their tragedy is that many of them are quite unnecessary. A skillful book like this is sure to make them less frequent."

The book has a great deal more in it than "How You Began," but although the subject matter is highly technical, it is easy to understand, and a pleasure to read. For example, take this passage describing chemical changes in the body.

"Working your muscles makes acids, and the acid gets into the blood. 'Hi,' says the blood, 'this won't do.' So when it gets to the brain it says, 'I've got too much acid. If I go on like this, I won't have any all at all left.' 'So you have,' says the brain, and it says to the lungs, 'Hurry up and breathe a bit faster, will you, and breathe out some of this acid stuff into the air.'"

"How You Began," Amabel Williams-Ellis, 2/6.

"How You Work," Dr. Isabel Wilson, 2/6. Our copies from Angus and Robertson.

Beautiful Girls and Engineer

"Martin's Summer," Vicki Baum. Martin Heil, a young engineer, takes a job as swimming instructor at Fraunsee in the Austrian Tyrol, in order to make expenses. He finds himself among swarms of beautiful girls, and he himself resembles a living Greek statue and is "one of those men whom women don't give up to others." All sorts of complications follow. This brilliantly written book, by the famous authoress of "Grand Hotel," reverses the theme of the lovely heroine, preserving her virtue against overwhelming odds, and shows us a handsome man trying to do likewise. (Geoffrey Bles.)

"The Cook's Book," Juanita Cooper. British and foreign dishes. Recipes from all over the world. Make your meals international. (Angus and Robertson.)



MORE LIKE a professor than a writer of thrilling mystery stories, which, in book form and on movies, have entertained millions, Mr. S. S. Van Dine, and his wife, watching an American polo match.

Kodak Book Chases Gloom

"KODAK" (Ernest O'Ferrall), a collection of whose short stories has been published by the Endeavour Press (price 5/-), was for over twenty years (he died all too young at 43) one of Australia's leading humorists. His was not merely the humor of the patter merchant; he had constructive ability so that the fantastic weavings of his pen, however improbable, sound plausible as you read them.

Take, for instance: "Thomson, who had broken his glass in a last whirling argument, was pushed gently out of the saloon and advised to go home." Thomson doesn't take the bar-tender's advice, but instead picks up with a lioness, and, by lure of lobster and meat pies, leads it to his suburban boarding-house.

If you can read this opening story without a gale of laughter threatening your ribs, then there's something wrong with your liver.

The other thirty stories in the collection are just as funny. Perhaps the amazing part of this writer's mind was its inventiveness—no two stories are on the one string. Illustrations by David Low.

"The Story of Princess Elizabeth," Anne Ring. Brought up to date, with some stories of Princess Margaret, and well illustrated, this book is a charming study of the intimate side of the English Royal Family. (John Murray.)

"Practical Ticket and Showcard Writing," R. Hamilton May. Whether you have a small shop, or a large shop, or no shop at all, there are times when you want to write signs. This little booklet shows the way in such a simple manner that anyone could produce practical results. (Robertson and Mullens; 1/-)

"Defending The Ashes—1932-1933," R. W. E. Wilmot. A good birthday present for husbands. Also recommended as a "Peace offering" for young wives. Another volume, well illustrated, on the most sensational test match in cricket history. Mr. Wilmot is well known as "Old Boy" of the "Argus" and "Australasian." Melbourne. (Robertson and Mullens.)

BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. Lower

"MA, what's the idea makin' me sleep on the mantelpiece every night?" "Hush, sonny, you only have to sleep there two more weeks, and then your picture will be in 'Believe It or Not.'"

MISTRESS (engaging new maid): What is your religion, Mary? Mary: Well, Mum, me father is Chapel, me mother Church, but talking about myself, I am Wireless. Prize of 10/- to (Miss) M. Phillips, Box 2228, G.P.O.

PAT (who is dying): I want you to give me something, Bridget. BRIDGET: Anything at all, Pat. PAT: I'd like a taste of that ham I smell cooking in the kitchen. BRIDGET: Indeed, not that Pat, that's the ham for your wake.

MRS. BINKS: Well, this is good news, anyhow; me daughter's written to say she's got a reg'lar job at last, as bridesmaid to a film actress at Hollywood.

GARAGE ATTENDANT (as car drives up): Juice? MOTORIST: Vell vat if ve are—don't ve get no petrol?

BINKS: I can't stand girls; they're too biased. JINKS: How do you mean "biased"? BINKS: Oh, bias this and bias that, until I'm broke!

Junior Literary Society

THE Junior Literary Society, Sydney, is a body of young people formed in 1926, with the object of assisting, by mutual criticism and by discussion among members, those who were interested actively or otherwise in journalism, literature and the drama.

The society meets at its club room at 175 Pitt Street regularly each Tuesday evening. At these meetings manuscript journals are read and competitions and discussions are held. Prominent men of letters and well-known people of all walks of life address the society from time to time.

The society has many good friends among the elder people of the literary world and a number of these assist by coming along to meetings and criticism and advising on the journals, etc. Mr. W. J. Cleary is patron of the society and has assisted members upon many occasions with his advice.

There is a poetry and short story competition being conducted by the society at the present time, both of which close on September 30 next. Besides activities of a purely literary character, the society indulges in the presentation of various types of plays.

DON'T Try to REMEMBER—

NO good business woman trusts a host of small details to her memory. She keeps a memo-book and jots them down as they come to the surface of her mind, crossing them off when done with.

The mistress of a household often loads her brain with numerous small matters that are exceedingly difficult to keep in mind till needed. A slate hung up in the kitchen, a memo pad in the bedroom, with another in the living-room, would reduce her mental work in a surprising manner.

It is not reasonable for a woman who has to attend to practically all the organisation of her household herself to expect her brain to bear in mind the shopping items to be ordered, letters to be written, birthday presents, etc. Get into the habit of jotting them down.



PARTNERS IN HEALTH

—the Chemist and
the woman in the home!

The mother with the welfare of her family at heart looks always to her Chemist for thoughtful, reliable service. She knows that he is always available in emergency, and that he is safe—whereas untrained persons are neither.

"ADDIS" DENTALUX TOOTH BRUSHES
There is a Dentalux "Addis" Tooth Brush for every need. Strong, sterilised bristles make for service and safety. Guaranteed by the oldest firm of tooth-brush manufacturers in the world. Prices from 1/6 to 2/6

FAMOUS LYSOL DISINFECTANT
Protect your home and keep it safe for your family by using Lysol, the famous household disinfectant and positive germicide. At all chemists. Per bottle 9d

INDEX FIRST-AID BOOK GET IT FREE!
Every home should have a copy of the Index First-Aid Book—32 pages. Tells how to act in emergencies. It is free—cut out this advertisement and send it with your application to the Index Company, 131-3 Palmer Street, Sydney.

TWIN SODA NEW STOMACH CORRECTIVE
Twin Soda gives wonderful results in the treatment of indigestion, heartburn, dyspepsia, acidity, wind, gastritis, and other complaints of the stomach, liver and digestive system. In packets, 2/- and 1/-

PARKE-DAVIS "NEKO" GERMICIDAL SOAP
Wash with "Neko" wherever there is risk of infection of any sort. You'll feel safer, too, when you have it always at hand, ready for immediate use. Try it for disinfectant. At chemists only. Per cake 1/6

CARLISTA MINERAL SPRING SALTS
Banishes Constipation, clears the intestinal tract, eliminates uric acid from the blood. The results of using CARLISTA are quickly seen in bright, clear eyes, skin free from blemishes, added vigor. Large jar of at least 64 average doses 2/3

IPANA TOOTH PASTE —FOR CLEAN, WHITE TEETH
Both dentists and chemists recommend Ipana Tooth Paste. It keeps the teeth perfectly clean and makes them brilliantly white. 2/- a super-size tube; trial size 1/-

PUBLIC NOTICE
Closing hours for pharmacy are 7.30 p.m. on Mondays to Thursdays; 9 p.m. on Fridays; 1 p.m. on Saturdays, with two hours of service on Saturday evenings, 7 to 9 p.m. Are you getting the "Weekly Broadcast" regularly? See your chemist.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE buy from your CHEMIST
Authorized by a Joint Committee of the Pharmaceutical Association of Australia and the New South Wales Branch of the Pharmaceutical Society of Australia.

A WEEK in the SNOW

(Continued from Page 37)

IN a sudden panic Janice told herself her secret had leaked out. Only that morning the manager had told her that at the end of the week a notice would be shown in his office telling the ladies that the models worn during the week by Miss Janice Smith were obtainable at Blanks Ltd.

Could he have taken Mr. Chase into his confidence? Surely not, for in that case Peter would have lost interest in her. What affinity could a rich young man have with an ignorant little mannequin?

"I know," he pursued, afraid he had rather put his foot into it. "I get deadly tired of my own kind. But I like to have one pal."

Lord, he thought, how did he dare talk like this to Cynthia Skene?

He helped her, unnecessarily, over a little puddle.

"How long are you staying?" he asked.

"Till Saturday," she answered.

"Then perhaps," he ventured, "we could go down together."

"Perhaps," she smiled, seeing him depart in a handsome, raking, sports model while she scrambled for a seat in the service car.

ON Thursday there was a further display of athletics on the part of the other girls, with Peter Chase to enliven the proceedings with spectacular jumps and ski-ing stunts, while Janice, resigned to her fate as an audience, watched the women enlist his aid and advice in the matter of turning and tobogganing. He was endlessly patient with them, but only at night, when he danced with Janice, did he reveal his feelings.

"Fools," he declared them to be, "getting all tangled up with their own feet."

"I don't suppose they can help it," she pleaded. "I know I can't."

"Oh you," he answered. "You are different."

She was in white to-night, and he had difficulty in telling where her frock ended and her soft neck began.

"Don't be silly," she admonished, and he wondered how one so celebrated could be so utterly sweet and unassuming.

JUST showed her consummate art, of course. "Don't it ghastly to think that this time next week . . ." she began.

"Don't let's even think of it," he interrupted. "Just pretend that now this moment, is going to last forever."

But all the same it was hard to think that in a few days she would have returned to her exciting life and the homage of thousands, and be probably wringing some other poor wretch's heart. He took advantage of the present, however, to tighten his hold on Cynthia Skene's slim, supple body.

On Friday morning she stood with some other girls in the lounge.

"It will be such fun to-night," one of them said. "There's no set programme, and we entertain ourselves. I always think it's the best night of all in these places. You know what it's like in the Swiss hotels when the guests provide their own amusement."

"Still," said another, "it's different there, because very often there are visiting professionals among the guests."

They both glanced meaningfully at Janice, who, to her own annoyance, blushed.

"Impromptu affairs are always fun. I think," she agreed, and the girls, in an access of gush, linked their arms in those of the famous actress and went with her into the smoking-room.

But when night came and Janice was actually faced with the possibility of constituting an item of entertainment, she longed passionately for the security of her suburban bedroom.

"Well," Chase asked, coming up to her; "what are you going to do to justify your existence?"

"Me?" she exclaimed. "Oh, I can't do anything."

He nodded understandingly. Probably a matter of breaking contracts or something, he supposed.

"What about you?" she added.

"I've only one stock item for this kind of thing," he laughed; "my famous impersonation of a young lady out on skis for the first time."

She saw him performing light-heartedly before the fashionable clientele of European Alpine resorts, and envied him.

"I just prevail on some gentleman to stand near me," he went on, "and I cling to him, saying if he leaves me I shall die, and then I collapse. It is quite simple, and always takes."

Then the entertainment began. A middle-aged couple danced an old-fashioned polka, a young gentleman sang "O Sole Mio," and another plaintively declared that "The Little Streams of Duma" called him home, while a spinster of uncertain age sang "It Was a Lover and His Lass." Then the portly man who had constituted himself master of ceremonies announced Mr. Chase.

With the ingratiating ease that distinguished all his actions, the young man gave his inimitable rendering of his one and only item, while Janice waited clamorously for her hour to strike.

"And now," said the announcer, "we are to have Miss Smith."

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"And now," said the announcer, "we are to have Miss Smith."

Presently Chase came up to her.

"Miss Smith . . . Janice," he began urgently. "I know it's hopeless for me to say what I'm going to, but I've got to. I've got to . . ."

"Really, Mr. Steel," she began.

"Come, now," he jollied her. "It's a case of no song, no supper, and we leave the choice entirely with you. Song, dance, juggling turn, or contortion act."

With exaggerated gallantry he escorted her to the stage and left her there while the accumulated eyes of the audience contracted to one huge, sinister orb that seemed to penetrate beneath her very skin. She, the little mannequin, to be standing here before the assembled guests of the most exclusive hotel in the State, and, worse than all, to be expected to entertain them.

Her frantic gaze raked the ballroom in search of Peter, and, seeing him by the door, her nerves steadied suddenly. From the unsuspected depths of her mind came the memory of a school concert at which she had recited "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God."

If there was one further proof required as to her identity, she now gave it, and the guests hugged themselves with delight at reading her flimsy secret. None but an actress could stand so gauchely and recite so hackneyed a poem, none but one with perfect poise could assume such an air of bashfulness, and they literally brought the house down.

"What artistry," they echoed. "What cleverness. What inimitable poise."

They clamored for an encore, but, shaking her head, she stepped down from the platform, and, picking up her coat, ran out of the room and on to the porch to cool her flaming cheeks.

Presently Chase came up to her.

"Miss Smith . . . Janice," he began urgently. "I know it's hopeless for me to say what I'm going to, but I've got to. I've got to . . ."

An expectant hum was audible throughout the room, and the girl, cold with frenzy, stood up.

Pat White Says

DON'T SLIDE FORWARD on the toe with your front knee bent, a style which was known as "dipping," and went out of fashion several years ago. Take an easy natural step on to the heel.

Her flaxen head was like a yellow flower over the collar of her fur coat, and in the luminous light of the moon shining on snow her face as she turned it to him had a pearly quality.

"Please," she interrupted, breathlessly, "there's something I must tell you first. I'm not what you think I am."

"I know," he answered surprisingly, "and because of that it's like my dashed cheek to love you. But I can't help it. I just can't."

She laid her hands on his arm and looked up into his eyes with pleading, almost despair, in her own.

"Listen to me," she cried breathlessly. "I'm not really a rich tourist like the others, staying here for the sports. I'm . . . I'm Janice Smith, a mannequin from Blanks Ltd., displaying their sports models. There will be a notice to that effect in the manager's office to-morrow . . ."

She waited for the hideousness of her confession to sink in, to see the passion in his eyes cool to disdain and disappointment, but instead he burst into a shout of laughter.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "It can't be true . . . and I'm not a rich globe-trotter either, but Peter Chase, demonstrator of snow sports from Alpine and Co., Sydney. My time's up to-morrow. Let's go down in the train together shall we?"

TO-DAY'S UNRIVALLED QUALITY

FOLLOWS 65 YEARS OF PROGRESS



RESEARCH has proved that school children given extra milk food increase their height, their weight, and also their proficiency at school tasks. You can easily give your children this precious advantage by putting a few buttered MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS in with each school lunch.

The most convenient milk food for the school lunch is ARNOTT'S FAMOUS MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS. Their wonderful building and sustaining quality more than offset the strain of school work and the vigorous energy of the playground.

Made in Australia, financed by Australians, and produced by highly trained Australian workers.

ARNOTT'S FAMOUS BISCUITS

When buying mixed biscuits always ask for ARNOTT'S, and make sure you get them.

Connie's Letter

My Dear Pals,
Have any of you some nice, clear snaps of yourselves? If so, send them along to me for reproduction on this page.
The Prize Letter for this week was written by Nellie Butler (15), "Messines," 13 Bona Vista Avenue, Maroubra, for which she receives a prize of 2/6. Nellie tells me in her interesting letter of all the different ways in which fish are caught around Tuggerah Lakes. After a lengthy description of the way in which the net is thrown out at night and left, Nellie goes on to say that: "The next morning the net has to be pulled in, and this is a very hard task, as there are thousands of fish (not to mention jelly bladders) in the net, which naturally makes the pulling of it very difficult. When the net is eventually pulled in, the fishermen throw the small fish away and load the launches with the larger fish and then transfer them to Wyong." Nellie must have watched the fishermen carefully to note all that she says in her letter.
Pals, don't forget about the snaps, will you?

Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

The Lucky Rabbit

By Gladys McGrath

Pam and her little brother, Phil, were returning home after a lovely picnic in the bush. They were above the gum trees they could see the sun beginning to decline in the sky.
"We must hurry," said Pam, "or we will be late home."
Suddenly, little Phil gave a cry of delight, and darted forward.
"A rabbit! A wee black rabbit!" he cried. "Just the kind I want for a pet. See, he ran into that hollow log."
Phil pointed to an old moss-covered log. Down on his knees he went, and peered into the hollow.
"I know! You stop at that end, and I'll get a long stick and poke it through the other end. Then he will run into your arms." Pam was just as excited as her brother.
Finding a long stick, she thrust it into the log, only to give a cry of disappointment as she found it stopped by a stone, something hard.
"It must be a stone," she said. "But I will soon get it out." She pushed the stick into the log, she pulled and tugged till at last it came out—a stone—but a fattened old canvas bag! Imagine their surprise upon opening it to find it filled with silver coins. Chattering excitedly, they set off for home with their precious burden just as the sun sank behind the hills.
A few minutes later, a tiny rabbit completely forgotten, hopped out of the log and vanished down the gully.
Prize of 5/- to Gladys McGrath (15), "Bourne-mouth," Kingsway, Dee Why.

A RAINY DAY



Prize of 5/- to Hazel Humphreys (13), Federal Brick Co., Alexandria.

ARITHMETIC!

I'm not very fond of geography.
But arithmetic I hate!
I always did, and I always will—
How much is five times eight?
Six times six is thirty-six,
But six times seven is—what?
I don't know further than six times six.
That's as far as I have got.
Please, will you help me with my sums?
How much is nine times two?
Mummy, I think that arithmetic is
Frightfully hard, don't you?
Prize of 2/6 for this clever verse, composed
by Betty Laid (14), 27 Seashill Street, Camper-
down.
Each week Prize Cards and cash prizes are
awarded for the best entries. When a pal
has won the Prize Card, a prize of 5/-
will be given. Address all contributions to
Connie, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

TERRY and TEDDY TERRIBLE TWINS



CROSSWORD No. 8

ACROSS
1. Situation
2. Unlabeled
3. Scents
4. I
5. Hotel
6. Same as 23 down
7. Depart
8. Life
9. Inquiries
10. Outgoing
11. Pronoun
12. Petroleum
13. Perform
14. Dress
15. Period
16. Not wealthy
DOWN
1. A few
2. Preparation
3. Prepare for public-
ation
4. Vessels
5. Navy Service (Int.)
6. Oblong
7. Not off
8. Live
9. Made harmonious
10. Fresh
11. Acid
12. Fall
13. Entrance
14. Inside
15. Baby's thanks
16. Corporal's order
(Int.)

SOLUTION OF CROSSWORD No. 6
Across: 1. Pigs, 2. Torn, 3. Otter, 4. No, 5. You, 6. Or, 7. Era, 8. Ah!, 9. Ale, 10. Age, 11. Ale, 12. Era, 13. Era, 14. Era, 15. Ale, 16. Era, 17. Era, 18. Era, 19. Era, 20. Era, 21. Era, 22. Era, 23. Era, 24. Era, 25. Era, 26. Era, 27. Era, 28. Era, 29. Era, 30. Era, 31. Era, 32. Era, 33. Era, 34. Era, 35. Era, 36. Era, 37. Era, 38. Era, 39. Era, 40. Era, 41. Era, 42. Era, 43. Era, 44. Era, 45. Era, 46. Era, 47. Era, 48. Era, 49. Era, 50. Era, 51. Era, 52. Era, 53. Era, 54. Era, 55. Era, 56. Era, 57. Era, 58. Era, 59. Era, 60. Era, 61. Era, 62. Era, 63. Era, 64. Era, 65. Era, 66. Era, 67. Era, 68. Era, 69. Era, 70. Era, 71. Era, 72. Era, 73. Era, 74. Era, 75. Era, 76. Era, 77. Era, 78. Era, 79. Era, 80. Era, 81. Era, 82. Era, 83. Era, 84. Era, 85. Era, 86. Era, 87. Era, 88. Era, 89. Era, 90. Era, 91. Era, 92. Era, 93. Era, 94. Era, 95. Era, 96. Era, 97. Era, 98. Era, 99. Era, 100. Era, 101. Era, 102. Era, 103. Era, 104. Era, 105. Era, 106. Era, 107. Era, 108. Era, 109. Era, 110. 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EVE'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 6)

SHE stood and looked at the copper, watching the steam beginning to rise from the water, and wondering if she had to wait for it to actually boil before she put the clothes in, or could she put them in as soon as it got hot?

Oh, what about the soap? A narrow escape! She had almost forgotten to put in the soap.

Luckily, she remembered seeing Ma chop up soap into little pellets; there was that old knife handy, and there was the great yellow bar of soap. How charming and satisfactory it looked, so fat, and yellow, and friendly. She chopped, and she chopped, quite forgetting the pain in her back in her pleasure at having remembered the soap in time. Oh yes, and the washing-soda! That must go in, too. How much did you use? A piece as big as an egg? A piece as big as a salt spoon? A piece as big as an apple? Or a handful? Or two handfuls? The more she thought, the less she knew. The soda gave her no hint. It was in all shapes and sizes. "I'll be on the safe side," she said to herself, boldly, and emptied in all there was in the tin, about half a pound.

It was a quarter to nine now. The water was boiling at last, and with a sigh of relief she put in the table-cloths and table-napkins, and stirred them round with the big, white, wooden stick.

Then a new anxiety attacked her. How long should they boil? Oh, and she must put some more wood on the fire; it was half-out already. How dared it? Yes, how long should they boil? That was the question. She thought as hard as she could, and imagined it would be half an hour.

And then suddenly the full blast of her ignorances struck her, and nearly knocked her over as she realised what it really meant not to know how long to boil clothes.

Say those table-cloths and table-napkins took half an hour to boil! And then she took them out and put in the sheets, towels, and pillow-cases, and boiled them for another half-hour. And then she took them out and put in the shirts, the collars, the night-gowns, the petticoats, the night-shirt, the pyjamas, the aprons, and boiled them half an hour. And then she took them out and put in the pocket-handkerchiefs and boiled them for half an hour. And then she took them out and put in the dusters, the tea-cloths, and all those innumerable odd articles lying now on the wash-house floor. By that time, after she had done all the rinsing and pegging out, it would be twelve o'clock. And Ma always had her washing on the lines by ten at latest.

Her error must be in thinking the clothes went in separately. They didn't. They couldn't.

How dark the room was getting. She glanced through the open door and found great black clouds were racing over the sky, and the sunlight had disappeared.

At that she seized the clothes all haphazard and bundled them into the copper, and quite viciously she prodded them down into the lovely, soapy, bubbling water, until they were all submerged and the copper was full almost to the brim.

"I'm sure it's wrong! I'm sure handkerchiefs and table-napkins never ought to go in together. But I can't waste time if it's going to rain. Perhaps boiling them all makes them all right." And then her eye fell upon the blue-bag, lying just there on the edge of the shelf, so innocently and brightly. She had remembered the soap, she had remembered the soda, and she had forgotten the blue! What an escape!

Seizing the blue-bag with a wild, excited gesture, she tossed it into the boiling copper and whisked it contemptuously round with the big white stick, just as the first raindrops fell on the tin roof.

CHAPTER XIV

She Tossed Her Head

DOWN came the rain. She went to the door and looked out, and her mind wandered for a moment with her eyes over the lovely green world turning greener under the wet that was like varnish on emerald paint.

The copper had been boiling for a quarter of an hour, and while she waited for the boiling to finish she decided she would run into the house to see if Ma wanted anything.

"I might be at deaf's door and nobody to do a thing for me," grumbled Ma indignantly.

"I'm sorry, dear. I'll make you a nice hot cup of tea."

"I fancy a cold beef sandwich with the tea. Is the close out?"

"Not all of them," Lillian answered diplomatically.

Rapidly she prepared a cup of tea and a few nice, thin, cornbeef sandwiches, and took them into the invalid.

"Mind you don't put the starch things out till the rain stops," mumbled Ma from her pillows.

Starched things.

There was something else she had forgotten!

She hastened back to the wash-house, through a slight lull in the rain.

She whisked the big white stick violently round the boiling, seething mass, whisked it again and again, feeling rather clever and knowledgeable now. Then she flopped the hot clothes out of the copper into the nearest tub, hooking them out with the stick, and set the tap on them, and beat them again with the stick, and, finally, when they were cold enough to handle, wrung them dry and lifted them into the big, open clothes basket.

But her strength seemed to be ebbing, and by the time she had wrung out the seventh and last sheet she felt as weak as a kitten. However, she had to see the thing through. She had to get those clothes pegged out on the lines.

The wind and the rain beat at her mercilessly as she lugged the big basket out across the yard.

In a moment she was sopping. Her fair hair flopped wet across her eyes, blinding her. She tossed her head and staggered on gamely.

She reached the lines at last. How frightfully high up they seemed! And when she tried to lower the props a terrific battle ensued between her damp, weak arms and the furious wind. It was inconceivable that sheets could have such force. They were more like sheet-iron than linen as the wind banged them in her face. The props slipped from her fingers, torn sideways by the wind, and she had to sustain half a line of wet clothes on her shoulders for a long, pain-laden moment.

Three times over she repeated the performance, and when the third basketful of clothes had been pegged out to the last handkerchief she picked up the basket and straightened herself, half expecting to fall to pieces.

Ah, but the wind had done something more to her than buffet and beat her.

It had breathed ozone into her and large draughts of oxygen, and as she straightened her back she suddenly realised she was tired no longer.

She was all alive, stimulated, eager, energetic, whipped into a new sense of vitality by the cunning caresses of Boreas.

A new aspect of washing presented itself. Washing was like golf. It took you into the open air and made you exercise your arms and legs in all weathers out under the sky, when you went to hang up the clothes.

The rain had stopped. She took a quick stroll round her flower-beds, sniffing up the delicate perfumes that the wet had wrung from grass and earth and trees, as well as flowers. She had entirely forgotten the muddle she had left behind her in the wash-house, where the dirty water still stood in the copper, and the dirty dusters lay about the floor.

NEXT WEEK: The hovering cloud creeps slowly nearer, getting ready to crash over poor unconscious Lillian, now so utterly absorbed in making herself into a good wife to Bill.

Interest in WOMEN'S SPORT

Increased EVERY YEAR

In proportion to the population, a greater number of women play organised sport in Australia than in any other country in the world. The average Australian girl is naturally endowed with sporting qualifications and an inherent love of the open air. There is, perhaps, a small number of people with whom the old prejudice against strenuous activities for women still holds, but every year it is being more convincingly demonstrated that sport is the finest possible builder of health and of character.

MISS NIVEN, world secretary of the Y.W.C.A., during her recent world tour said that she knew of no other place with the exception of New Zealand where the Y.W.C.A. had a special section, comprised entirely of sports-girls, a fact that bears striking testimony to the popularity of women's sport in Australia.

It would be difficult to assess the number of women taking an active interest in sport of some kind. A general review of the growth of various associations, during the past few years, gives an indication not only of the popularity of the diverse pastimes, but of the organising ability, the forethought, and the actual work that lies behind women's sport. Almost without exception women have been solely responsible for this executive work.

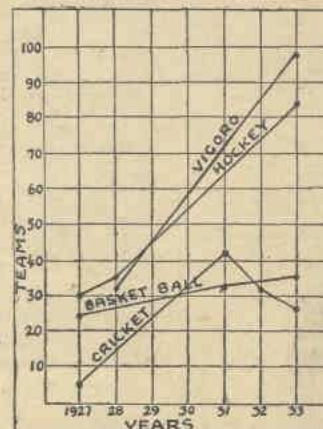
Of the various associations, that of the women cricketers has had the most chequered career. The association was formed in 1927 with five clubs. The membership increased rapidly and then fell away again. This was due solely to lack of cricket pitches. This factor has hampered the progress of the association very considerably, but, despite this setback, there are now seventy teams affiliated with the association, and both in Sydney and in the country better facilities and increased membership are confidently anticipated for the coming season.

Perhaps the most enterprising association is that of women's hockey. The N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association was formed in 1910, and within five years an invitation had been extended to, and accepted by, an English women's hockey team. This team arrived in Australia during the first months of the war. It was an ambitious move on the part of so young an association, and it is difficult to believe that it was made by an association that comprised only seven teams.

Those seven teams have now grown to 100 teams in the metropolitan area, and there are over 1000 playing members of country associations affiliated with the parent body. An Australian women's hockey team toured Great Britain, Africa, Germany, and Belgium. Recently a team returned from the second trip to Suva, arranged by the association.

In the realm of aquatic sports the rise in the membership from 360 to 5000 is a fact that speaks for itself. When the N.S.W. Women's Amateur Swimming Association was formed in 1906, there were only five teams. Queensland was the first State to form a women's swimming association—it was then called "ladies," and no man was allowed to visit the baths even as a spectator. The Queensland secretary was sent to assist in the formation of the N.S.W. association, and Annette Kellerman, Fanny Durack, and Mina Wylie were among the original members. It was through the last-named that the law forbidding the presence of

Past and present sports girls illustrate a graph which gives a clear idea of the progress of various branches of women's sport since 1927.



the menfolk was rescinded in order that she might take part in the Olympic Games.

The first woman international swimmer, Thelma Bleby, accepted the association's invitation and visited us during the 1922-3 season. This visit supplied the impetus that has resulted in the affiliation of twenty-one metropolitan and eight country clubs in the association. Australian women swimmers have played a very fine part in the Olympic Games, culminating in a Claire Dennis' win last year of a world title.

The Women's Rowing Association dates back to 1928. It was inaugurated by Mrs. Bentley, of the Sydney Club, and Mrs. Penfield, of the Y.W.C.A. These two clubs comprised the association in the first place, but two other clubs have now joined up. Just as the cricketers are hampered for lack of grounds, the rowing clubs are hindered not by any shortage of water, but of funds, for rowing is an expensive sport. A dressing-room and a pontoon are essential, and a boat costs anything from \$45 to \$75.

It was in 1926 that basketball really came into prominence, and, since its inception, there has been a representative team playing each year in interstate matches. Miss Haywood, the interstate hockey player, is secretary of the association, and the forty clubs who formed the original body are still the backbone of the association.

Baseball was played in 1929 with four teams. Later in the year other groups wished to play, and the Y.W.C.A. and the Legacy Club called a meeting. As a result of this conference an association was formed in 1931, of which Mrs. Solomon was the first president. Last year the association graded their teams for the first time. There are now eight teams playing in the winter competition, and about twenty in the Cumberland District Association.

Vigoro has had, perhaps, the most phenomenal rise of all games. It was first brought before the public by a man named Grant. Two or three clubs were formed, and these played in the Domain. Schoolgirls took up the game next, after which the United Suburbs formed various clubs. These clubs were later joined by the Metropolitan Association. And so this branch of sport has gradually increased until at the present time there are over three hundred teams playing, all of whom are either affiliated with the N.S.W. Women's Vigoro Association, the A.L.P., or the N.S.W. Vigoro Association.



FIVE MEMBERS of women's sporting associations represented Australia at the Olympic Games. A world title and a second place were among their performances. The group includes, from left to right: Bonnie Mealing, Mrs. Chambers (manageress), Frances Bull, Eileen Wearne, and Claire Dennis.

TROPHIES Should be GUARDED

By RUTH PREDDY

To everyone who had the privilege of acquaintanceship with the late Daphne Akhurst, a deep value attaches to the memorial trophy recently presented to the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association.

In view of the unheeded incidents in the history of trophies, tennis players as a whole would feel happier were an inviolable condition made that visiting players winning the trophy should not be allowed to remove it.

To do so would not be to establish a precedent, for this condition already obtains with more than one overseas trophy.

When Jack Crawford returns to Australia he will not bring with him the cup which nominally becomes his property for the twelve months following his win in the singles championship at Wimbledon. Last year Joan Hartigan won the New Zealand women's singles title, but was not able to bring the trophy back with her.

The value of these trophies dictates this condition in order to preclude any possibility of their going astray, and the disappearance of more than one trophy in the past is ample evidence of its wisdom.

Mrs. Jack Crawford has won the N.S.W. women's singles championship trophy outright, but to date she possesses the title only—the cup cannot be found. Ten years ago Mrs. Forbes Smith and Miss Lance (now Mrs. Harpur) won the doubles championship, whereupon it was disclosed that one cup was missing. Only last year was its whereabouts discovered.

To the N.S.W. Cricket Association, however, belongs the record for a mislaid trophy. Recently, in looking through some things stored away in a room which is seldom used, Mr. Wylie, secretary of the Sydney Cricket Ground, came across a shield which had remained hidden for over 20 years. This trophy was presented to D. W. Gregory in 1879, on the occasion of the return of the first Australian team to visit England. Later it was passed on to Ned Gregory, and, at his death, his widow gave the shield to the N.S.W. Cricket Association. It was on view at the Sydney Cricket Ground, but during alterations to the interior of the stands some 20 years ago the shield was safely packed away, where it remained until quite recently.

Hockey Player is Thrilled

Practically every hockey player nurses some secret ambition. It may be to represent New South Wales against another State, to be an umpire of note, to give lectures to an appreciative audience. To accomplish just one of these things would satisfy most players.



MRS. ALBERT LITTLEJOHN enjoys the joke with basketball girls at the Show Ground.

M. Matheson, who has been a member of the Nerelds team since its inception, has filled all these positions many times. She experienced the thrill of her hockey career when, after years of play, she broke her duck and scored her first goal.

This was no mean achievement, for the opposing goalie was the interstate player, Grace Johnston. Matheson has always filled positions in the defence line, hence her inability to reach the opposing goal. On this occasion she took a position on the wing, and proved that she is a useful member of a team in any position.

The Palmer Community Hiking Association will hold another of their successful outings on Sunday, July 30. A special train will leave Sydney carrying the hikers to Helensburgh, from which point they will "hike" to Stanwell Park.

The same rules apply to either sex. The Liverpool Rifle Association conducts the largest "shoot" in the Empire with the exception of the Bisley.

COUNTRY CHAMPION Learnt from a BOOK

By DOROTHY KEARNEY



APPROACHING the "nineteenth" at the Royal Sydney. Mesdames Robertson, Reid, Reg. Bettington, Whitton, and Misses Joan Hood-Hammond and Odette Lefebvre.

An outstanding personality at the recent State championship meeting was the tall, slender left-hander, Miss Vedas Ebert, who hails from Griffith. Though only twenty-four, she has reached the realm for which all golfers strive, that of championship class. On her own confession she has won her laurels without the aid of the golfer's standby, a lesson from a professional.

MISS EBERT holds the proud title of associate country champion of New South Wales, and, with Miss Sydney Jones, that of the State fourcormen. She has unquestionably acquitted herself with distinction in big golf. When one considers her age, it is not difficult to understand why the critics foretell a glowing future for her.

She is something of a phenomenon in that she frankly admits that she has

Definitions of Golfing Terms

The following excerpts from the recently-published book by Norman H. Woollett, entitled "Golf—With Definitions of all Printable Terms," will, no doubt, be a surprise to associates as a whole.

Rough

Term applied to a golfer who retrieves his ball from a bad lie unseen by his opponent.

Fore

The war cry of the golfer, intimating immediate attack.

Bad Lie

An account of the procedure of one golfer, as explained to a second, one week after the event. (See Good Lie.)

Good Lie

If the second golfer believes the first one.

never had a lesson. It must surely be an almost unprecedented case for a golfer to win a championship title without allowing some share of the credit to the coaching of a professional.

Miss Ebert was seized with the mania for golf—that complaint with which all golfers are pleasantly familiar, and at which all non-combatants are prone to scoff—but there was no professional attached to the club at Griffith, her home town.

Nothing daunted, Miss Ebert proceeded to demonstrate that she possessed at least one attribute of the utmost value to anyone who would succeed at the "royal and ancient" game, the right temperament. Acquiring a book on golf by the old master, James Braid, she pored over its contents and carried out the instructions to the most minute detail. She practised every stroke before her wardrobe mirror, and to such good effect that before long she was the outstanding player at the Griffith Club.

She has gathered every available trophy in the Southern District, and, to-day, on a handicap of four, is ranked as the best left-hander in Australia.

Miss Ebert's efforts are now concentrated on winning the Australian title at the next Australian championship meeting, which will be played at the Cheltenham course, the headquarters of the Victorian Golf Club.

COUNTRY MATCHES

Eight Hour Day week-end affords an opportunity to town and country players to arrange country matches.

THESE matches are advantageous in more ways than one. In addition to providing a very welcome break for the city girls, it enables the girls to know each other apart from the playing fields, and generally gives social advantages, while the actual play against fresh teams is of inestimable value to both city and country girls.

From the Woollahra Park section the A.M.P. team has expressed a wish to visit Bathurst. Wynonia II are anxious to arrange a match against Bowral at Bowral. From the Kensington section two teams have already signified their willingness to accept invitations from country teams.



MISS VEDAS EBERT, country champion of N.S.W., practised this swing before her mirror.

LIVE Wire SPORTS SECTION

THE sports group attached to the staff of Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. is essentially progressive. Just at present the most jubilant section of the group is the hockey girls, for their captain and coach has been selected to play with the New South Wales team in Adelaide.

Two teams play in the hockey group, which is only a small offshoot of the great social and welfare department which Miss Halliburton supervises. Over 1600 employees partake in some sort of activity which the firm provides for their enjoyment. There is a large concert hall on the top floor of the store, where the dramatic and musical societies give their performances.

When the physical culture classes commenced over 200 girls were present. Dancing is another form of amusement for the girls. And there is no excuse for the girls not to be domesticated, for there are also cooking classes for them to attend.

For the outside activities the firm purchased 13 acres of land at Dulwich Hill, and this was dedicated to the staff as a sports ground. Here arrangements have been made for tennis courts, hockey and football grounds, and cricket pitches, under the control of the Social and Athletic Association of Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd.

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Far, far less than Half Price for these new Jumpers! Three styles—Square, Round or "V" necks; host of the season's most popular colours to choose from. S.W. and W. sizes. Usd. priced at 23/6 to 29/6. All to be cleared at 10/-.

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AT RIGHT:—

Broad stripes—narrow stripes—fancy designs—gay colours and combinations—a wonderful collection—don't miss this amazing offer! All wool Finely knitted Jumpers. S.W. and W. sizes. Usually priced at 32/6, 35/-, and 39/6. Price 15/6

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